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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

ADAM TOUR DATES
KEVIN COPE OPENS ZOO CLUB
BAUHAUS MEET THEIR MAKERS

Pharaoh Enough

PIGBAG
THE CURE
RAMONES

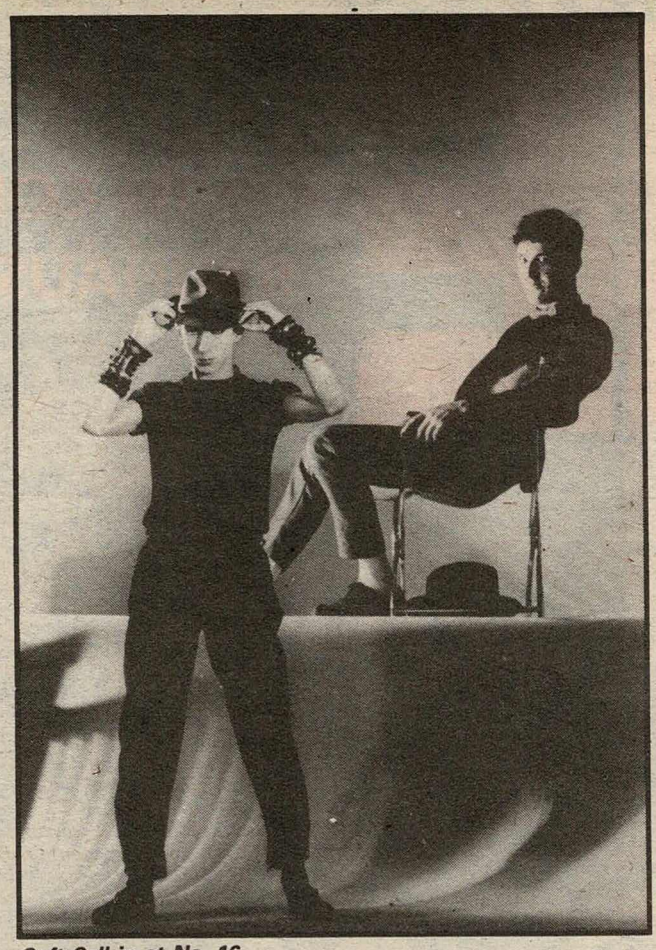
Earth Wind & Fire are the most successful black group in the world. Why?

A DANNY BAKER US INVESTIGATION INSIDE

MAURICE WHITE OF EARTH WIND & FIRE SHOWS YOU THE HIEROGLYPHS ON THE WALL/PIC: ANTON CORBIJN

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES IS MAGIC**	**The Police (A&M)**	4	1
2	3	**WHEN SHE WAS MY GIRL**	Four Tops (Casablanca)	4	2
3	7	**JOAN OF ARC**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	3	3
4	29	**UNDER PRESSURE**	Queen & David Bowie (EMI)	2	4
5	2	**HAPPY BIRTHDAY**	Altered Images (Epic)	6	1
6	14	**BEGIN THE BEGUINE**	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	3	6
7	11	**FAVOURITE SHIRTS**	Haircut 100 (Arista)	2	7
8	5	**LABELLED WITH LOVE**	Squeeze (A & M)	5	5
9	8	**TONIGHT I'M YOURS**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	5	8
10	13	**PHYSICAL**	Olivia Newton John (EMI)	3	10
11	4	**IT'S MY PARTY**	D. Stewart & B. Gaskin (Stiff)	7	1
12	6	**GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES**	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	7	5
13	18	**LET'S GROOVE**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	2	13
14	23	**WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE**	Diana Ross (Capitol)	4	14
15	12	**WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN**	Fureys (Ritz)	5	12
16	(—)	**BED SITTER**	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	1	16
17	12	**OPEN YOUR HEART**	Human League (Virgin)	6	7
18	16	**LET'S HANG ON**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	8	11
19	9	**HOLD ME**	B.A. Robertson & Maggie Bell (Swansong)	5	9
20	(—)	**I GO TO SLEEP**	Pretenders (Real)	1	20
21	17	**BIRDIE SONG**	Tweets (PRT)	10	2
22	20	**IT'S RAINING**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	6	5
22	(—)	**THE VOICE**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2	22
24	(—)	**AY AY AY AY MOOSEY**	Modern Romance (WEA)	1	24
25	19	**STEPPIN' OUT**	Kool & The Gang (Delite)	2	19
26	(—)	**VISIONS OF CHINA**	Japan (Virgin)	1	26
27	27	**THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS**	Toyah (Safari)	7	4
28	10	**ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS**	Jam (Polydor)	5	3
29	(—)	**PAINT ME DOWN**	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	1	29
30	24	**TWILIGHT**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	24



Soft Cell in at No. 16

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	9	**PRINCE CHARMING**	**Adam & The Ants (CBS)**	2	1
2	1	**DARE**	Human League (Virgin)	5	1
3	14	**ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	2	3
4	2	**QUEEN GREATEST HITS**	Queen (EMI)	2	2
5	5	**GHOST IN THE MACHINE**	Police (A&M)	7	1
6	25	**SPEAK AND SPELL**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	2	6
7	3	**SHAKY**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	9	2
8	(—)	**TONIGHT I'M YOURS**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	8
9	4	**THE BEST OF BLONDIE**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	4
10	(—)	**MOB RULES**	Black Sabbath (Mercury)	1	10
11	7	**EXIT STAGE LEFT**	Rush (Phonogram)	3	7
12	6	**ALMOST BLUE**	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	3	6
13	16	**DIARY OF A MADMAN**	Ozzie Osbourne (Jet)	2	13
14	13	**LOVE IS . . .**	Various Artists (K-Tel)	3	9
15	(—)	**RAISE**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	1	15
16	17	**HEDGEHOG SANDWICH**	Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC)	4	10
17	12	**STILL**	Joy Division (Factory)	5	10
18	(—)	**PUNKS NOT DEAD**	Exploited (Secret)	10	10
19	(—)	**PEARLS**	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	1	19
20	10	**MADNESS 7**	Madness (Stiff)	6	2
21	20	**SUPERHITS 1 & 2**	Various (Ronco)	9	3
22	11	**DOUBLE TROUBLE**	Gillan (Virgin)	2	11
23	8	**IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	5	3
24	(—)	**GEORGE BENSON COLLECTION**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	1	24
25	(—)	**SECRET COMBINATION**	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	23	3
26	18	**HOOKED ON CLASSICS**	Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	8	3
27	(—)	**BEST OF . . .**	Rainbow (Polydor)	1	27
28	(—)	**SEE JUNGLE**	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	2	24
28	15	**ABACAB**	Genesis (Charisma)	9	2
30	21	**OCTOBER**	U2 (Island)	5	11

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Sunny Day**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(3)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
3	(6)	**6 Guns**	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
4	(2)	**Dead Cities EP**	Exploited (Secret)
5	(9)	**Kids Of The '80s**	Infa Red (Secret)
6	(4)	**Never Again**	Discharge (Clay)
7	(14)	**Indian Reservation**	999 (Albion)
8	(5)	**Thunder In The Mountains**	Toyah (Safari)
9	(7)	**Just Can't Get Enough**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
10	(8)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory)
11	(—)	**White Car In Germany**	Associates (Situation 2)
12	(10)	**Sexual**	U K Decay (Fresh)
13	(12)	**When You Were Sweet 16**	The Fureys (Ritz)
14	(20)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
15	(—)	**In God We Trust EP**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
16	(—)	**Razors Edge**	Defunkt (Hannibal)
17	(26)	**Good To Be The King**	Mel Brooks (Luggage)
18	(15)	**No Room For You**	Demob (Round Ear)
19	(16)	**Mr Clarinet**	Birthday Party (4AD)
20	(13)	**Police Story**	Partizans (No Future)
21	(11)	**Stretch**	Maximum Joy (Y)
22	(—)	**Fast Boyfriends**	Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
23	(21)	**All Out Attack (EP)**	Blitz (No Future)
24	(—)	**Harry May**	The Business (Secret)
25	(—)	**Love Will Tear Us Apart**	Joy Division (Factory)
26	(22)	**Reality**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
27	(27)	**Saeta Vegas**	Nico (Flick Knife)
28	(—)	**Alienation**	Crisi (Ardkore)
29	(17)	**Barbed Wire Halo**	Annie Anxiety (Crass)
30	(19)	**Work**	Electric Guitars (Recreational)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
2	(3)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
3	(2)	**Pleasure**	Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
4	(9)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Exploited)
5	(4)	**Carry On Oi**	Various (Secret)
6	(6)	**Present Arms In Dub**	UB40 (Dep Int)
7	(5)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
8	(7)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans**	Various (Alternative Tentacles)
9	(8)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
10	(13)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
11	(12)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
12	(11)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
13	(15)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
14	(10)	**Total Exposure**	Poison Girls (XN Trix)
15	(24)	**The Last Call**	Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
16	(14)	**Ballad Of Etiquette**	Richard Jobson (Cocteau)
17	(18)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)
18	(—)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
19	(20)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dept Int)
20	(29)	**Fruit Of Original Sin**	Various (Crepuscule)
21	(25)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
22	(21)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4 AD)
23	(30)	**Deceit**	This Heat (R. Trade)
24	(16)	**Rids The World**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
25	(19)	**Rock Until You Drop**	Raven (Neat)
26	(—)	**Sound Of The Sand**	David Thomas (R. Trade)
27	(—)	**Funeral In Berlin**	T. Gristle (Zensor)
28	(17)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
29	(22)	**Curse Of Zounds**	Zounds (Rough Trade)
30	(27)	**Cover Plus**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1 **I Want To Make It With You** — Jean Adebambo (Third World)
2 **Men Cry Too** — Beshara (Mass Media)
3 **Let's Make Love** — Instigators (Lovebird)
4 **This Feelings Killing Me** — Jennifer Benjamin (SS)
5 **Love Me Tonight** — Trevor Walters (Magnet)
6 **Just A Little Bit** — Carroll Thompson (S & G)
7 **Birds Of A Feather** — Sharon Mitchell (SS)
8 **Dreaming Of Your Love** — Saffrice (S & G)
9 **Poor Man's Story** — Ranking Dread (Live & Love)
10 **The Feeling Is** — Sharon & Shirley (Cha Cha)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2.

US DISCO

1 **Controversy/Let's Work (LP)** — Prince (Warner Bros)
2 **Do You Love Me (LP)** — Patti Austin (Qwest)
3 **Menergy/Wanna Take You Home (12")** — Patrick Cowley (Fusion)
4 **Can You Move (12")** — Modern Romance (Atlantic)
5 **Let's Start II Dance Again (12")** — Bohannon (Phase Two)
6 **Walking Into Sunshine (12")** — Central Line (Mercury)
7 **Mony Mony (EP)** — Billy Idol (Chrysalis)
8 **Wordy Rappinghood/Genius Of Love (LP)** — Tom Tom Club (Sire)
9 **Never Too Much (LP)** — Luther Vandross (Epic)
10 **Hupendi Muziki Wangu?! (12")** — K.I.D. (Sam)

Courtesy Billboard

INTERNATIONAL ITALY ALBUMS

1 **Buona Fortuna** — Pooch (CGD-MM)
2 **Abacab** — Genesis (Charisma/PolyGram)
3 **Val Mo'** — Pino Daniele (EMI)
4 **Deus** — Adriano Celentano (Clan, DGG)
5 **Fabrizio De Andre** — Fabrizio De Andre (Ricordi)
6 **Tattoo You** — Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
7 **Ghost In The Machine** — Police (A & M/CBS)
8 **Q. Disc** — Lucio Dalla (RCA)
9 **La Grande Grotta** — Alberto Fortis (Philips)
10 **Angelo Branduardi** — Angelo Branduardi (PolyGram)

Courtesy 'Germano Ruscitto/Billboard'

SWEDEN SINGLES

1 **Japanese Boy** — Aneka (Hansa)
2 **TVA AV OSS** — X-Models (Parlophone)
3 **Raising My Family** — Steve Kekana (EMI)
4 **For Your Eyes Only** — Sheena Easton (EMI)
5 **Jag Vill Ha Dig** — Freestyle (SOS)
6 **Hands Up** — Ottowan (Carrere)
7 **Hooked On Classics** — Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (RCA)
8 **Hela Natten** — Attack (CBS)
9 **Tainted Love** — Soft Cell (Bizarre)
10 **Like They Do In The Movies** — Anna (RCA)

Courtesy GLF/Billboard.

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **If You Leave Me Now** — Chicago (CBS)
2 **Under The Moon Of Love** — Showaddywaddy (Bell)
3 **You Make Me Feel Like Dancing** — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
4 **If Not You** — Dr Hook (Capitol)
5 **Lost In France** — Bonnie Tyler (RCA)
6 **Mississippi** — Pussycat (Sonet)
7 **Substitute** — The Who (Polydor)
8 **Hurt** — Manhattans (CBS)
9 **Livin' Thing** — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
10 **Play That Funky Music** — Wild Cherry (Epic)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **'Cos I Luv You** — Slade (Polydor)
2 **Johnny Reggae** — Piglets (Bell)
3 **Gypsies, Tramps And Thieves** — Cher (MCA)
4 **I Will Return** — Springwater (Polydor)
5 **Till** — Tom Jones (Decca)
6 **Jeepster** — T. Rex (Fly)
7 **Banks Of The Ohio** — Olivia Newton-John (Pye)
8 **Ernie** — Benny Hill (Columbia)
9 **Maggie May** — Rod Stewart (Mercury)
10 **Run Baby Run** — Newbeats (London)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Good Vibrations** — Beach Boys (Capitol)
2 **Green Green Grass Of Home** — Tom Jones (Decca)
3 **Gimme Some Loving** — Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
4 **Semi-Detached Suburban Mr Jones** — Manfred Mann (Fontana)
5 **Reach Out And I'll Be There** — Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
6 **What Would I Be** — Val Doonican (Decca)
7 **Holy Cow** — Lee Dorsey (Stateside)
8 **High Time** — Paul Jones (HMV)
9 **My Mind's Eye** — Small Faces (Decca)
10 **Stop Stop Stop** — Hollies (Parlophone)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

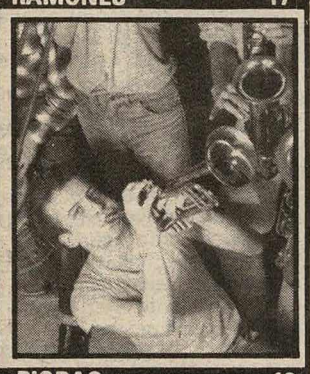
1 **His Latest Flame** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 **Take Good Care Of My Baby** — Bobby Vee (London)
3 **Tower Of Strength** — Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
4 **Big Bad John** — Jimmy Dean (Philips)
5 **Walkin' Back To Happiness** — Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
6 **Moon River** — Danny Williams (HMV)
7 **The Time Has Come** — Adam Faith (Parlophone)
8 **Take Five** — Dave Brubeck (Fontana)
9 **The Savage** — Shadows (Columbia)
10 **Girl In Your Arms** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION

Mark Fairington

RAMONES 17



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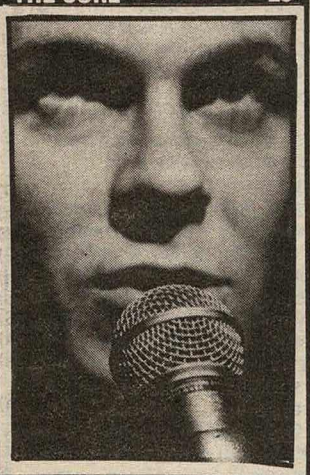
THE CURE 25



ERROL 6

LPs 39

LIVE 55

ADAM ANTICIPATES 23-DATE MAYHEM

ADAM & THE ANTS are going ahead with their extensive Christmas and New Year tour, even though their lavish 'Prince Charming' stage set — which, as reported last week, was stolen along with the pantechnicon in which it was stacked — has still not been recovered.

Rather than wait indefinitely to see if the set could be located, Adam immediately ordered a replacement set to be constructed, and work on this is now in progress. In view of the time factor, it may not be quite as spectacular as the original set, but will still reflect the theme of the show — which is billed as 'The Prince Charming Revue'.

NME revealed last week that the band were planning five major London shows leading up to Christmas Day — and, in fact, their stint in the capital has now been extended to seven nights. They are also playing 16 provincial concerts, making a total of 23 dates, beginning in mid-December and running through to late January.

The schedule comprises St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (December 14 and 15), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (17, 18 and 19), London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion (21, 22, 23 and 24), Brighton Centre (28 and 29), Manchester Apollo (January 3, 4 and 5), Newcastle City Hall (8 and 9), Glasgow Apollo (11 and 12), Leeds Queens Hall (15), Birmingham Odeon (18, 19 and 20) and Deeside Leisure Centre (22).

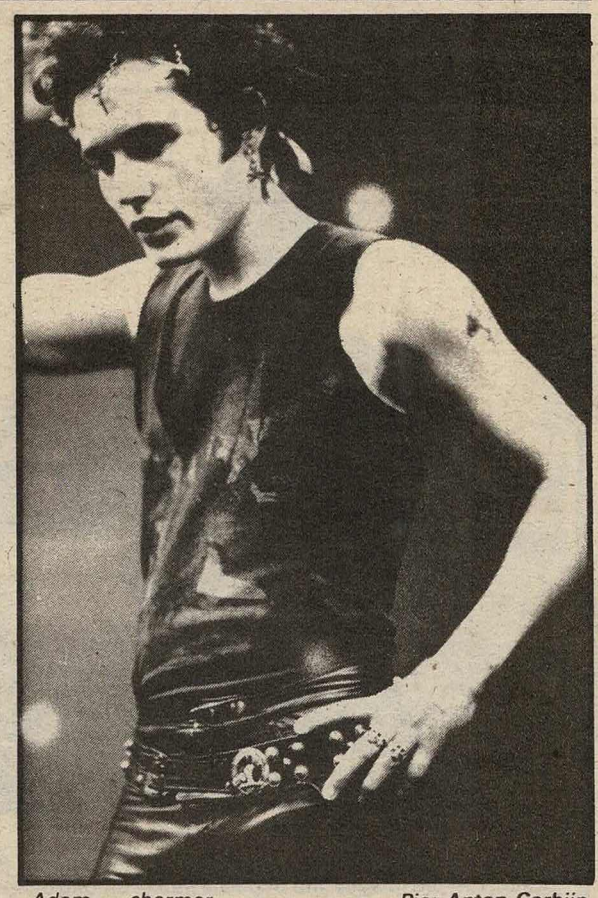
Tickets are on sale to personal applicants at the venue box-offices this week — except Newcastle and Birmingham, for which it's postal booking only. Mail orders for Newcastle should be sent to the City Hall Box-Office; and for Birmingham, to Adam & The Ants Box-Office, PO Box 108, Birmingham B4 6BE.

Prices are £4.50 only (St Austell, Leeds and Deeside); £5, £4 and £3 (London Drury Lane); £5 and £4 (London Dominion); and £4.50 and £3.50 (all other venues).

Tickets for both London venues may also be obtained by post from Keith Prowse Ticket Post, PO Box 265, London WC1E 7DW — postal orders only made payable to 'Keith Prowse & Co. Ltd.', add 25p per ticket booking fee, and mark clearly on back of envelope either 'Drury Lane' or 'Dominion Theatre' and the performance required.

Leeds tickets are also available to personal callers at Bradford St George's Hall and Virgin Records of Sheffield; Deeside tickets from Mike Lloyd Record Shops (Liverpool and Chester) and Penny Lane Records (Liverpool).

If booking by post, enclose SAE and allow up to three weeks for delivery. All applicants should note that tickets are limited to two per person in London, and four per person elsewhere.



Adam — charmer *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

Weller for Poetry Olympics

PAUL WELLER is among the personalities who'll be appearing at this year's Poetry Olympics, to be held at London's Young Vic Theatre at the end of the month.

Weller, who'll be playing some numbers with The Jam as well as reading his poetry, joins more familiar names to the literary circuit like Linton Kwesi Johnson and John Cooper Clarke — who both played last year's event, held in Westminster Abbey. This is the schedule:

Saturday 28 November, 3.30pm: Guests include **John Cooper Clarke, Linton Kwesi Johnson, Miles Landesman** (from Miles Over Matter), **Heathcote Williams.** Sunday 29, 7.30pm: Guests include **Andrei Vozmesensky, RD Laing.** Monday 30, 7.30pm: Guests include **Roger McGough, Tom McGrath, Paul Weller** and **The Jam.**

Sell-outs are expected so advance booking might be advisable. The Young Vic is situated in The Cut, near Waterloo Station, and its box office number is 01-928 6363. Tickets are £3.00 per session, or £2.50 if you book for more than one day.

Paul Weller — poet

Twyla Tharp and David Byrne — collaborators

BALLETIC BYRNE

DAVID BYRNE of Talking Heads releases his first solo album on Sire Records next week, titled 'Songs From The Catherine Wheel' — and it contains 11 songs adapted from his score for the ballet *The Catherine Wheel.* **The ballet score was the end product of a collaboration between Byrne and renowned New York choreographer Twyla Tharpe, whose dance troupe performed to critical acclaim at London Sadlers Wells in the summer.** *The Catherine Wheel* **itself was premiered on Broadway two months ago.**

The album, recorded in London and New York during the summer, features much of the Heads' augmented line-up playing alongside Byrne. And among backing musicians are Jerry Harrison, Bernie Worrell, Adrian Belew, Steven Scales, Dolette McDonald and Brian Eno. A single culled from the LP, titled 'Big Blue Plymouth (Eyes Wide Open)', is slotted for December release.

Talking Heads themselves will be releasing a live album in January and, at about the same time, start work on their fifth studio LP. For most of 1981, the four founder Heads have been working on solo projects, so these new sessions will be their first as a group since 'Remain In Light' was released last November.

Jobs For Youth — 50,000 expected

WEAPON OF PEACE are to headline the Jobs For Youth campaign rally and march in London on Sunday, November 29. The rally assembles at Hyde Park Corner at noon, and — accompanied by theatre groups, steel bands, clowns, jugglers and acoustic musicians — progresses to the Jubilee Gardens (near County Hall), where Weapon Of Peace will perform at 3pm to an expected audience of around 50,000.

More details have now been confirmed for the three free concerts being staged that weekend at the Rainbow Theatre, sponsored by the GLC and marking the arrival in the capital of the Jobs Express, carrying 350 young unemployed people from all over the UK. Friday's show (27) will feature **Madness, Clint Eastwood & General Saint, Chris Thompson & The Islands** and compere **Alexei Sayle.** The following night the bill comprises **The Beat, Tom Robinson, OK Jive** and **Joe Jackson,** who also comperes.

Sunday's concert (29) will be a party night, marking the end of the rally, and a number of surprise guests are expected to appear. The headline act is also unlikely to be announced in advance, but among those definitely appearing are **Black Slate, Barry Ford, The Members** and **Alexei Sayle.**

Tickets are being distributed through 300 different projects for the unemployed. But there will also be some available from 9.30am tomorrow (Friday), on a first-come first-served basis, at the TUC's Congress House, Great Russell Street (UB40 holders only).

Alexei Sayle — compere

Also newly set is a children's festival at the Rainbow on Saturday, November 28 (noon-4pm). It will feature such traditional children's entertainment as theatre, Punch & Judy, clowns, fire-eaters and magicians. Several unemployed bands — including **The Puffin Club, English Subtitles, Happy Xmas Nicola, Blah Blah Blah** and **Bonzai Forest** — will be laying down their instruments to help out with the organisation. **The Beat, Tom Robinson** and **OK Jive** are among those who've promised to drop in. Admission is free.

● **Weapon of Peace, who've** just released their self-named debut album on the Safari label, have also confirmed three orthodox gigs — at Wolverhampton Polytechnic (November 23), London College of Printing (26) and Keele University (December 4).

● **UB40 concerts next week, Japan tour in December, and New Year outings by Black Sabbath and UFO . . .** **page 45.**

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NEW TV POP

A TV image for Clare. Pic: Peter Anderson

A SERIES of rock concerts — featuring **The Pretenders, Duran Duran, Altered Images** and **Depeche Mode,** among others — is to be staged at the Chichester Festival Theatre by the new TVS television company, which takes over from Southern TV in the New Year when the latter loses its franchise. The shows are being filmed for a series of half-hour in-concert specials to be screened from January, under the title of *Off The Record.*

The series is hosted by **John Cooper Clarke,** and the first four concerts set are by **Duran Duran** (November 30), **The Pretenders** (December 1), **Altered Images** (2) and **Depeche Mode** (3). Three more bands are being lined up to complete the series by producer Richard Leyland, who was responsible for *Rockstage* earlier this year. He commented: "TVS have decided to show these programmes at a reasonable early evening time, instead of tucking them away in a late night spot."

Beat drowning in confusion

Pic: Adrian Boot

A SHAKY YEAR for The Beat so far was compounded last week by a mix-up over their new single, 'Hit It'. The twelve-inch copy that arrived for review sounded like a hazy, befuddled jumble of half-conceived ideas, a seven-minute shadow of the real Beat. Could this be the group that made the crisp sparkle of 'Too Nice To Talk To' *et al?*

Not only that, this wasn't the 'Hit It' to be found on the *NME* Dancin' Master cassette: that artefact turns out to be a version of the B-side, 'Which Side Of The Bed?'

Come Monday morning, the word came out that, no, this wasn't to be the new Beat 45 — the wrong mixes had been used and the review copies should be disregarded. A *proper* release would follow soon.

Clearly some explanation was in order. I rang the Beat office and spoke to a lugubrious-sounding Andy Cox.

"We've just been in America for three weeks. Arista remixed the single we delivered and the job they made of it was appalling. Everybody's received the wrong mix, and at the moment we're going from one state of panic to the next trying to clear it up."

But what about the Dancin' Master 'Hit It'?

"That was another mistake. We *did* do a different version of 'Hit It', but Roger also did a toast of 'Which Side Of The Bed?' which we were going to call 'Cool Entertainer'. They were put in the wrong boxes!"

So what do you think of the real 'Hit It'? A much-needed hit?

"I never think any of them are going to be hits. But we're pleased with it. The one you were sent is like a live demo."

Certainly that live feel is carried over to the finally approved seven-inch version: stripped of extraneous chaff, the bass line in particular punches home. But no amount of 'feel' can disguise that this is basically a weak song, and it's unlikely to score the hit The Beat sorely need to reaffirm their ascendancy.

There haven't been too many Beat hits this year. . .

"We've come to understand why the last ones didn't make it. We were getting too. . . constructive, is that the right word? It's with using this digital equipment. Everything has to sound perfect. But 'Hit It' is the first time we've played live in the studio since 'Tears Of A Clown'."

What's going on in The Beat camp at the moment?

"Mostly just rehearsing. We're working on a couple of new songs at the moment. And we have these unemployment gigs coming up.

"We're all pretty happy with each other . . . maybe we'll go down the record company tomorrow. Sort them out!"

Something needs a shake-up, anyway. Cox had asked Arista for a box of the new singles to dish out to his mates. When the package arrived, he found a gleaming collection of 12-inchers . . . by a group called Satin!

— RICHARD COOK

Seven sent down after gig riot

SEVEN SKINHEADS were sentenced by crown court last week for their part in a riot that wrecked a gig by Luton punk band UK Decay last May — three were jailed, three sent to Borstal and one to a detention centre.

The Saturday night show — at Bedford's Bunyan Centre — was halted after the skinheads invaded the stage and allegedly began attacking the band and smashing their equipment.

At St Alban's Crown Court last week, the seven Bedford skins denied causing an affray. But UK Decay singer Stephen Abbott, giving evidence, said that he was kicked and punched: "Someone was jumping on the monitors. There was fighting in the audience and people were struggling around with arms and fists flying."

The violence attracted police reinforcements, who were also attacked as they arrived to make arrests, the court heard.

Sentencing the youths after a four-day trial, Judge Marcus Anwyl-Davies, QC, said that the riot was "an outrage to society". The three eldest defendants were jailed — two to 12-month spells and the third to 15 months.

UK Decay, who did not press charges themselves, claimed this week that the disturbance "looked worse than it was". The band also played the same venue one month later, a show that passed off peacefully.

— TONY CURRAN

KIRSTY McNEILL posts the latest word on Postcard — plus all the jazz on The Jazzateers

The Jazzateers L-R: Keith Band, Ian Burgoyne, Colin Auld, Alison Gourlay. Pic: Robert Sharp

HOW THE SOUND OF YOUNG SCOTLAND GREW UP AND LEFT HOME

GLASGOW IS NOT quite the throbbing paradise of hip haunts you may have been led to believe. I mean, no one actually *goes* to the Ultratheque . . . But with the recent opening of the new Night Moves club, Thursday, for everyone playing *Opportunity Knocks,* is Rock Day.

Thursday starts with a rush to the newsagent to buy the music papers: people in groups tend to buy them all and read them from cover to cover. If timed correctly, televisions are tuned in to catch *Top Of The Pops,* then it's time to go out — the Rock Garden, Night Moves, or stay home and listen to local rock and roll radio into the early hours of Friday morning.

The Scottish Beat Boom is now history — remember The Scars, The Fire Engines? Congratulations Altered Images!

Postcard, the great independent hope, is now Postcard International: the Sound of Young Scotland has grown up and left home.

Alan Horne had never been totally satisfied with Postcard releases — lack of funds always meant a constant eye on the clock in the recording studio. In moments of depression he would bury his head in his hands and say "Put on 'Pale Blue Eyes' . . . we'll never make a record as good as that." I spoke to him and Edwyn Collins of Orange Juice about OJ's departure to Polydor and the role of Postcard now. Put it in a nutshell, Edwyn.

"Well, basically we were all wound up in the Rough Trade Conditioning Syndrome, whereby you're told that everyone on Rough Trade is ethically sound and morally very, very good; and that the people in the big corporations are evil ogres, bureaucrats and capitalists, bourgeois pigs. But once you get to meet these people you realise that they're exactly the same as the people at Rough Trade — it's just that their Kickers are newer."

"And it's stupid," Alan adds in agreement, "to stick to the sort of independent ideas that we had about 18 months ago. We can't do it ourselves. I want to be able to sit back and say, well here's 40% of a hit record — a decent song — and have someone else arrange it, produce it, get it played . . . that way you end up with 'Mr Tambourine Man'. Only one Byrd actually played on it, but so what? It still stands up today as a great record. And if The Byrds had played on the single the way it had been written, then it would probably just have ended up as a track on the 'Nuggets' album.

Writing decent songs is the main aim of The Jazzateers . . .

Around the time last year when just about everyone in Glasgow had a friend, family or flatmate in a group (and things were getting rather complicated and messy), The Jazzateers were rubbing shoulders with the staggeringly unremarkable down at the Hellfire Club. Alan Horne found them rehearsing their smooth, jazzily sophisticated songs with newly recruited singer Alison Gourlay, and swiftly took them under his wing. The latest novelty for the hip minority?

"Novelty? Certainly not," snaps songwriter and guitarist Ian Burgoyne. "And we can easily avoid cult status just by writing palatable songs. Even with the weight of the entire music press behind him, Kid Creole flopped. I suppose the *NME* just couldn't convince people that Manhattan Transfer gone new wave is good.

"I'm trying to write in the Dionne Warwick/Burt Bacharach style of pop songs: we are all sickened with the new progressive rock — Bunnymen, Wah, etc . . . They all just want to be next year's Keith Richard. The tragedy is, however, that they'll never be good enough even for that.

"What The Jazzateers are doing," he volunteers, "is just the most mainstream traditional music going . . ."

"Exactly," Alan interrupts to emphasise the definition. "And it's not old-fashioned because it's mainstream. It doesn't have anything to do with fads — it's not New! or Modern! — and it's completely immaterial what Paul Morley thinks of The Jazzateers; whether he thinks it's 'bright and new' or 'old and fuddy-duddy': it's just there and it's separate from what he's dealing with on a day-to-day basis.

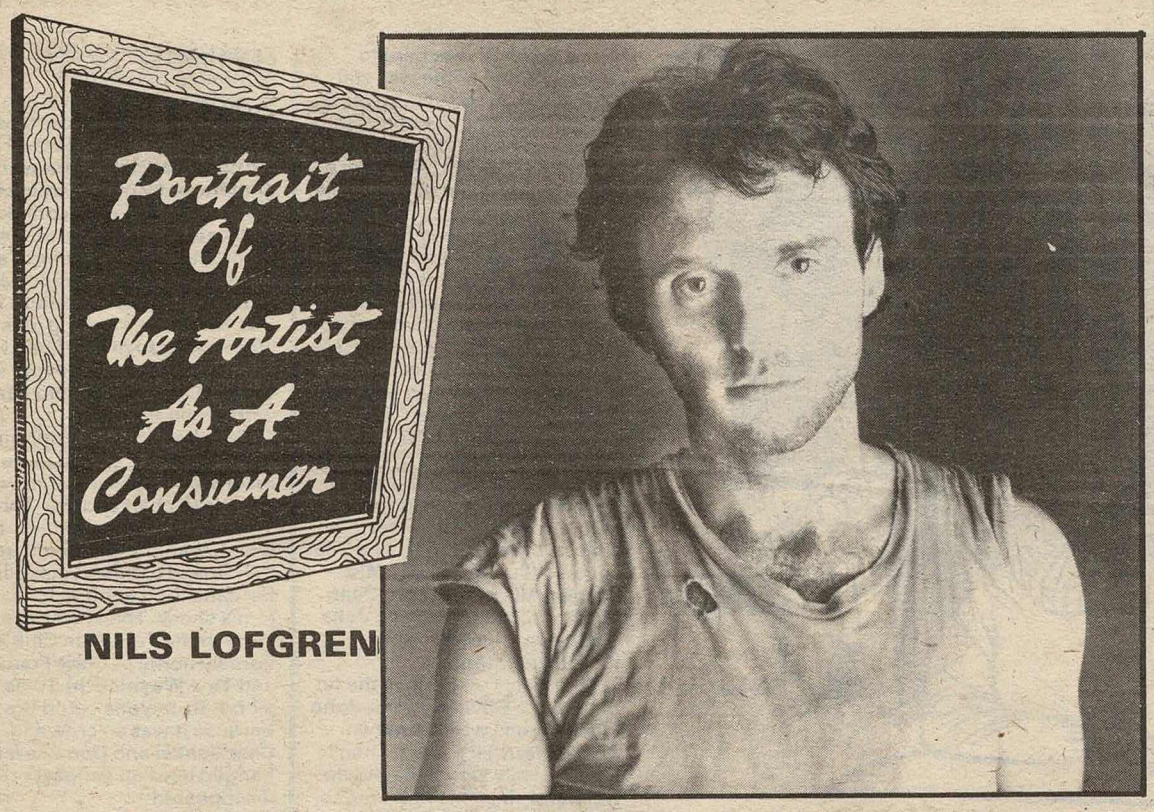
"You see, Heaven 17 can come or go, but if they manage to come up with something like 'The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore' then they'll last — and if they don't, they won't . . . So, big deal. Today it's all new funk, Latin American, etc., but we can all remember when it was all codpieces and the Lone Groover."

Keith Band and Colin Auld (classy rhythms) arrive. "It's good for the group to have Alison as the centre of attention," says Keith, "because we're not thinking about getting attention for ourselves — we're concentrating on writing good songs, without the glory. I think that a lot of groups actually make a point of playing a certain type of music; they aren't true to themselves — they don't play what they like. They go out on purpose to be Tunnelvision — the great rock parody group. But people in general will like The Jazzateers, because people in general have got good taste."

So why bother playing *Opportunity Knocks* on the rock board?

"Of course only one tiny section of showbiz is 'rock', with about 90% of everything else . . . But the trouble is that because of our age, where we come from, and because we have no huge financial backing, we have to come up through rock. So although we really should be using *Variety* or some other showbiz magazine — because everything is so pigeon-holed, we

■ *Continues page 6*



NILS LOFGREN

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London Sessions ..... **Howlin' Wolf**
Exile On Main Street ..... **Rolling Stones**
Beggars Banquet ..... **Rolling Stones**
Electric Ladyland ..... **Jimi Hendrix**
Fresh Cream ..... **Cream**
Pretenders I ..... **Pretenders**
Greatest Hits ..... **Stevie Wonder**
Greatest Hits ..... **The Supremes**
Moby Grape ..... **Moby Grape**
Otis Redding Anthology ..... **Otis Redding**
Any Sam Cooke, Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles

BOOKS

The Right Stuff ..... **Tom Wolfe**
Tarzan 1-27 ..... **Edgar Rice Burroughs**
The Matarese Circle ..... **Robert Ludlum**

FILMS

Harold And Maude
It's A Wonderful Life
The Godfather
Key Largo
Men Of Boys Town
The Harder They Come
Arthur
Angels With Dirty Faces
Any Bogart, Cagney, Edward G. Robinson

TV

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All In The Family
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SPORT

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Dancin' Masters Dury and (left) Linx

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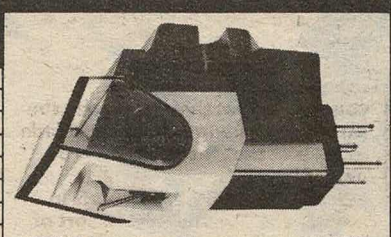

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JAZZATEERS

■ *From page 4*

have no option but to use rock. Which may well sound familiar, but all you have to do is listen to the music the new breed are churning out. Often, you only have to look at their pictures . . . We're creating songs — not concepts."

Alison, for her part, expresses total disinterest in rock music. She tells me that she once saw "a group called the Au Pairs on the television and they were so dirty and horrible — just like university students mouthing off silly political pamphlets in the union bar . . .

"I would like to make a couple of million pounds out of this," she confesses, while arranging her hair for a photo-session with a teenage pop rag, not bothering to use a mirror. "One million just doen't go very far these days."

The current rate at which contemporary music becomes obsolete is quite alarming (that the Blue Rondo single should sound dated already is, perhaps, testimony to its superficiality). In this climate, The Jazzateers make bold claims and aims.

"I just find the state of rock old and depressing," Alan reflects, "and feel that trying to be enthusiastic and stay vital is an uphill struggle daily. But I find what we're doing is wonderful; when most of what you get is mediocre drivel, everything on Postcard is just far more genuine. Postcard was always a label based on songs, and The Jazzateers are a *song* group."

"That's the important point that must be stressed," Ian cuts in. "I would be happy to write just one song that people will remember in years to come . . ."

And having written stylish classics like 'Blue Moon Over Hawaii', and 'Don't Worry About A Thing', there's a distinct possibility that people will do just that.

ERROL

ERROL HERE, well somewhere anyway — certainly well outside my 'self'. Somebody has spiked by bloody mary with a certain anti-drug. Makes you wonder whether it is in fact worth going on living at all with all this opaque mass of conditioning through which no light may ever show.

I don't mean what I say, actually, it's just I'm having more trouble than usual in deciding just who I am, and as for feeling myself, well that is just impossible. There appears to be an empty space below my waste. Tragic. Why only the other day 'I' experienced an orgasm that spiralled off through infinites of time and has no end . . . it remains with me now as a personal alteration!

So does the **Nico** show at Heaven last Monday. Her performance took me into a deep pit. At the bottom of this deep pit was a brown disc through which I would fall if I did not stop myself. Nico played and played and played and I couldn't stop myself. I fell through the brown disc into nothing. I was in a state in which there was no 'I' to experience the nothing — just pure nothing, nowhere and beyond the sense of time. Nico stopped playing, I was fed a Southern Comfort and I returned to some sort of sane surface.

Members of Nico's band whimpered to me that it was just an off night, that some of her recent shows have been super in an anti-repressive way. I was in no mood for excuses based in poison. I was in no mood. I forgot to buy **Robert Smith** a huge pint of froth and brown, but nonetheless he read me a little poem. *"A man takes a drink / The drink takes a drink / The drink takes the man"*. It was hell at Heaven. **Perry Haines** just knew that it wasn't funk and he left. After all, entertainment involves the critical emptying of one's mind — the bold negation of consciousness — death in life, and then the restructuring of a renewed awareness.

SERGE CLERC

The audience died in front of Nico at Heaven. Personally I was reincarnated inside the Bowling Club in New York, luckily witha great big vodka and lime in my left hand and a fleshy collection of sweetness and light holding my right hand. I seemed to be standing in a queue to get a pair of bowling shoes and **Siouxsie** was standing in front of me. She turned round and accosts me. "What's that bum **Keith Levene** doing here?" It was hard to answer. Some of me was still back, dead, at Heaven. Levene was there bowling along with branded new **PiL** keyboard mincer **Ken Lockie,** who I once spoke to about the death of the family. Siouxsie and **Budgie** get their shoes and went bowling too. I decided not to bother.

Nico — endless!

Thank the heavens I'm getting closer to that I wasn't re-incarnated as a bowling ball. The girl and all the guys in **Girls At Our Best** have a lane to themselves. Seems to be quite a place: Less hell than Heaven. I get caught up in a brief flashback or forward of Le Beat Route — so popular it takes a lifetime to get in, too popular to hold the final of The Most Unfashionable Man Of The Year contest. (Judges so far: **Mick Jagger, Alistair Burnett, Dean Martin, Jill Gascoine** and **Julia Goodyear.** New favourite: **Kevin Stapleton.**)

Suddenly I was one of the fat men in the **Olivia Newton-John** video. Then I was the hat on **August Darnell's** head. Then I was the Holy Ghost that **Kevin Rolwand** sings his heart out to. Then I was a piece of glass in the crown of **Miss World's** head. Then I was the ghost of **Baudelaire.** Then I was dancing with **Billy Mackenzie** at Cariba: it was a Saturday, he was wearing a cap, telling me that Billy Mackenzie and **The Associates** could release an LP of mountainously good material every month. Then I became Billy Mackenzie and I realised what he said was true.

Murphy — unfashionable!

Then I was back at Heaven and **Richard Strange** was telling me that he wasn't as confident as *that* but he will return. And then I was **Howard Devoto's** shadow, watching happily as he toured the clubs of London with and without his writing wife. He was having such fun. Even I as shadow felt happy. Devoto was celebrating his new solo deal with Virgin Records.

Then I was the microphone in **Jonathan King's** hand as he recorded his ridiculous new American chart spot for *Top Of The Pops.* His new feature is worse than the old album spot *TOTP* used to have. I stayed in his hand long enough to give him a shock. Then I was at a party at the Tom Tom Club (the homely home of **Chris Franz** and **Tina Weymouth).** I was the air hardly anyone could breathe because it was so crowded. **Chaz Jankel** and **Don Cherry** banged hard on congas. I disappeared.

I materialised on the farm with **Richard Jobson:** he was serenading the crows, backed by a violinist, a flautist, a trombonist and a kazzooist. "Why will no one take me seriously?" he sang, unsweetly. Then I was in a restaurant in South Kensington where **Rusty Egan** was reeling off his list to a dark-eyed girl and where **Bauhaus** were getting over their Palais show: **Pete Murphy** looked dirty, distraught, dazed, which is an improvement for him. He is certainly in the running for the most unfashionable man of the year.

Everything was happening to me. I was dizzy with it all. Then I returned to the world, less afraid of death, of orgasm, and of madness. I drank a Slow Screw and I was in a good mood. As **Dudley Moore** says, isn't fun the best thing ever — however you can get it, wherever, and forever.

the stranglers
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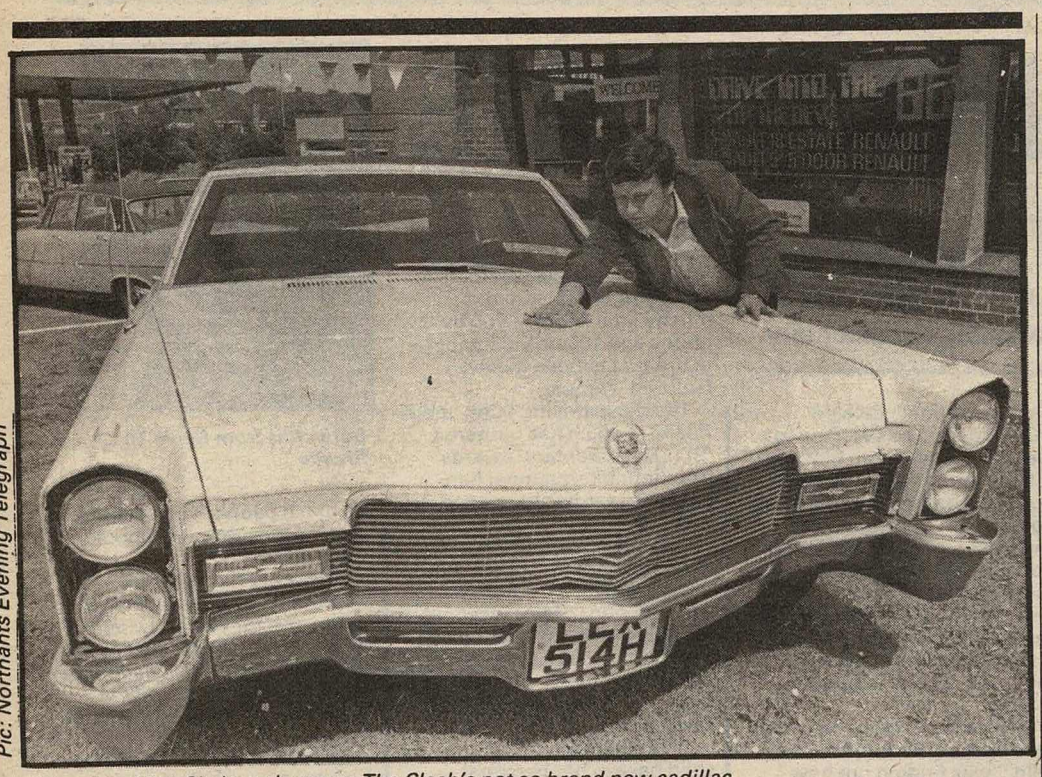


Pic: Northants Evening Telegraph

Organiser Mick Skelton cleans up The Clash's not so brand new cadillac

Clash cadillac raffle fiasco

A BID by The Clash to help raise money for redundant steel workers in Corby appears to have backfired.

The group donated a 1970 Cadillac — said to be worth £3000 — for the top prize in a raffle aimed at raising money for the Corby Steel Workers' Welfare Fund.

But the charity venture has turned into a total fiasco. The man who won the car says it is worthless and has left him more than £100 out of pocket.

In addition the National Lotteries Council has said the raffle — which lost the welfare fund more than £200 — was illegal. And local branches of the Iron & Steel Trade's Confederation and Labour Party, whose names appeared on the tickets, both deny all knowledge of the scheme.

Raffle promoter Bill Simpson refused to comment as did another organiser, local magistrate Mick Skelton. Mr Skelton did say, however, that the car should be worth up to £1,000,000 — to a Clash fan. But raffle winner Ernie Sheldon — a 54-year-old steel worker from Tipton, Staffs — was far from silent.

"I bought the tickets to help our fellow members of the ISTC. Now I think the raffle stinks. It's an absolute disgrace."

Mr Sheldon said he had been told by a garage that the car was worthless and undriveable.

"I was offered £100 for scrap but it cost me more than that to get it to my house. I am now more than £100 out of pocket."

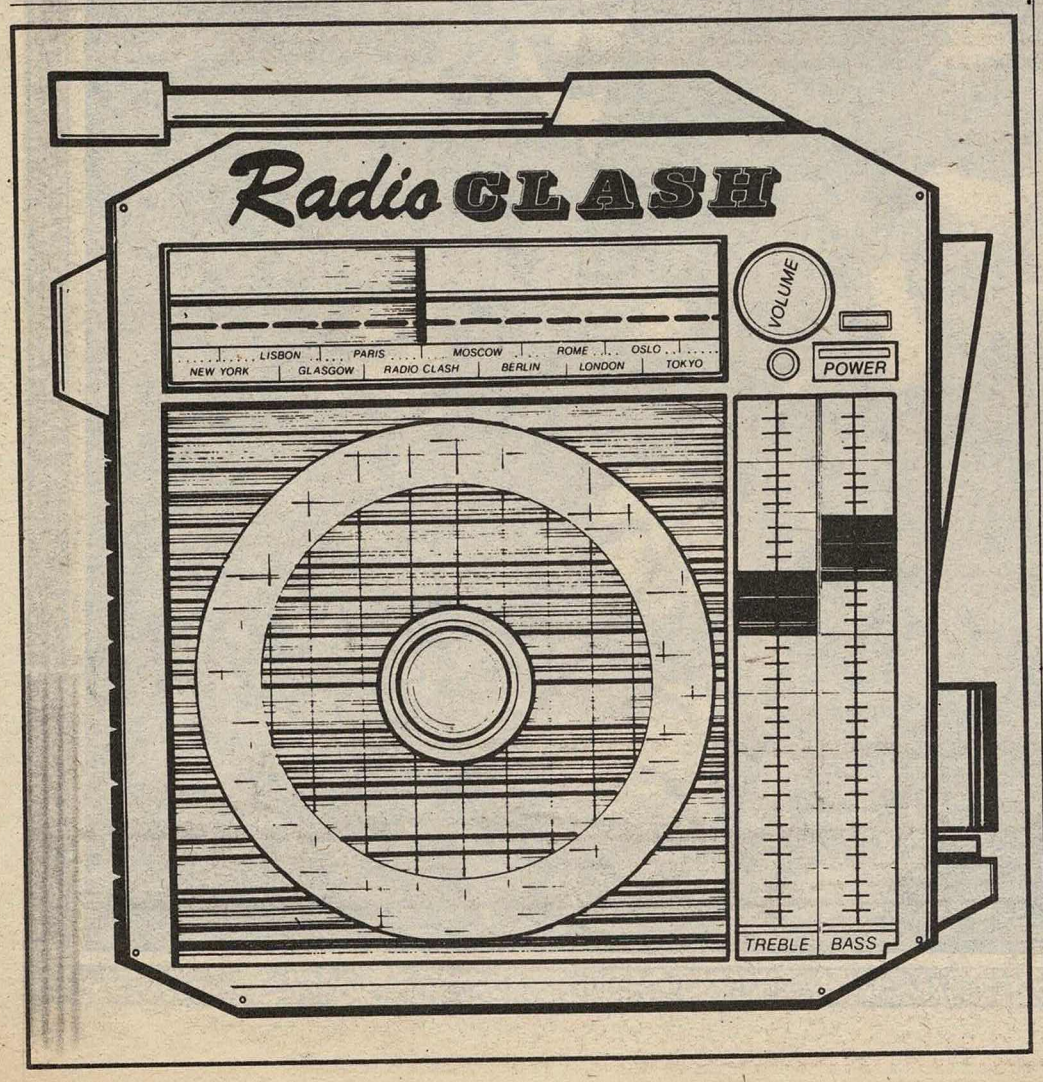
The Clash had acquired the car as a result of a boob by Radio One disc jockey Anne Nightingale. On the station's *Roundtable* show one Friday night last year, she wagered a Cadillac that the Clash single 'Bankrobber' would *not* be a hit. The record subsequently reached number 12 in the chart. Fortunately for Ms Nightingale, a Radio One listener stepped in and donated the seven litre car to The Clash through the station. The band in turn decided to donate it to the welfare fund.

The Clash, currently in America, were unavailable for comment.

— NIGEL PAULAY

NEXT WEEK IN NME

You've noticed — the NME NEXT WEEK BOX is always wrong. It promises you a feature and then makes you wait a fortnight for its appearance. Two weeks ago we warned you of THE CURE; this week we ran it. Last week we promised THE OUTCASTS — next week we'll publish that. And sometime in the near future there's BAD MANNERS! As for our Christmas issue . . . well, we told you about that last month.



BONDS IS BACK

Following two of the most memorable nights in Rock 'n' Roll history, Gary U.S. Bonds returns next week for more live UK dates.

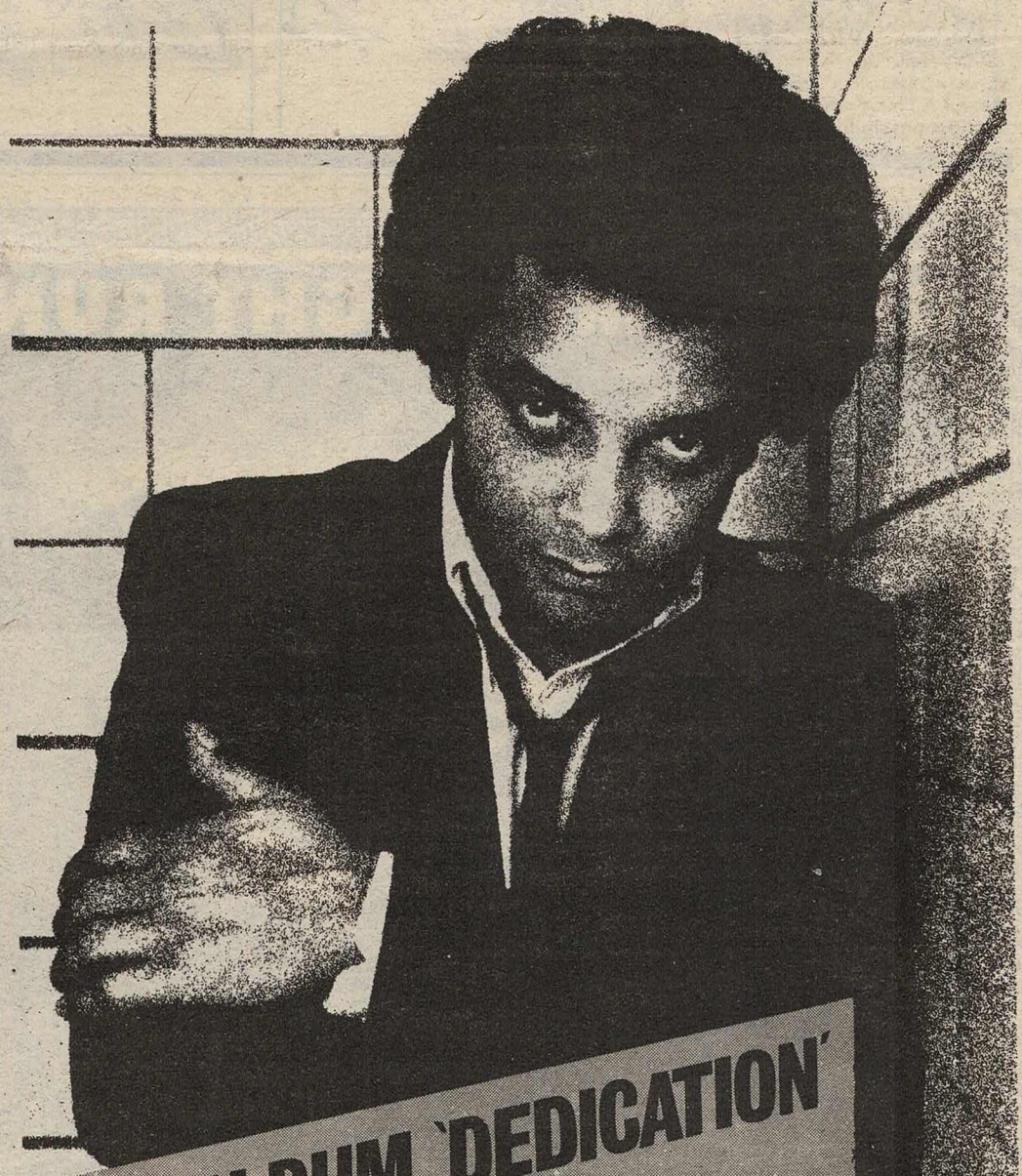
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon Nov 24 (SOLD OUT)
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall Nov 25
EDINBURGH Odeon Nov 27
NEWCASTLE City Hall Nov 28

"It was a celebration. Gary Bonds and his band tore the place down." MELODY MAKER

"Two of the most memorable nights of Rock 'n' Roll." WHATS ON

". . . euphoria such as rock music seldom provides any more." THE TIMES

"Whoever would have imagined the soulless Venue could assume the atmosphere of a New Orleans Mardi Gras?" RECORD MIRROR



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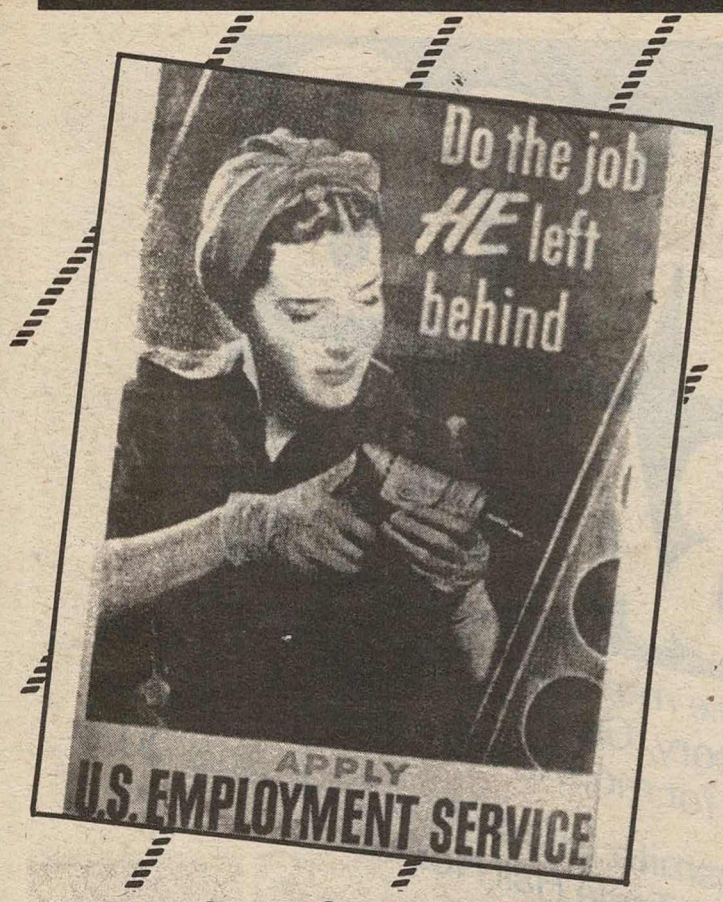


RIVETING ROSIE

CYNTHIA ROSE on women, work, and a winning documentary

THE LIFE And Times Of Rosie The Riveter is a 65-minute debut film produced and directed by Connie Field, a young American. Its topic is the domestic front of World War II: the way women were propagandised to participate in the war effort, then promptly assigned back to the hearth and told to give up their hard-earned skills at the war's end.

Their story is told through a juxtaposition of newsreels, government footage and the recollections of five interviewees — former 'Rosies' who reflect the regional and ethnic diversity of the female war workers.

None of these factors, however, prepares the viewer for the lively, incisive film that Ms Field has created — nor for the information it delivers.

Connie Field has worked for over ten years in both film and political activism — she was a founder member of the Boston women's organisation Bread And Roses, and the last film she worked on before beginning her own was Milos Forman's *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. She was "looking for a film to make" when she attended a California reunion of former 'Rosies'.

"My most shocking discovery once I began the project," says Field, "was finding out how little there was to read about the whole thing. The original research took two years; I did all the background, like union history of the time and black history of the time, myself. Then I sort of held seminars for my team." That team did mostly interviews — 700 by phone and 100 on videotape — in order to choose the five featured women.

The most striking thing about *Rosie* — which has garnered 'Best Documentary' awards from four international film festivals — is its sheer good humour.

"People have actually asked me if I *wrote* some of the things these women say," marvels Field, "when in fact I went out of my way not to ask leading questions. They just can't believe 'ordinary' working women are so articulate, witty and just plain perceptive."

Field's care over *Rosie* has a solid base in her personal political commitment: "My interest lies in showing how the economy affects people's lives — because it does, it involves so much people's self-estimates and the way they feel about themselves."

Both stills from Rosie The Riveter

Surfacing from *Rosie's* success ("I feel I've been living in the '40s for years!"), Field now plans a "dramatic film about economic dislocation; in the last ten years 12 *million* Americans will have moved for jobs — it's the biggest migration in the history of the country. I want to investigate the family from that perspective."

Why?

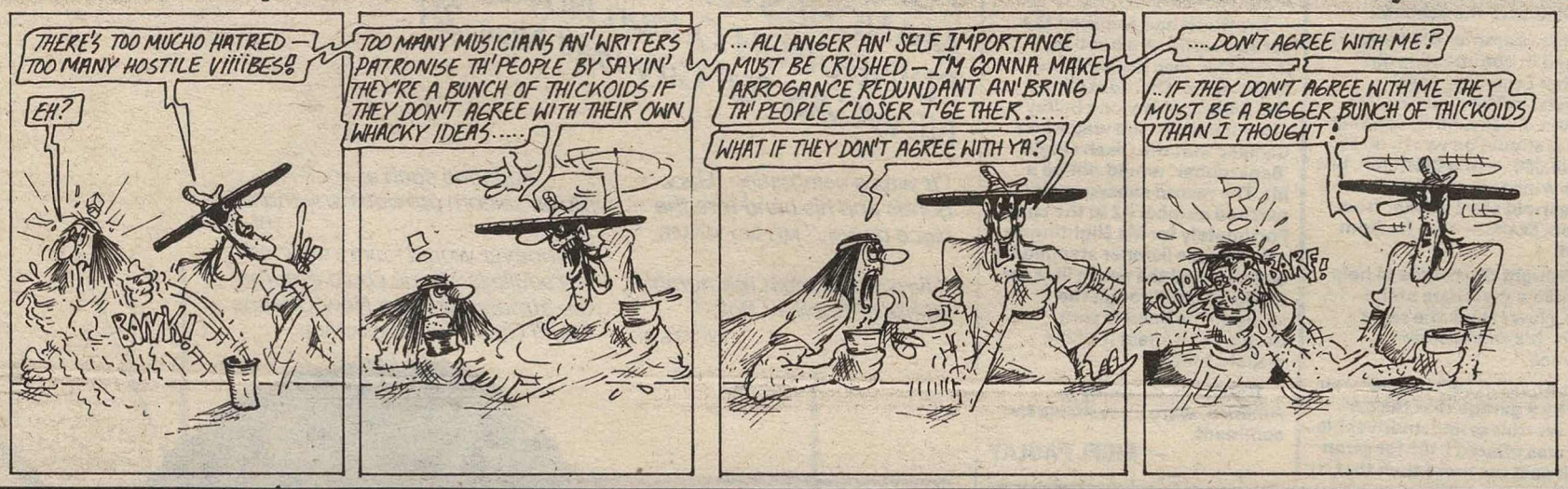
"Because the right wing have started organising today like they never have before — they have money, they have access to TV, and they are grabbing onto very real fears and feelings about the family; questions the New Left of the '60s never answered or resolved.

"Around Vietnam, you have to remember, as at the time of World War II, people *made choices*. But the activists against the Vietnam War worked with a largely student-based movement, one that's now grappling with the 'real world'. The country, of course, never let us *know* what we won; they never do that, you know; you have to read your Pentagon Papers pretty closely to realise that we did."

How does Field see the working woman of today versus

■ *Continues page 12*

The Lone Groover — Benyon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EH?
BAKK!
TOO MANY MUSICIANS AN' WRITERS PATRONISE TH' PEOPLE BY SAYIN' THEY'RE A BUNCH OF THICKOIDS IF THEY DON'T AGREE WITH THEIR OWN WHACKY IDEAS.....
...ALL ANGER AN' SELF IMPORTANCE MUST BE CRUSHED — I'M GONNA MAKE ARROGANCE REDUNDANT AN' BRING TH' PEOPLE CLOSER T'GETHER.....
WHAT IF THEY DON'T AGREE WITH YA?
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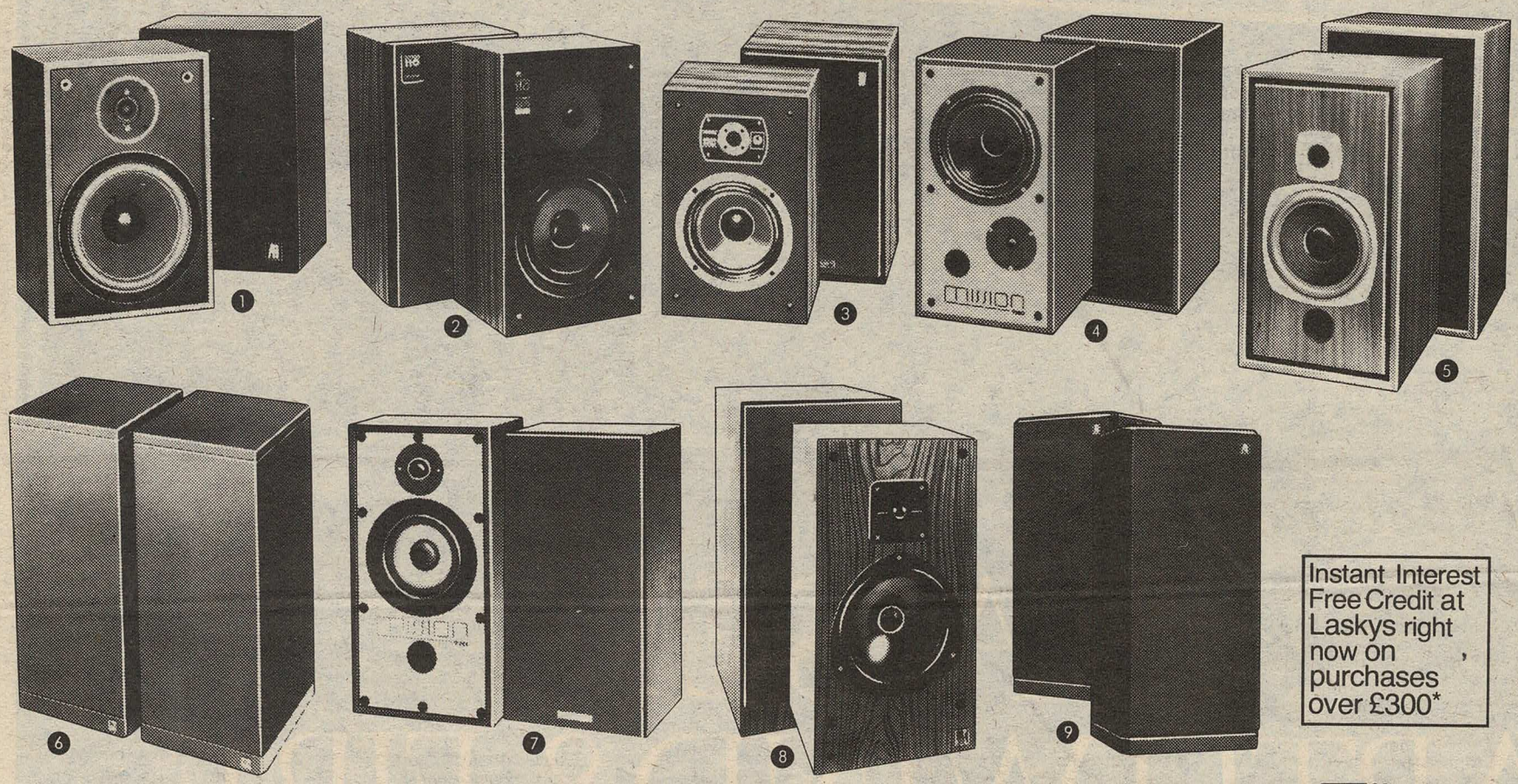

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Bauhaus '81 meets Bauhaus '24 — bridging 57 years at 45 rpm

A CLASS REUNION

David Jay (left) and Rene Halkett *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

AN UNLIKELY duo has just released its first musical offering on 4AD Records. One of the duo is a painter born in Weimar at the beginning of the century. The other is the 24-year-old keyboard player in Bauhaus.

The record is a striking musical arrangement of two poems by the 81-year-old Rene Halkett, whose superb reading, both tortured and elegant, is set to David Jay's sparse electronic compositions. On 'Nothing' Jay supplies a combination of murky bass and church-like organ somewhat reminiscent of '60s psychedelia; on 'Armour', a more poppy fusion of piano and drum machine.

"I felt that the two poems required something more than print," says Halkett, "because they depend on things which can only be expressed in musical signs."

For two months, Jay listened constantly to a tape of the two readings, and then set about arranging music for them. "I tried to work the music into them spontaneously," he says, "though some of it was necessarily pre-planned. The record is a lot closer to my own slant than what I do in Bauhaus. I think it's better to underplay things like the atomic idea on 'Nothing' than to be blatant and bombastic — which wouldn't be the case with Bauhaus."

Yet it was the name Bauhaus which originally led to a meeting. For Rene Halkett was an original student of the Staatliches Bauhaus Weimar, a school of craft and design founded in 1919 by Walter Gropius. The school was set up on innovative educational principles, taking as its departure point the central idea that "there is no such thing as the profession of the artist".

The aim of the visual arts, said Gropius in the Bauhaus manifesto of 1919, is to create "a complete, homogeneous physical environment in which all the arts have their place". Out of the fragmentation of post-war German culture, and out of the madness of super-inflation, when people were paying for drinks with sacks of banknotes, a new order of crafts in collaboration arose. Workshops were established in which students were supervised not just by painters but by actual craftsmen. Here they were encouraged to "find their material", whether that was metal or timber.

Halkett was a student in Weimar for three years (1922-5), and the experience has proved to be a lasting influence. When a young neighbour in Cornwall told the painter that he'd heard a group called Bauhaus on the John Peel show, Halkett immediately wrote to Peel asking where he might contact them, and a meeting duly followed. When the subject of the poems came up, Jay suggested that Halkett record them and send him a tape. (In fact the pair worked so in isolation on the project that when *NME* brought them together at the weekend for this interview and photo session, it was only the third time they'd met.)

Nearly a year later, David Jay played him the finished product. Halkett was thrilled. The treatments, he said, were more than he could have hoped for. Now he plays it to his Cornish neighbours, young and old alike, who have all become addicted to it.

"It falls between music and poetry, and is not entirely either," he says excitedly. "With 'Nothing', David has written a perfect arrangement for what is a quite concentrated philosophical idea, and it becomes so much more than the words. The word 'nothing' means two entirely different things, both negative and positive. It's absurd to try and explain, but it makes perfect sense when spoken. But then the spoken word alone is not enough either. Music is more open to intensely expressed ideas, because there you can try to denude words of intellectual connotations.

"I paint a picture because it wants to be painted and it isn't there, not because I want to communicate a meaning, and now I have been able to do the same with words."

As to the original Bauhaus, Halkett says that when he looks back on it now, he feels that Gropius's original idea could never have been realised. Despite a faculty which included Kandinsky, Klee, and Moholy-Nagy, the Bauhaus was gradually turning into a prototype for the modern college of art and design. When the school was forced by public hostility in 1925 to move from Weimar to Dessau, Halkett did not go with it. He ended up in England instead.

"The trouble is," he says, "when you write a history of these things it all looks so orderly, when it was wonderfully chaotic. We danced day and night — in the studios, the parks, the canteens, the halls; I stood on a piano and played the fiddle! But I've digested the Bauhaus, like everything else that happened at the time.

"However, that there should have been a survivor was not something that Bauhaus the English pop group had allowed for!"

Judging by this record, the association with the new Bauhaus could prove as fruitful as the tuition under the old one.

— BARNEY HOSKYNS

Undercurrents in a muddier media

HAPPY BIRTHDAY *Undercurrents* magazine, nine years old and, according to the *Daily Mail*, the precipitant force behind the summer Brixton riots.

"Actually," says co-editor Peter Culshaw, "we're a load of wimps — no, make that pacifists. We couldn't bash our way out of a plastic bag."

The *Undercurrents* style, nevertheless, is appreciated by readers and benefactors such as Peking's People's Library, the Astronomer Royal and Julie Christie. It was Jules who recently sent them a get-well cheque of £50, but Culshaw isn't sure whether one is supposed to repeat such things in print. So we won't.

The readership is currently 6½ thousand. The intention, from this month onwards, is to pump it up to around 12 thou with the help of distributors Moore-Harness. Already, says Culshaw, *UC* is read in 50 countries and the network of no-charge contributors is sufficient to stun the eye of many a more grand - funded journal.

In the current number, for instance, there's playwright Edward Bond raging over The Rape Of Democracy. There's the Comic Strip's Tony Allen describing how he once beat up a pacifist (much to the revulsion of several of the *UC* staff) and further back there have been appearances by extremely chi-chi social analyst Ivan Illich as well as chunks from the *New Statesman's* ace State digger Duncan Campbell (whose own apprenticeship was served on *UC*).

***Undercurrents* editor Peter Culshaw — and his latest release.**

In terms of continuing fixations, there's new sex, new (non-corporatist) technology, new politics, nuclear vigilance, plus all the bits of stuff and riff raff that doesn't quite fit elsewhere but should.

The daily work is performed by a collective of six. Extra stress is borne by a shadow team of 30. Some meet every Wednesday, some don't. None seems too fussed about spitting on sacred Fleet Street Cows — like putting the newsman (Nick Hanna) in charge of advertising.

Then there's the distinctly extramural one-offs: the exhibition they co-organised last summer in Leeds, for instance, which gave an exchange forum for more than 300 co-operative groups. This year they plan contributions to pirate radio and Culshaw himself has the glossy privilege of helping Derek *(Jubilee / Tempest)* Jarman with a new doomish script called *Neutron*. 'Unbalanced' is probably the word for it. And it's no wonder that Fleet Street, with its own unflinching standards of moral excellence, has refused to warm to them.

The rift goes back to issue three, says Culshaw. It contained a How To Make An A Bomb piece and the *Daily Telegraph* "went spare." In the spring (No. 44) *UC* unleashed something of a revenge attack with a Media Special issue. Its front piece trumpeted: "The media should be a common treasury for all and not the private property of a ruling priesthood." (Does this go for *NME* too: owned by the world's largest publishing empire?) with the new distribution push, *UC* hopes to up the volume of that trumpet.

"More and more people," says Culshaw, "are obviously not only interested in clothes and music anymore. Nowadays it's almost OK to get into some of these other issues whereas for a long time it wasn't very hip. I suppose it's a kind of a '60s thing. Updated Oz, IT — but with an '80s edge."

— ANDREW TYLER

ROSIE

■ *From page 8*

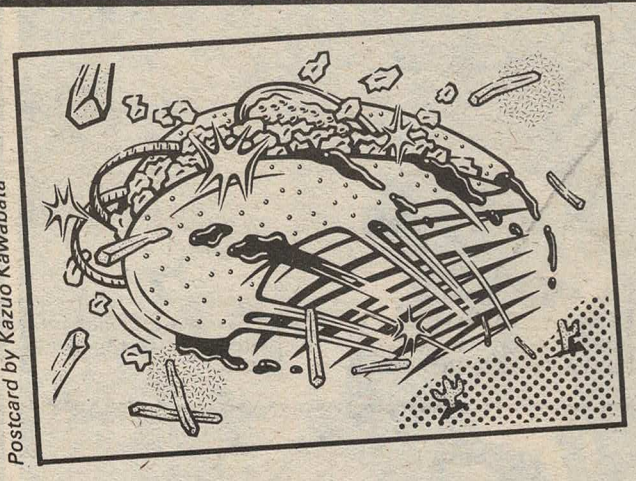
her government, decades after Rosie's War?

"Well, it's always easier to cite the government, because people don't want to see things they can't do anything about. It is very frightening to feel you have no control over events. The women war workers who were the most active, I found, were the ones who really remembered vividly.

"Now I want to explore this thing of the multinational corporations ... these, you know, are not 'American' anymore, they're multinational, and they have no loyalties to *any* one country. They're the ones who have stolen labour's clout and they're the ones who make money out of wars.

"Never has it been so clear that we need to unite *internationally* to get things bettered."

Rosie The Riveter opens at London's ICA on Thursday, Nov 19, and it will be shown Tues-Sun at 5.00, 7.00 and 9.00. It plays Birmingham Arts Lab on Nov 28; Cinema City, Norwich Nov 20; the Sherman Theatre, Cardiff, Dec 9; and the Corn Exchange, Ipswich, Dec 13. And watch for other dates in your area.



Postcard by Kazuo Kawabata

WHAT IS Big In Japan these days? Americana, actually — and with any imitation of American life comes a true obsession with rock. Hence *ArtPop/Japan*, a fascinating exhibition collated for London's Institute of Contemporary Arts by Koichi Tanikawa. Through colour-packed comics and music magazine covers, paintings, commercial posters and LP sleeves runs an array of both self-conscious and unconscious American imagery — as well as an implicit demonstration of the drastic urbanity and market-consciousness which have combined to make the Land of the Rising Sun such a record merchandiser's dream. Featured are rows of pop zine covers by Tosuke Kawamura (along with samples of his work in fine art, including Cubistic portraits of Tom Verlaine and Joe Jackson), 'Magazine' illustrations by Katsu Toshida (Patti Smith pregnant in a kitchen, naked Iggy Pop and David Bowies, and a leather-clad Mick Jones, among others), Studio 200's sophisticated collages — even the Parco department store's bizarre promotional poster featuring a Chuck Berry lookalike! Seeing is believing. *ArtPop/Japan* runs from Nov 13-Dec 20 in the ICA Upper Gallery, The Mall, London SW1 (930-3647).

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Dummer darts back into action

Sex & fun & rock & sex

HAVING FORMED The John Dummer Blues Band in the late '60s and more recently done a three-year spell with Darts, John Dummer wasn't too enthralled by the prospect of starting over for a third time. "But I needed a change. I was getting bored with drumming and, to be honest, with music generally. I don't think it's enough just to play music for the sake of it any more. You've got to relate it to other things and be a bit outrageous".

So with his wife, organist Helen April, he formed what throughout most of this year has been gradually turning into True Life Confessions: a band-cum-roadshow that equates sexuality with fun.

Currently, the seven-strong troupe is shaping up in London clubs and pubs with a collection of songs and events they've called "our grubby protest at the puritan backlash". Most of their stuff's about sexual fantasy and experience — and since they dress for the part, they've attracted accusations of sexism as well as the odd rain-coated lurker . . . unfairly, since they're not just a band, they're theatrical too and most of the images they play with are fairly ironic.

"Lots of our songs," says Helen April, "are about sexual anarchy and taking the piss out of men. There are still a lot of men about who don't think women are entitled to enjoy sex."

From the very start it was meant to be the kind of act they'd like to watch themselves and, at the gig I went to last week, smoke bombs, custard pies and audience baiting were spaced out between the songs. And some readings from the more bizarre women's mag problem pages went down a storm — it's odd the kind of things some people think of as problems.

"We may have serious points to make," says John, "but the main thing is to be funny. Barmaids normally like what we're doing and that's always a good guide."

It's pointless trying to label their music or its influences: bits of mainstream rock'n'roll, The Doors, Yoko Ono — I even thought I detected a trace of Hank Marvin — all the result of bringing such an eclectic blend of people together. Of the present line-up, they invited the Salvetti sisters to join after liking their French accents over the phone, and Charlie Gillett introduced them to ex-Squeeze bassist Harry Kakoulli. Robin Bibi was brought in to play lead guitar and Mark Taylor recruited as a second drummer. They also had a completely tone-deaf vocalist for a while — just for fun — who eventually had to leave in the face of relentless audience abuse.

They're on a three singles/album option deal with A&M and their second single 'Banana Split' is out just after Christmas. Despite having the earlier 'Sex-Slave' banned because the BBC disliked the sound of cracking whips in the background, John Dummer still thinks singles are their best chance of getting people's attention. Does that mean there might be compromises coming?

"Not at all. The whole point of this band is taking risks. Most people don't take them enough, but you've got to — it's the only way you can really reflect what's happening . . ."

— COLIN SHEARMAN

True Life Confessions L-R: Robin Bibi, Ani Salvetti, Harry Kakoulli, Helen April, John Dummer, Miriam Salvetti, Mark Taylor. Pic: Helen Norquay.

● *Eric Costello in Nashville, the second programme in a new series of* The South Bank Show, *can be seen on ITV on Sunday night, 10.30-11.30pm.*

"Well dang ma poons, Eric," comments D. Adkin, who spotted this in The Times. Dang your what . . ?

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Republican punks — do they dream of a white Right?

GREIL MARCUS feels the winds of conservatism blowing through American music

SCENE-WATCHERS have begun to identify more exemplars of "Republican punk" — a new craze first reported in a recent *Rolling Stone* profile of John LeBoutillier, a 28-year-old right-wing Congressman whose stated ambitions include outlawing abortion and touring the country as a member of The Eagles.

"Republican punks" — not all of them, by any means, actual members of the Republican Party — may be recognised by their affirmation of traditional morality in a manner that altogether abjures traditional standards of courtesy or decorum — though an authentically original voice, or style of invective, cannot be said to have emerged as of yet.

Avatars of the form include the editors of *The American Spectator*, who have perfected a journalistic version of the sneer once favoured by Hollywood cocaine-rockers for album cover art; the Young Americans for Freedom (theme song, officially unreleased but available on numerous bootlegs: 'Deck The Halls (With Commie Corpses)'; the black punk/funk singer Prince, who earlier this year went on record in favour of President Reagan's "balls"; and also Bryan F. Griffin, a "writer of short stories" best known for his recent assault in the pages of American art mag *Harper's* on smut, vulgarity, scatology, flabby literary reputations, and the practice of rock criticism.

Unfortunately, Griffin's debut disc, a remarkably uncompromising cover of Barry Manilow's 'I Write The Songs' backed by an equally remarkably uncompromising cover of Alice Cooper's 'No More Mr Nice Guy' (on the newly launched Harper's Chartbusters label), seems unlikely to crack the Top 40, probably because radio programmers are not yet ready for such up-to-date material accompanied by Strauss.

BERKELEY'S Fantasy label has once more made available Creedence Clearwater Revival's 1969 hit 'Bad Moon Rising', a number so potent that it was simultaneously taken to heart by American soldiers in Vietnam (*"Don't go out tonight/It's bound to take your life"*) and pirated for the Weatherman songbook. Has this record been reissued because (a) it is now featured in the movie *An American Werewolf In London* or because (b) it recently served as the title song for a public television show about the resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan in California?

Evidence that the above item may be of no consequence whatsoever: this August the San Francisco FM station KSFX presented *The Rock Years: Portrait of an Era*, the era being 1965-80. The series, which ran for eight days, was made up of 192 segments, *three* of which contained the work of black performers — all of whom were Jimi Hendrix, who indeed shared his final appearance with Janis Joplin. (Presumably, if Hendrix had lacked the good sense to die in tandem with a famous white person, he would not have made it past No. 2.)

Excised from the era, in favour of such features as "Deep Purple in Switzerland" or "Stevie Nicks' Writing", were Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding, The Supremes, Sly and the Family Stone, The O'Jays, The Spinners, Curtis Mayfield, The Jackson Five, and Marvin Gaye — and also Creedence Clearwater. The series prompted a coveted 'Certificate of Recognition' from the Institute for Historical Review of Torrance, California, an organisation that has lately gained notable attention because of its claim that the mass exterminations carried out by Nazi Germany never took place.

Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Marvin Gaye — written out of rock history

Fares demo

A 'FARES FAIR' demonstration — in support of the GLC's radical reduced fares policy for public transport, which was declared illegal in court last week — is to take place this Saturday, November 21. Leaving Covent Garden at 4.30pm and touring the West End via the Haymarket, the demonstrators will congregate at St Martin's in Trafalgar Square. There will be jugglers, actors and groups along the route, notably reggae act Talkover, plus other possible special guests.

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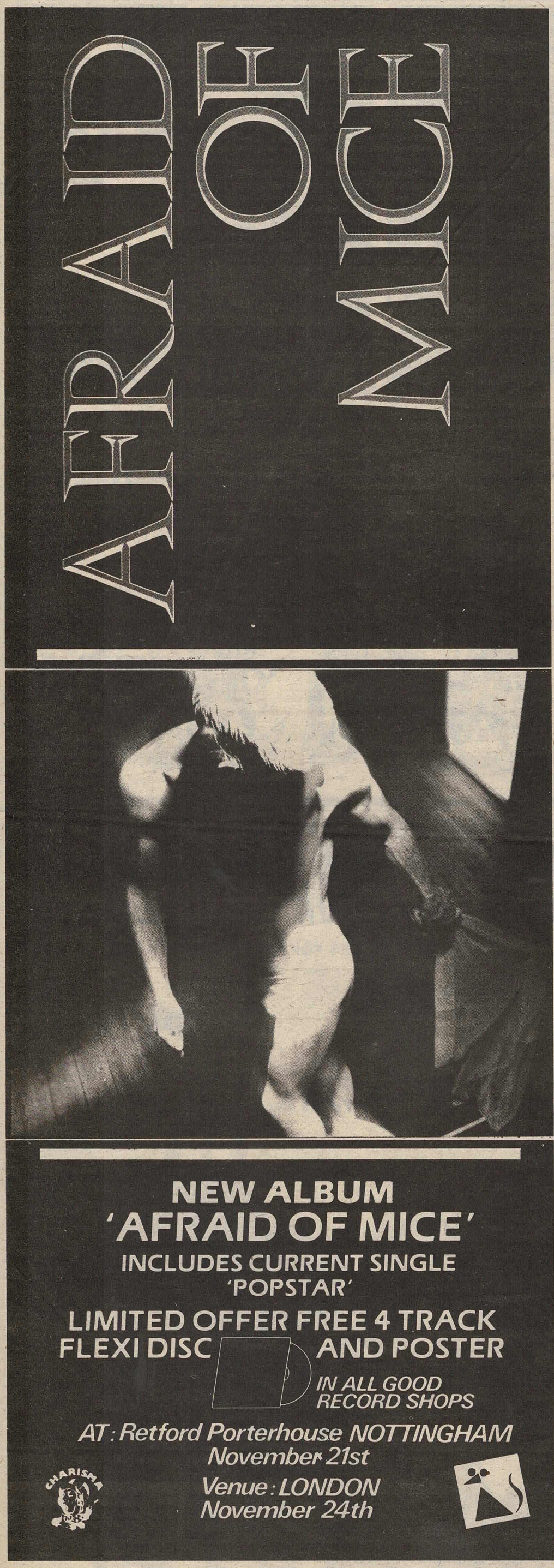


Print round-up

ALTERNATIVE EXPRESSion

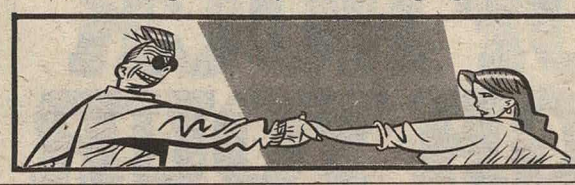
LET'S KICK OFF with a re-recommendation for Boston's *Take It!* ($1.50), a full-size tabloid whose design is now rather more riveting than even its smorgasbord of contents (R. Meltzer's non-sportsy World of Sports column, lengthy Minneapolis scene feature, cartoon strip by David Fair of ½ Japanese, flexi-disc by Renaldo and the Loaf, erotic cake ad on the back cover, etc). Real plus point: Michael Cinquina's column on so - bad - they're - good flicks, which covers everything from *Plan 9 from Outer Space* to *Raw Meat (Deathline* to you Englishers!). Monthly, from: 196 Harvard Avenue, Suite 5, Boston, Ma 02134 USA — and contributions are welcome.

From Chicago hails *Newcomers*, the self-proclaimed "Magazine of New Literature" ($1.25). Available bi-monthly, it covers new literature, new music, comics, drawings and poems, plus an interview with the lovely Kate Fagan, US RAR organiser and solo singer resident in Chicago. From: Newcomer Publishing, Box 6102, Chicago, Illinois 60680, USA. Subscriptions $6 per six issues and contributions welcome.

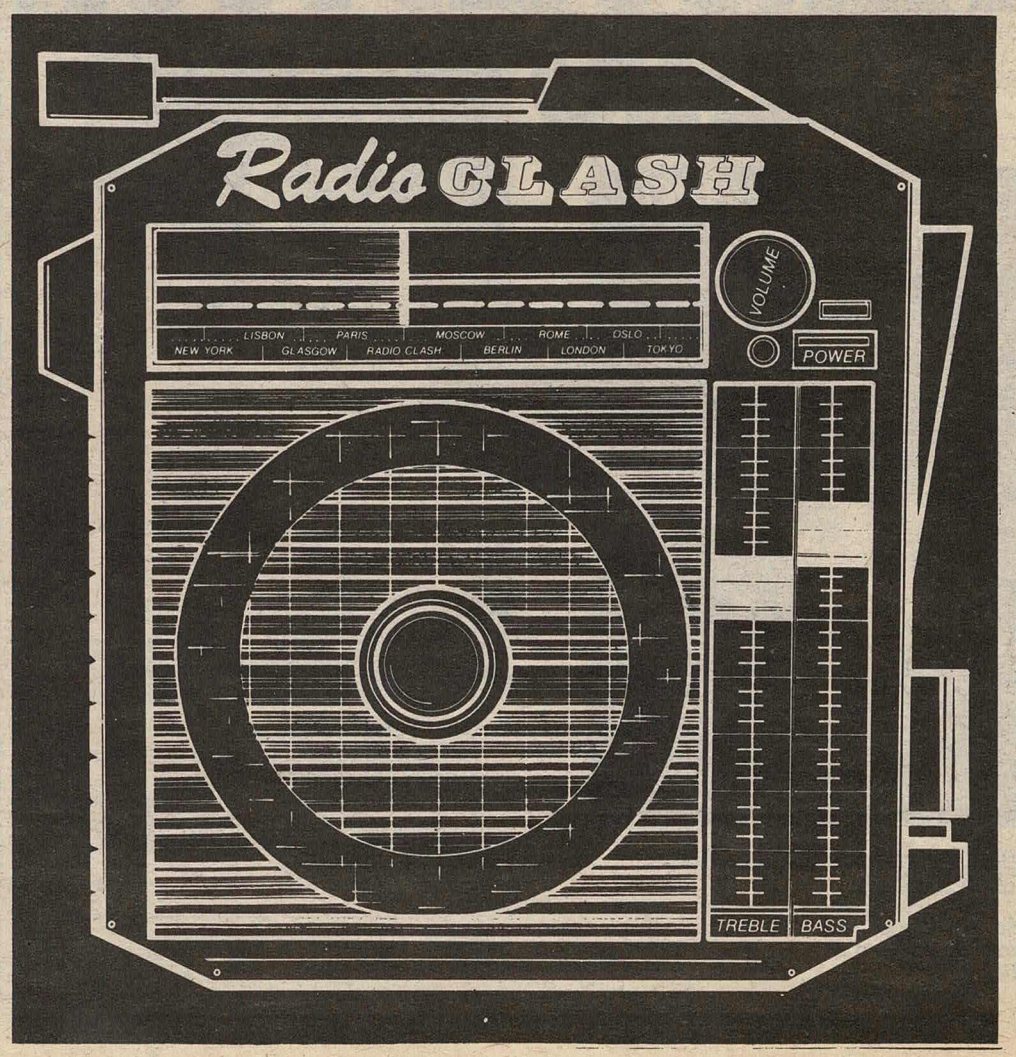
Flip Side is a thick Los Angeles area fanzine which runs its type over the titles of articles and sections so that neither are easily read. It concentrates heavily on the nouveau Riot on Sunset Strip crowd; interviews are with Kaos, Chiefs, Modern Industry, and the Sounds of Liberty (whose lamentable lyrics are supplied) and allusions are to Circle Jerks, Black Flag, etc. There are good solid updates from Toronto, New York, Italy, and Texas (Austin's punk mecca Raul's has closed but its owner Joseph Gonzales has re-opened Rocky Erikson's old home, now Duke's). Also gossip, an enterprising photo-review section on live performances, and the news that The Cramps were turned away from 'Punk Day' at Disneyland. *Flip Side*, $5 for four issues or 69c each; PO Box 363, Whittier, Ca. 90608 USA.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

"It's the Errol squad. They smash in your door at 3.00 am, and drag you off to interminable parties full of boring people playing uninspiring music until you agree that you're having a good time so they'll let you go home!"



THRILLS DESK: CYNTHIA ROSE



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THE THINKING MEN OF POP

NO TEMPO FUGIT FOR THE FOUR RAMONES — JUST BUSINESS UNUSUAL AS USUAL: CYNTHIA ROSE REPORTS: PIX GODLIS.

"FOUR TICKETS TO the *Ray*-mons is it, dear?" enquires the little lady manning her till at the Hammersmith Palais.

I pause for a millisecond, decide not to proselytise, and pocket the tickets. Like most folks involved with The Selling of The Ramones, this sweet old dear has quite the wrong idea. That's not to say one should disregard all the myths —a few of them are only near-misses.

But forget the one where behind Ramones lyrics lurks the world of Diane Arbus — a gene-pool of urban identities all of which cripple and immobilise rather than ennoble. Forget also any idea that The Ramones' particular naivety is grounded in detachment rather than rooted in real honesty.

And most important, move on from the one where the band are 'Da Brudders' — photographed sitting and standing so awkwardly they *seem* like images of themselves.

With the real Ramones, what you see is what you get. Ask a question and expect an answer straight from the shoulder. Forget any idea that Messrs Cummings, Hyman, Colvin and Bell exist entirely on a diet of cheeseburgers, dead baby jokes and reductionist thinking backed up by broad reserves of irony.

THE RAMONES NEVER went away, but they have definitely evolved. 'Pleasant Dreams' is possibly their best album yet; certainly it's as accomplished as the most beloved of its forerunners. And The Ramones as a live act can't be topped; perhaps only, as Johnny mildly reminds me, because they *are* The Ramones: the one seminal group which survived the gross dive of punk promise into complete consumerism.

"It's really grim," acknowledges John, lounging across his hotel bed in a yellow sweatshirt, sneakers and jeans. "Cause there's so much money and now the business is just playing the same stuff over and over. It doesn't make no difference and it ain't gonna change.

"Things should have changed four years ago — then I thought the whole music business would be 'revolutionised' . . . I looked around and I thought that us and The Sex Pistols were the two best bands at what we were doin'. And it was, uh, naive thinking that why shouldn't the two best bands be the two biggest bands. Y'know?

"I realised soon after that the music business wanted to *suppress* the whole thing bacause they didn't understand it. And they didn't want their old things to go out because they didn't know who was good out of this new stuff — they don't know what's good until it sells, then it's, *'Heeyyy!* You guys are good, you sold a million records!' Otherwise, you're just a problem to them, they don't know how to promote you."

Johnny's speaking in a year when 'Pleasant Dreams' has finally broken America for the World's hardest-working rock band (yep — right up there on E Street) and — to quote Joey — "now our audience includes all facets". Yet even so, the Record Company have employed some hilariously hamfisted efforts at promotion.

"In cities where you don't have a following the best way is supposed to be to go in there with someone who does," relates Johnny resignedly. "Now, this only crops up about two dates a year but it doesn't work, we can't do it. Our fans need to see us on our turf. For us to convert people they need to see us with *our* crowd, on *our* terms, y'know?

"But like, every year, they say 'We've come up with a new one this year — maybe this one will work'. About a month or so ago they said 'The Kinks! Play with The Kinks! This one'll work', and I said 'ain't gonna work, ain't gonna work'. Last year they put us on with Black Sabbath and we played a date in upstate New York with Peter Frampton a few weeks ago" (he bursts out laughing) "And *that didn't work either!*"

Later the same evening, Joey was to agree: "The most important thing is momentum — y'know? Like, awhile back we opened up for The Kinks in Arizona and the Kinks . . . have millions of great songs; they could have a great running order and that's half the battle — knowing how to go about working your set right so that it gets off to a good start and it climaxes properly. That's really important and like — their songs were . . . well, all of a sudden there was one, then there'd be another.

"It was kinda — dull.

"It's really important that your audience acknowledge exactly what you're doing and that they're takin' it all in. Cause if it just goes *by* 'em — it's 'so what', y'know?"

THE RAMONES HAVE never appeared leaner, fitter, or healthier in complexion, head and heart. And the live show is now appropriately consummate in its intended accomplishments, without the loss of a cutting edge.

It contains what Johnny calls "more visuals and more singin' " and, as frontperson Joey explains, he himself is "into an improv thing where each night I'm always lookin' and when I hear somethin' that sounds better to me, I reach for it."

One reason for the euphoria which energises Joey's stage confidence is a new outlet for his boundless love of all musics: "There's this guy I met in New York who's worked for CBS records for fifteen years and he's starting a new label where he's signing the best of the late '50s doo-wop and vocal bands — like The Capris. The label's called Ambient Sound and the way he's lookin' at it they're gonna do both original and more conventional material.

Joey aims to write for other artists more and more, but it's not as if The Ramones themselves are in any way hurting for material; for 'Pleasant Dreams' they wrote thirty songs, demo'd fifteen and retain two numbers already recorded to their exacting standards for the *next* album.

"New ideas," says Joey, "that's kinda what keeps you alive, huh?" We're talking about the musical imagination in the abstract when he posits enthusiastically, "I think it's the only thing that really has no bounds — well, besides art itself, paintings or whatever. I think that when it comes to the mind and the way you put it out there's no bounds and you — you can do anything.

"I mean a lot of people, maybe they get caught in a rut or maybe it's the fact that they can live the good life at last, you know — that's when they stop and everything stops for them.

"I dunno — I'm never satisfied; whatever I do I'm never totally satisfied, so I guess . . . somethin's kinda workin' *for* me, know what I mean?"

Both Johnny and Joey bemoan the demises and/or new guises of bands they once loved; both rage at the state of radio; both give separate (but equal) indications of their Anglophile reverence for Britain's rock heritage and the "bit of hope and hearing" she still offers those starting out.

John impales the charts, nails Van Halen ("They've got every cliche in the book down pat, but that voice annoys me . . . great guitar player, tho' "), and shrugs off for the thousandth time the sellouts of former punk compatriots such as Blondie and The Clash ("They dump all their propaganda leaflets on the

● *continues page 69*

The Big Bristol Beat that today's jazzniks go for, the band called PIGBAG

"NO," says the waitress with a pert Hilton smile fixed firmly on her lips, "breakfast is finished. We're serving lunch now. Would y'all care for a cocktail before you order?"

The various members of Pigbag, Britain's porkiest instrumental outfit, sprawl around the table looking confused by the astroturf, the beefy polyester suited businessmen and swimmers who surround them and by their inability to order breakfast at half past eleven in the morning. What's more, if the people from the club where they played last night don't show up with the money soon, they're going to have to make a highly illegal exit from this particular American hostelry. "Cocktails? No thanks, think we'll pass."

In his pink day-glo socks, green day-glo trousers and felt hat crammed onto his locks, Pigbag's manager and producer Dick O'Dell looks like an oddball scout master in charge of an equally odd troupe. Just as things are getting uncomfortable the money arrives — now all he and the band have to do is get back to New York's Peppermint Lounge in time for that night's sound check for the third of their Big Apple gigs. After that there's a couple of Californian dates and then it will be back to London, home and hosed with Pigbag's first American jaunt out of the way.

That the six-piece have managed a tour of the States at all is remarkable. They've done so on a shoe string, living from date to date, with little backing of any sort from a record company beyond modest backing from American Stiff, with whom they're signed for a transatlantic deal.

Back in England there's no £60,000 advance and full page ads from a major label, yet in the short year of the group's existence, Pigbag have made more impact — and more memorable music — than most of their contemporaries.

The basis of their success, and this American tour, has been a solitary single, 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag', an instrumental brimful of turbulent horns celebrating the breathless beat that's been the perfect introduction to the Pigbag barrier-breaking musical manifesto.

'Papa' has been resident in *NME's* Independent charts for most of the summer, and has provided a constant backdrop at countless gigs and discos this year: truly one of the discs of '81. At the time of writing, its successor 'Sunny Day' is Number One in the Indie charts and has just made an entry into the Top 75 proper.

When Stiff's New York office heard 'Papa's' strident rhythms, they signed the band immediately, advancing them the money for the second single and subsidising this American tour. With what money was left over, the band bought some much needed equipment, and a square meal each.

In the UK, Pigbag still retain their own independent label, Y Records, distributed by Rough Trade, and have no wish to sign with a major label. Simon Underwood explains; "Independent labels are where the creative side of the music is coming from at the moment — it's youth, fresh ideas, whereas major record companies aren't after fresh ideas until they've been tried and tested."

When Radio One's Dave Lee Travis surprisingly made 'Papa' his single of the week, the band suddenly found themselves knee deep in A&R men. "These guys from EMI even arrived at my house in Bristol and told me how poor I was and how much I needed money," Simon recalls. "But money doesn't concern me, I just worry when we haven't got enough to record a single or to use the sort of studios we need. The thing is, you can still do that while being an independent just by licensing the singles and doing distribution and publishing with major companies — as long as you keep the rights and control it."

The band have already started work with O'Dell on their first album, due for release in the new year. Like the singles, it will be instrumental, although the group have been interested by several vocalists.

The rough mixes of the LP reveal a sound that's explosive and unpredictable with one track in particular sounding like a theme for the last days of earth — Pigbag's dance to destruction while the walls crumble around them Jericho-style.

I meet up with Pigbag in New York for the ride to New Jersey, Boston and Northampton. A short tour. Altogether there are nine of us in the super-wagon (American for mini-bus); manager Dick O'Dell; bassie Simon Underwood; tenor-sax man Oliver Moore; guitarist James Johnstone; trumpeter Chris Lee; bongo-man Roger Freeman; drummie 'Chippie' Carpenter and a couple of friends.

First stop Pigbag are playing Hitsville, New Jersey — home of the music video screen, the video game and the vending machine. The postal-order punks with plastic wrap-around sunnies and carefully coiffed quiffs take to the band with only tepid enthusiasm. They stand around and shuffle their feet uncertainly in front of the stage while Pigbag comport themselves crazily all over it.

"American audiences are too cool," Ollie tells me afterwards, "they just want to stand around and check whether it's OK to dance. They still think in terms of saying 'I liked your show' or 'I liked your act', they don't realise they're part of it."

The band had already played two shows in New York; one at the infamous poseur-packed Mudd Club, where they were duly pronounced 'hot'; and one at the more spacious Ritz, where the larger stage allowed the group to mount a more physical display. Pigbag practise their own method of crowd (un)control, as Simon explains: "It's a form of freedom — when we're playing we're having a good time and when people see that, *they* begin to enjoy themselves. It's not the serious, *'Hey* we're having a good time', like the bands you see who are really digging their own little guitar solos with pained expressions on their faces. They're having a good time because they're really macho-ing it up, just proving themselves.

"Instead we try to give people a tone and a sound that inspires them to move the way they *feel*, rather than the way they feel they should. It's like the Talking Drum which beats out a kind of morse code which is a communication of feeling and tone which people pick up on. You don't have to know the code or anything because there is no code, it's just a natural feeling. I think there's a lot more to us than just being a dance band ..."

In common with much reggae music, the Pigbag sound is for spiritual upliftment. As Aswad's Brinsley Dan put it to me a few days ago, "As musicians, we're all coming through the same root — we're just dealing with things on different levels." With Pigbag's music you have to fill in the words for yourself. The message is in the sounds themselves — the mighty rhythms, the many textures of horns, the galloping solos, the rousing ensemble blowing ... what Joe Strummer calls "the special mystery in music".

'Ollie' Moore — son of a retired Director of Music at the BBC — surveys the sleazy dressing-room at the club on the outskirts of Boston and smiles. "This is like the places we've been living in," he says. One of the reasons why Pigbag appreciate life on the road so much is because at least it guarantees them a bed every night. Most of the band are homeless, and they've been sleeping on floors in London, just crashing wherever they can.

Pigbag mostly don't change for stage appearances: they don't go in much for poses, being somewhat bohemian in temperament, but visually they are quite striking on stage because of the difference in their heights and statures; James, Roger and Chippie long and lean (Roger is dubbed 'the Pink Panther' because of his loping gait), Ollie and Simon both much sturdier, while trumpeter Chris is a pint-sized powerhouse. Underwood thinks too many people allow themselves to be influenced by clothes: "They judge you by what you wear — you're supposed to produce a certain type of music. We just don't think that fashion is very important, really ..."

In Boston the audience dance on chairs and tables and when Subu, a part-time musician with a local band, Suede Cowboys, comes out to blow in the middle of 'Papa', they go wild. Subu, who decided to come along on impulse after hearing 'Papa' for the first time that day, pops backstage after the show and is invited to New York to play with the band at their gig at the Peppermint Lounge. Simon is delighted, "If we're always bringing in fresh ideas because we've played with new people, it's always going to be clean — it's always going to be interesting ..."

Not every musician fits in so well. Back at the Mudd Club when a friend of a friend got up to jam things went slightly off-centre: "You know he had big feet — he just stepped into all the wrong places without feeling it first," says Ollie. "It's so much easier to expand on a piece, instead of saying to someone, 'we drop into this after 20 bars'. How can you play when you're busy counting up numbers?"

"I DIDN'T really notice punk, I don't know why — it was probably living in Cheltenham — it just hit Cheltenham three weeks ago," James Johnstone tells me. Sitting in the super-wagon, between Boston and Northampton, Johnstone the ex-Insurance salesman, ("I didn't stick with that for very long, it was awful") and ex-record shop manager ("it was the only decent place in Cheltenham to buy records") fills me in on a little Pig-history.

It was Johnstone who made the initial trek down to Simon Underwood's parents' house in Bristol with the original version of 'Papa' on tape ("the rhythms were OK but the horns were really untogether"). James had listened to Simon's bass on the Pop Group records and wanted to work with him for some time; "I played him the tape and he said, 'Yeah OK — I'll come to Cheltenham', which took everyone by surprise ..."

The first rehearsal they had was pretty crazy. They shut themselves in one small room, ate some West Country mushrooms and played for three hours without stopping. After that, most of the barriers had been worn down and they had more or less formed a group.

Up until he joined Pigbag, Simon hadn't really played with anyone seriously for two years, since becoming disillusioned with The Pop Group. "I got pissed off a long time ago, I just didn't think that the sound was heading in the right direction. There was too much on top of it; the lyrics were contradictory to what the music was saying. The whole thing was turning sour, people just weren't getting on with each other and when that starts happening, the best thing to do is to split up. I left and the worse thing happened — they just kept trying to go on. They broke up eventually. Now it's like a war between the different members of The Pop Group."

After he left the group Simon switched instruments to double bass. He's self-taught which he thinks is the best way to go about learning: "My theory is, even if it takes a day to work out a simple little tune, it's worth it in a way. Instead of going to a teacher, you get more out of playing with people who are ten times better than you and just sort of picking up things. I don't think it should put anyone off, musicians like Charlie Mingus and Charlie Haden all started when they were really young but it wasn't until the '50s that they really started to flower; because it took them that long to break loose from the structures.

"Right now, everything I want to do is involved with other people and I couldn't really do what I wanted by playing with musicians that don't fit in. When I was in The Pop Group, it was *different* — it was good while it lasted, but I found out more in the last year while I've been playing with these guys than I did in all the time with The Pop Group. I've been exploring much more of 'the whole': Sometimes Ollie will play something which makes me expand on it. We've been bouncing ideas off each other all the time..."

Simon got the first gig for Pigbag, playing with The Slits in Bristol. O'Dell, who was managing The Slits at the time, did the sound, liked it and decided to stick around. He's been with them ever since. "I thought they were pretty wonderful, so when they asked me if I'd do a single for them, I said, '*of course*', and it just so happened that we chose the same one and after that — it just seems to have gone slightly berserk ..."

Exactly one year later, Pigbag no longer play 'Papa' on stage, at least, not in the UK. They feel it defeats the whole purpose of their ideal of playing free-form style. "Some things you have to do for yourself", says Simon, "when we *feel* like it, we'll do it. But there are people who expect you to do it, like a machine, like a juke-box — you know, we feed you the name you feed us the music. I think it's disgusting to do that to a group of musicians who are trying to get a vibe thing going and taking off on a different level."

BACK at Northampton, Massachusetts, where the locals are certainly friendly, if not a mite patronising. Simon notices it in the bar of our hotel when the man standing next to him says, "I wish they'd play some different music in here, some punk rock."

"Why's that?" asks Simon innocently.

"Well isn't that what you people listen to?"

Simon walks out of the bar in disgust. "People are always trying to label us," he tells me later on, "they try to put you in this movement or that movement. Right now, they're trying to bracket us with Rip Rig And Panic and Maximum Joy, plus of course, someone did an article recently on all three groups and called it, 'Son Of Pop Group' or something. Pure hype, really dumb. Our music has a lot of passion in it — it's very human, basic and primal. It's certainly got nothing to do with Gareth's music and it's got nothing to do with Maximum Joy's music.

"Now with the jazz thing coming up, people are talking about jazz in comparison to Rip Rig and us. All the kids are aware of jazz. They read those couple of double page spreads in *NME*, 'The Hip Hikers Guide to Jazz,' and now they all go around saying 'Hepcat Hepcat' and *'Al*right!' But they don't really know what it involves. Jazz is really a big thing — there's a lot of difference between, say, the Art Ensemble and John Coltrane. If all these people came over and played London, they'd probably get a completely different audience. At present if you go to a jazz concert, it's a lot different from going to a Pigbag concert. People don't dance to jazz, they don't even dance to rhythmical type-jazz. I went and saw Sun Ra and started dancing but the bouncers tried to throw us out. It's a completely different style to our shows.

"We use rhythms and slight structures to hold each number together — because a rhythm is the easiest and most natural thing for us and the audience to get into. It's like

Bags o'Pigprint: Roz Reines

OK hepcats, get your snouts into this!

Bag o' Pigpix: Jean Bernard Sohiez

having a mantra, because, you know how mantras work, they get everybody to chant and everyone just gets in the one groove. And so everybody is there from the first moment when you switch on.

"It's very important to us — the vibe we get from the audience. But I hate that crap that some people go on with when they say, 'Well, why have a stage then? Why don't you just play for the people, with the people, give out your instruments? Why have that dividing line?' But there *is* that difference you know, because we're playing the music. They're playing the music with us because they're giving us that vibe, but there's got to be a balance."

Pigbag have a strong brotherly support system going; the way they continually back each other up on stage ..." When Ollie takes a sax break," Simon explains, "all my attention is directed into his playing — to give him a real force behind what he's doing. And then, that's how it builds up the energy level vibing people up.

"I prefer this rather than being in the type of group, where, when it's your turn, you step out and shine. You have to prove yourself. Instead, when we feel someone is taking off, everyone takes off with him on a spiritual level.

"As I said earlier, I think there's a lot more to us than just being a dance band — there's more depth in there really, by the way we feel and by the way we approach music — our practical ideology — it's just the spirit that's there when we're playing together ..."

D.A.F.

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"ALMOST," THEY SIGHED . . .

THE DISTRIBUTORS
Get Rid Of These Things (Red Rhino)
The group that gave you claustrophobic parables of the interior like 'TV Me' lose their rage altogether on 'Get Rid Of These Things', a screaming demand to clear the decks that threatens but never quite manages to break its bonds. An excellently realised twelve-incher.

JERRY HARRISON
Things Fall Apart(Sire)
Lead-off from Harrison's solo LP (review coming up) and slowly addictive. A refurbishment of the T. Heads jungle line with a connoisseur's grasp of synthetics and Nona Hendryx in the backline. There's much mileage in this motor yet, as 'The Red And The Black' will demonstrate.

THE MERCURIAN
Shot Down In Flames (ARA)
Steve Hopkins is the man behind this luxuriant funky stuff, which can happily stand in the slipstream of the more adventurous uses of soulbeat as a keynote to achievement. But the reverse, 'She's Another Dimension', is even better, a mad gallop through caves of ice.

THE PRATS
General Davis (Rough Trade)
Surely this can't be the scratchy pranksters of the '1990s Pop' EP? The guitars clank and skulk alongside a brutally neanderthal bass frequently in this grim tale of a soldier turned away from the gates of Heaven. A calling card for the Grim Reaper, for sure.

THE BEAT
Hit It (Go-Feet)
The trouble surrounding this latest Beating is documented elsewhere this week, so I can only reiterate: not much cop. The fug of uncertainty as to how to record is what's clouding The Beat's upful intentions, and this filler badly needs some mustard: nothing is defined, but the paradox of slack playing and a tempo fast enough to force Roger into gabbling adds up to confusion, not exhilaration. This is a dull song, a morose ramble. The Beat are struggling, and they don't know why.

BIM
Wally Rap (Swerve)
Improbably sure-footed attempt to try and hustle some of Haircut 100's action, though it finally ends up too cluttered. The title will be enough to sink it, anyway.

THICK PIGEON
Subway (Les Disques Du Crepuscule)
Do you know Thelonious Monk's 'Crepuscule With Nellie'? I digress. New York electronics of the milky mildness. *"I read pigeons in the news"* muses Miranda as the rhythm machine goes poperty pop. I could get to like it.

BAMBOO ZOO
Ghost Party (Phoney-Gran)
The jagged constructional thinking that goes into this jumpy theorist's manual gives it enough edge for a slight disturbance. Light shading into darkness.

CHELSEA
Evacuate (Step Forward)

CRISIS
Alienation (Ardkor)

DEMOB
No Room For You (Round Ear)
The Angry Young Men, Classes of '77, '78 and '81. The pothumous ravings of Crisis and Demob's equally turgid thrash are the grating of teeth in a void impossible to illuminate. Flared nostrils, but the trousers might as well be the same: as simpistically clouded as the wettest hippy ideology. To show up subjectively, then I'm going to welcome Chelsea's tremendous 'Evacuate', a ball-of-fire reworking of 'Safe European Home' that carouses to a climax of superb fervour.

THE UPTIGHTS
I'm Awake (Up US import)
Easily the best of the mostly dire US independents. Carolyn Odell's sleek pout is enough to carry this modest swinger — pure 5D guitar break too. Send me a postcard, Carolyn?

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE
Andey Fell (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)
I'll skip the obvious gag. A sorry story of a premature dive (you can have fun working out the causes as the lyrics are on the sleeve) — what it this "All that talk about Bishop Pike"? Actually this isn't at all bad; with the refrain turning into a sing-song as the vocalist piles on the anguish it's hard to resist joining in . . .

JULIE COVINGTON
Don't Cry For Me Argentina (MCA)
This glum reissue gives me a chance to say a few words about Covington — like where is she? Her one LP for Virgin gave promise of an individual trying to subvert the role of mainstream MOR singer while still keeping her image shiny. Since then, though, it's been little more than silence. The truth is, Julie, some of us loved you. Come on back.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
Modern Love Is Automatic (Jive)
I knew it. Somebody's just *dying* to be the new Be-Bop Deluxe, and these characters (Nelson proteges anyway, as I recall) are already limbering up for the part. *"She's an automatic, He's a cosmic man"* — here we go again. Be-Bop might have been the cigarette holder rather than the fag-end of glam-rock, but a stigma is a stigma. Ask Bill Nelson.

NORMILL HAWAIIANS
Still Obedient (Illuminated)
Juxtaposition of a gathering cloud of threatening rhythm and the spenetic outbursts of a really gone vocalist. Six plays and it starts to grip, but who's got time for that?

BABY 'N' THE MONSTERS
I'd Rather Not (Mean)
Neither mysterious nor compelling nor . . . though I hear trumpetings about this record in other quarters I can't hear anything special in it. John Atkinson mumbles through the lyric and his harmonica squeaks are the whim of a man with poor ears.

THE TOY SHOP
The Maze (Clockface)
Something fizzes in Dewsbury, West Yorks. The Toy Shop have clearly been jamming along with Mute records on their Peter Pan xylophones and 'The Maze' is their shot at making records too. The soundtrack for a hold-up at the sweets counter.

THOSE FRENCH GIRLS
Close-Up (Safari)
Sounds very like those lamented prefects of Anglo-pop The Flys, which is OK by me. A spacey sweep of sad boys' vocals and keyboards: *"Here come the November boys / Breathing on the glass."* Ah, you must mean. . .

DURAN DURAN
My Own Way (EMI)

FASHION
Move On (Arista)
I can't help thinking that all those twitchy shuffles come off a conveyor belt gone haywire. DD do a good cosmetic job (what else?) on rhythms that have seen better days and dancefloors but the flimsiness makes it seem a routine frivolity. Still, they want their neckerchiefs to ripple, not their muscles. Fashion, ditto.

KING CRIMSON
Elephant Talk (EG)
Bibliophile stumble-funk, though there's something entertaining about this syphon of alliterative vocal and Fripp's beavering guitar precision. A better bet than 'Discipline'.

SHEENA EASTON
You Could Have Been With Me (EMI)
Easton's gradual wrinkling as a prime exponent of moppet-pop is rather disappointing. So the squeaky gleam was manufactured, an ad-man's hot flush — so tell me something new? All that separates Sheena from the Wilde angels is her writers and producers — I guess that's a lot. Certainly she does no more than cat(suit)nap her way through this blowsy Springfield-type ballad. Oh bitter yearnings for a secret new pop heart, why must you send this girl to haunt me?

TAXI–GIRL
Cherchez Le Garcon (Virgin)
Nonsense, of course, but this is as naggingly attractive a piece of electro-frug as anything from the more sophisticated formulae of Telex and Kraftwerk. Besides, there is a *proper* rhythm section.

JOHNNY MARS BLUES BAND
Born Under A Bad Sign (Ace)
Mars' live set trades on the most chauvinistic aspects of the blues. This curious workout on Albert King's property sounds like post-blues in a discofied environment of strangled harping on. Work that out — Little Walter might've raised an eyebrow.

WHEN THE TROUBLE STARTS, LOOK OUT FOR THESE PEOPLE

TOYAH
Four More From Toyah (Safari)

LORNA WRIGHT
The Mirror Mile (Radialchoice)
Four *more?* Worse — it's five if you count the 'bonus' flexidisc. A disintegrating galumph through as mahy dilettante's costumes as she can fit in her laundry basket. At least the clone Wright sticks to a toyland pop ethos (does she know about this?).

GIRLS AT OUR BEST!
Fast Boyfriends (Happy Birthday)
And slower horses? *"I hope you don't think I'm a freak / But I always have to fall in love once a week."*
Undistinguished rehabilitation of old values by this overrated group. I hear only the sound of grinding guitars, the boom-beat and Judy Evans' ludicrous enunciation.

BAD MANNERS
Party Four EP (Magnet)
Call me a party pooper but this sort of public bar jollity turns my stomach. It might as well by Showaddywaddy (who also have a record out this week).

MARC BOLAN
Cat Black (Cherry Red)
Dress the doll — isn't he pretty! An *acoustic* guitar! Sweets for my sweet, sugar for my money. Marc's ancient whimsy comes with a lot of rapturous sighing and sensuous drumming in the tacked-over accountrements to a wan legend. A persuasive deceiver.

SWAMP CHILDREN
Little Voices (Factory)
Twelve inches of gruesome clap, rattle and slop from no-hope tribalists. Save your money.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS
Never In A Million Years (Mercury)

THE RONETTES
Do I Love You? (Spector International)
Geldof's obsession with stone age pop stylisation finally reaches Spector, though this suitably overloaded brouhaha is throwaway when it should be disposable. I was going to cite the master's treatment of The Ronettes' finest hour (sez me) as the path of righteousness but someone's quack-doctored the sound and half of the girls are hardly present. Bodes ill for the upcoming 'Wall Of Sound' set.

STATUS QUO
Rock 'N' Roll (Vertigo)

TYGERS OF PAN TANG
Love Don't Stay (MCA)
At least Quo have the wit to confound expectations by making 'Rock 'N' Roll (yeeeeeeaaah!!) a soppy ballad: this is solid bathos. The Tygers (roar?) are just solid.

ANALYSIS
Durface Tension (Survival)
Dance rhythms by computer. In the part of town I come from, we don't like records like this.

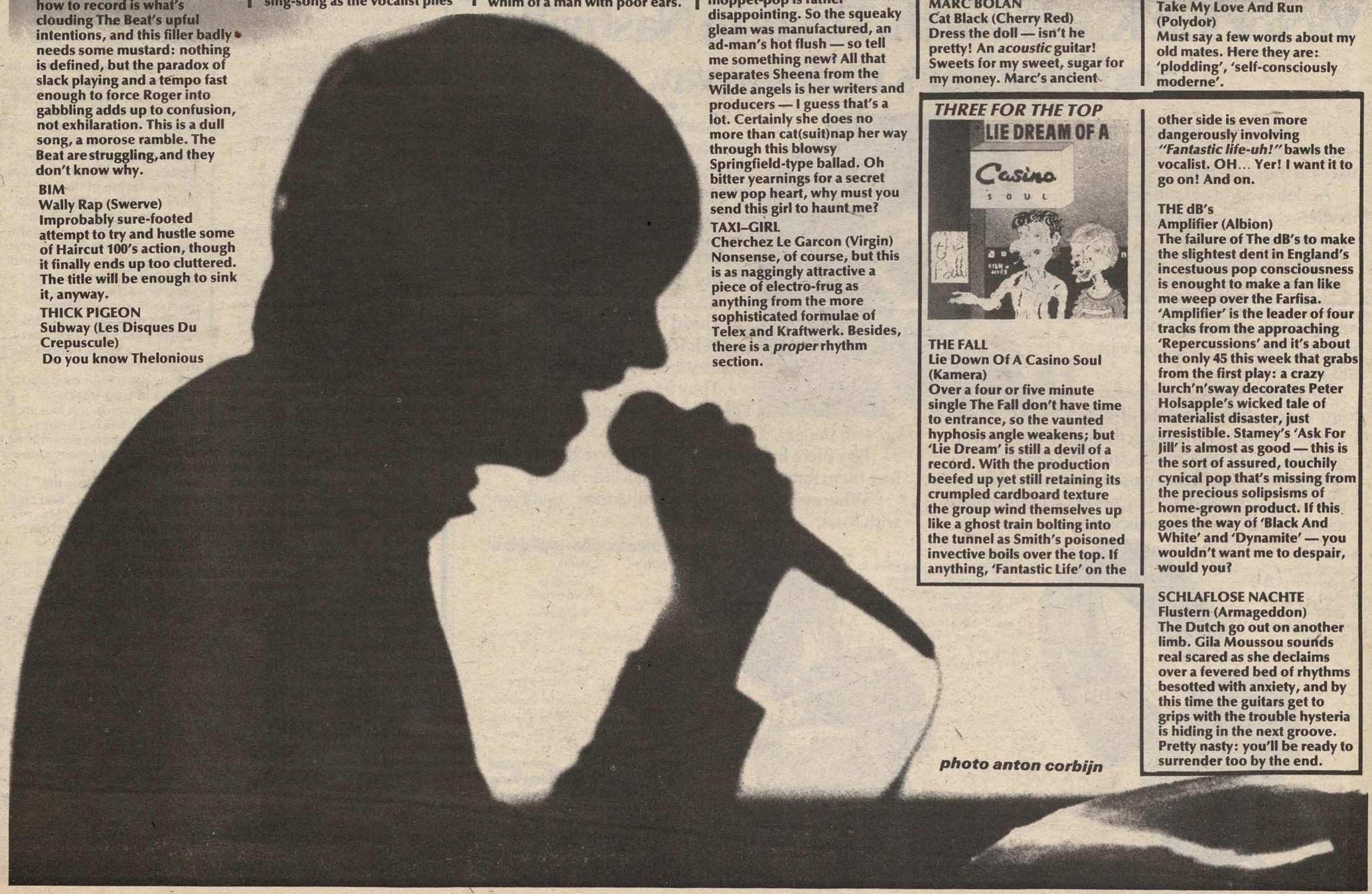
THE HOLLIES
Take My Love And Run (Polydor)
Must say a few words about my old mates. Here they are: 'plodding', 'self-consciously moderne'.

THREE FOR THE TOP

THE FALL
Lie Down Of A Casino Soul (Kamera)
Over a four or five minute single The Fall don't have time to entrance, so the vaunted hyphosis angle weakens; but 'Lie Dream' is still a devil of a record. With the production beefed up yet still retaining its crumpled cardboard texture the group wind themselves up like a ghost train bolting into the tunnel as Smith's poisoned invective boils over the top. If anything, 'Fantastic Life' on the other side is even more dangerously involving *"Fantastic life-uh!"* bawls the vocalist. OH... Yer! I want it to go on! And on.

THE dB's
Amplifier (Albion)
The failure of The dB's to make the slightest dent in England's incestuous pop consciousness is enought to make a fan like me weep over the Farfisa. 'Amplifier' is the leader of four tracks from the approaching 'Repercussions' and it's about the only 45 this week that grabs from the first play: a crazy lurch'n'sway decorates Peter Holsapple's wicked tale of materialist disaster, just irresistible. Stamey's 'Ask For Jill' is almost as good — this is the sort of assured, touchily cynical pop that's missing from the precious solipsisms of home-grown product. If this goes the way of 'Black And White' and 'Dynamite' — you wouldn't want me to despair, would you?

SCHLAFLOSE NACHTE
Flustern (Armageddon)
The Dutch go out on another limb. Gila Moussou sounds real scared as she declaims over a fevered bed of rhythms besotted with anxiety, and by this time the guitars get to grips with the trouble hysteria is hiding in the next groove. Pretty nasty: you'll be ready to surrender too by the end.



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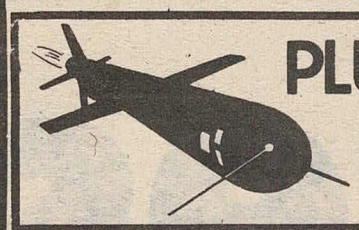

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

BIG BRO'S GOT A BRAND NEW GUINEA PIG

ANDREW TYLER meets anti-nuke actress and film-maker JOAN HARVEY.

Joan: from Hollywood to Harrisburg Pic: David Corio

JOAN HARVEY grew up in Hollywood candyland. Papa was a middling-ish film producer and young Joan loved just to hang around set soaking up the slight conjuring of her father's art.

At Hollywood High all the boys and girls were very beautiful and very affected with the idea of their own Hollywoodness. "Not a very pleasant place," she says. "I guess I felt kind of marginal and kind of (a favourite word) *awkward.*"

Later it was off to New York where she hustled a career on Broadway; off Broadway; off off off Broadway. Little Miss Soap Sud. But Little Ms Kill The Competition.

By 1961 she was playing opposite Larry Hagman's detective in the juicy *Edge Of Night — the* classic TV pulp drama. Joan was Hagman's delicious fool wife. She was the darlingest blunderer ever to end up in jail for a year, in the soup, in peril. For three years she held America's morning shift housewives on the Edge Of Their Seats.

Then in March 1979 the nuclear power plant on Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania came within minutes of a catastrophic meltdown. A mass of radioactive steam and water was vented into the area and Joan's bubble — it burst. An old cameraman friend called to say, "Look, let's make a movie. We can't let this thing go unrecorded."

And although he was no more *political* than she was (and the same went for several dozen more for-free volunteers) they went in and made their devoutly-praised piece of work called *We Are The Guinea Pigs.*

It showed Harrisburg's radiated aftermath, interviews with scared and angry local citizenry — "we're going to be some of the loudest sick people you'll ever see" — and, for Joan, it utterly and irrevocably split the bubble of her candyland dream.

Two years on she's still taking digs at America's ruling Brotherhood. Back home in New York her bedroom is floor-to-ceiling with the facts, the weight of them doubling her up, making her skinny and compulsive.

"I am being destroyed," she says. And she means by the data itself. More distressing yet, she says, is the way her own six children are compelled, if inadvertently, to choke down the information bundles. ("They are nice people. I know they will do good in the world.")

She has a double life, as writer and director for NY's Fourth Wall radical theatre troupe and as a psycho-therapist for the city's distressed middle classes.

For all her paying customers and for herself too she has one overriding maxim: maturity is when it takes you, early or not.

"You discover that no matter how frightened you are, how imperfect, or stupid you are, or self centred — and some of the characters in our plays are *very* self-centred — you just have to do it. You can't wait till you're grown up."

Her eyes jab, the voice is hoarse. She damns the American people for their "stupidity and arrogance" and berates herself for the political void she occupied prior to the Harrisburg accident.

But all this, she says, is nothing to the corporate craziness of her bedroom files. "After Harrisburg I read '40s war documents and found that American banks were actually backing Hitler. Can You Believe! Rockefeller was a backer. Henry Ford was a backer and this was while Americans were being sent to war. Henry Ford is in *Mein Kampf.* Hitler gave him his highest award."

Some weeks ago Reagan announced that all plutonium from nuclear power plants will be used for bombs. So transportation of waste is no longer in the hands of Congress, or the Department Of Transportation. It becomes a Defence matter, which means they can take it overland without any agreement from the cities.

"And because it's defence, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission is no longer allowed to publish its reports on safety or waste. Secrecy is increased fantastically."

SHE HAS a chart a yard long, two feet wide giving a Who's Who in the Reagan Administration — birthdates, political party service, education, directorships, special notes (Michael K. Deaver, saved Reagan from choking to death on a peanut in '76 campaign — trained as Episcopal priest.)

"I think the new Government is not generally understood to be drawn so deeply from the nuclear and military," she says. "It is no surprise that General Haig, as Secretary Of State, should be a four star general, but what isn't obvious to a lot of people is that he is also President of United Technologies Corp, the largest manufacturer of the MX missile and Trident submarines. Last year alone they made $9 billion." (According to the chart, he's also a director of Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank.)

"And Caspar Weinberger, Defense Secretary, the man who announced the neutron bomb on Hiroshima Day . . . until last year he was one of the highest corporate officers of the Bechtel Corporation and *they* are the biggest contractor of private nuclear reactors in the world." (The chart also gives him as a Pepsi Cola and Quaker Oats director.)

"If only people saw the connections . . ."

Perhaps she got her information-hunger from the radiated citizens of Harrisburg. When she went in there for *Guinea Pigs* they already knew all there was to know about radiation sickness, food cycles, weather characteristics. Children were reading to parents unable to recite for themselves. It was as if by uttering and repeating the formulae they would somehow cover themselves against the consequences. But it was a strictly limited magic.

"Harrisburg produced massive increases in infant mortality," she reports, "as well as stillbirths among larger animals. Thyroid problems multiplied and in ten to 15 years leukemia is going to start showing up.

"After the accident the Government went in and took away the bodies of cows to be tested. They took blood from people and nobody got results. They took all the evidence of the birds that died, of rabbits that stopped breeding." And that, she says, is in the nature of the California/Washington elite corps she so avidly hounds.

Of course, little of what she has to pass on is particularly uplifting. She knows this and so peps her message with humour and with song. For the future she is neither hopeful nor unhopeful. But Fourth Wall's work will carry on because some people can't help themselves.

They have their own plush theatre in New York — paid-for cash on the nail. It holds 250. The full troupe stands at 200 and sometimes everyone one of them gets up on stage at a college or outdoor rally to sing the chipaway songs of Joan and John Amato (ex The Movers, ex-guitar back-up for The Shirelles and Drifters.)

"There has to be some relief," she says. "If we don't have a heart for the audience and give them some relief, a time to rest between listening and thinking and being horrified . . . then we risk losing."

— ANDREW TYLER

NO NUKES NEWS

GOOD NEWS to kickoff: No Nukes Music, the musically activist arm of CND, are holding an open meeting for "everyone who is interested" in the Greater London area. It will be held on Monday, November 23, at 8pm at 18 Park Square East, NW1 (nearest tube: Great Portland Street). This assembly is partly to discuss future activities and involvements and also in answer to the interest awakened by the recent mega-demo. NNM organisers stress that anyone is welcome — so take yourself, your friends, and your ideas along.

Victor's at Knebworth, Tina's in Nashville... and Mother's miles away.

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A CURE FOR FU FUN

Robert Smith bounces The Cure against the walls of absurdity and says hello to hedonism

Paul Morley nods his head in approval

Photos Claude Gassian

I REALLY LIKE the idea of being able to sit again . . . just sitting, having the time to be able to sit after all that touring. Sit and write and clarify my ideals. Write about hedonism. Experimenting with hedonism as a path to enlightenment.

I think The Cure came to that decision when we were in New Zealand. Hedonism is the only way, we decided, a total sensory input or overload, exploring and pleasing every sense!

It's a silly thing to say you decided . . . like sitting down and saying, Oh, I'm going to be an anarchist. But you have to think about being or becoming a hedonist or else pursue a very banal form of hedonism, y'know, like just play at it.

It was really difficult trying to explain to Paul what I meant by hedonism . . . I think he understood but it'll be hard for him to write down. Dangerous as well . . . but it's an old idea, that derangement of the senses, there were the Romantics and the 19th century French surrealist poets reaching these decisions. Paul thought it was just like a reaction to the relentless touring that we've done, a release. But it goes far beyond that, it lies at the basis of the reason that you do anything . . . It's great to be able to just sit and think . . . All that touring.

It's a gradual process, the compromises you take towards certain things become more and more and suddenly you find that you're doing a nine month tour. We planned to cut down this time last year but we submitted to those apparently little things like visiting Canada on the way home from Australia, and doing those extra dates in Holland, and it all builds up. Twice round the World.

Physically it feels like it. If a Fosters can hits you then you know that you're in Australia. When we visit all those countries we only see what we're allowed to see because of who we are and what we like. It still doesn't feel like I've seen much of the world. It's very rare that you dare to go out alone. The only times I went out on my own I didn't come back. And I didn't remember where I'd been anyway . . .

WHY THE IDEA of hedonism appeals to me, in a very pure sense, much more than the conventional sort of spiritual enlightenment, is that unless you're totally, totally, committed to the truth of spiritual enlightenment there will always be the nagging truth that you're sacrificing your senses to the ideal of purity when in fact YOU MIGHT BE WRONG IN THE END.

Working towards an enlightenment through hedonism, you've done everything regardless of what happens afterwards. The need to find a discipline, or conscious lack of discipline, to pass the time is acknowledgement of the finite nature of everything. That perspective of the finite pervades everything we do anyway, which is why there's no limited limiting anxiety within the group now. We've accepted that what we're doing is ultimately in the context of the finite, and in that context then it's very small. We've come to terms with our greater position, outside the commercial and associative context of what we find ourselves involved in.

This isn't to say that The Police or Adam And The Ants are any bigger. On those levels of bigness and smallness as a contribution to some kind of welfare beyond commercial impact you could argue that what we do is just as valid as Mother Teresa or the Salvation Army. There are no bounds that ANYONE can conclusively fix that can realistically harness us, so therefore you work in the context of the absurd. Life is absurd then death is absurd, an heightened absurdity perhaps less absurd than birth.

It's like you can argue about even the sanctity of life, you can argue about everything . . . and you can wake up and think, What the fuck am I doing in Canada? Why don't I go and live by the sea or work in a greengrocers? . . . but you know that you're not going to, ROBERT, because you think what's the point and all of that is exactly what you were faced with before The Cure.

Rather than be defeated by the ultimate futility of working this way, its smallness and its silliness, you should work towards

CONTINUES ▶

A CURE

attaining something through it and at the same time have some . . . fun.

Taking it right down to the level of being entertainers, if we don't sell records then we'll be on the dole and have less opportunity to pursue more aspects of experience . . . by definition we're a rock and roll group because we're stuck inside those defined limits of expectation and association. We're totally unlike all that rock'n'roll simplicity but we cannot claim to work outside the rock and roll confines, that would be uselessly self-important, in effect claiming something beyond the small that this sort of music ultimately is . . . I used to say we're not rock and roll but there's just no way it matters whether people call us that or not. It's silly worrying about things like that.

I mean, one way of perceiving that The Cure are not rock and roll is that we don't get involved — rock and roll as propaganda. I just cannot think in such pragmatic ways. We refuse to align ourselves with CND or Right To Work, not that we're callous or insensitive . . . probably too sensitive . . . maybe it's a cop out but in other ways it's realistic . . . it's like I use the idea of the finite as a trampoline to bounce my understanding and my ideas off . . .

It was hard talking about this with Paul knowing that it would be printed and knowing how abrupt people are to make snap decisions regarding people's commitment or whatever it is . . . But people don't seem to want to know about anything beyond how they're going to eat, which is like a really profound backtracking . . .

I do have a crisis in terms of where to stand in the real world and where to draw the line in worrying about the real world . . . I can't sit in the vacuum of my own head . . . I do explain to the CND why I cannot align The Cure to their ways of doing things. Like it can be said why don't we use our position as pop group to get through to people with an obvious social message that will make people aware of whatever it was The Clash made people aware of, if anything . . . But those groups never do it through the music, they never break outside their confines and genuinely subvert people, they simply add to rock and roll lines. They never undermine on a profound scale people's considered attitudes.

Groups who have this social message only attract an audience that through the very nature of the group is aware of the problems the group shouts about. Nothing is truly changed. The Gang Of Four cannot mean anything, mean . . . *mean?* . . . mean anything unless they have a Number One record. Out of all this perhaps emerges the swing back to fun music, which isn't necessarily bad. It's just difficult to affect a change in the surface shape of pop culture and radically alter people's moral and imaginative perspective because of the . . .

I suppose it's just conservatism, cosiness . . . Eventually someone will come along to demolish the stultifying banality and all the illusions of pop music and what it is and what it's for . . . it won't be us . . . We're getting trapped.

THE POINT where you know that you're just playing to a specific audience, that's the kiss of death because it completely contradicts the change that you want to keep flowing within the music, and it's depressing because you want to see your songs, your work, contribute to some vital alteration in people's behaviour and attitude . . . we've always tried to change subtly within the idea of The Cure, like 'Boys Don't Cry' being followed by 'Seventeen Seconds' and things like that . . . but it's always on such a small level . . . I do think that it's preferable to maintain an independence from identifiable group activity, set ourselves apart from that kind of mainstream agitprop. It'd smother our identity and render any energy comparatively useless.

I'll read something by someone saying something a hundred years ago and I'll think, fuck he had that in mind and still people are like this and all you can really do is keep replacing those ideas of progression, and persist . . . and then again you can think of the finite thing and it can't make much difference anyway.

This is not being apathetic or shrugging responsibility, it's a recognition that in the great scheme of things power has been gripped by . . . oh fuck . . . we don't make pap, we don't make crap and we don't give up. The Cure. Do people think we're doing nothing? Have we broken up?

Getting back to that idea of us going round the world, like I was trying to tell Paul, on those levels of commercial achievement we've reached the stage where we sell lots of records spread through the world without ever having compromised. We spent half an hour discussing the word compromise. What did we end up with? Can't remember . . . It means we can keep going and we can still experiment. If we had stayed in England we wouldn't be going anymore because you get derided by so many people you just think what's the point?

But you do get addicted to the idea of accomplishing something, however small the context. When we started it was just for me to accomplish not ever having to work. That was it. When I left school I never wanted to work because I never wanted anyone to tell me when I had to get up.

The man who never got out of bed. That's a great idea, staying in bed. If everybody stayed in bed for ten years then everything would be alright. But no one would plough the fields. Ha! Everyone should go on horseback again. Or ride bicycles. Get rid of the cars.

WHAT a night last night, that place Paul took us to, the Coconut Grove . . . The Virgin's Answer and not The Banger is a pretty good summary of The Cure on tour. Epicure! I wonder what time Paul left Le Beat Route . . . I just remember collapsing in a corner . . . Last night's indulgence would in no way enhance the idea of The Cure . . . but in whatever context you work in and however committed you are to an ideal you can never exclude the idea of fun. That's what Paul's article is going to revolve round — FUN. The idea of which people will think is totally alien to their ideal of The Cure. We have more fun than most people, as does Paul, and both him and me are considered to have loads of lines on our forehead.

Like Paul said everything that I do is to the limit but The Cure has been so quiet . . . I know our faults more than anyone. We've never attacked, there's been no offensive. We've been there for people to like or dislike but always on a very abstract level. We should have played beyond that. That's what we're going to do with the next phase.

Everyone thinks they've got that ability to pick up something and break it and I think that but it's like harnessing that idea and that energy into something that's concrete. So very few people do that because they get side-tracked. Like maybe we have . . . sidetracked into love and romance. I don't say it cynically because those things are still there. On a personal level love and romance are the most important things. Once you're in love you're treated as someone who's an outsider almost. Because I've been in love I've been derided by people in a very personal way and what we've done as a group has been put under pressure because of that.

Sometimes I feel really powerful and other times I feel like a real . . . I'm still as happy as ever . . . Even though people continue to see The Cure as grey or shades of grey. Paul said we play into people's hands on that level through the structure of our music and he may be right but we're not going to from now on. Our music has got to become so powerful that people can never undermine it in the ways that they have done.

In a way that's defensive, saying people can't call us grey . . . they could do but I'm not going to let people work against us simply because we are very . . . personal . . . we have to be taken in a bigger context than The Personal even though really there is no bigger context than The Personal. I don't think. Being in love . . . there is nothing bigger than talking to someone who you really like. Nothing more important to me . . .

But I know we've failed because The Cure haven't built up something as poweful as Joy Division that is strong enough to resist the narrow attacks of greyness and introversion . . . It hasn't proved that bad. We're still here.

If we'd broken up because people had battered us for something that is only a part of what we are, I would have been really bitter. The most annoying thing about being in a group are the pressures that are piled upon you by the media or by the people who are supposed to be working for you, like record companies or by the fans who expect the same old things regardless of progression and its relation to personal expression. I hate that fixed idea of what a group should be and should do and on what level they should communicate.

WHY AM I in The Cure?

Stupid question . . . I don't think we do as much as we should. Maybe we never will. Did I tell Paul that a couple of months ago we were on the verge of not being The Cure anymore? Because of losing the grip on being three friends and The Cure as aimless monster was taking over. It was only that we were three friends before we even started the group that we overcame that. For most groups that would have been it.

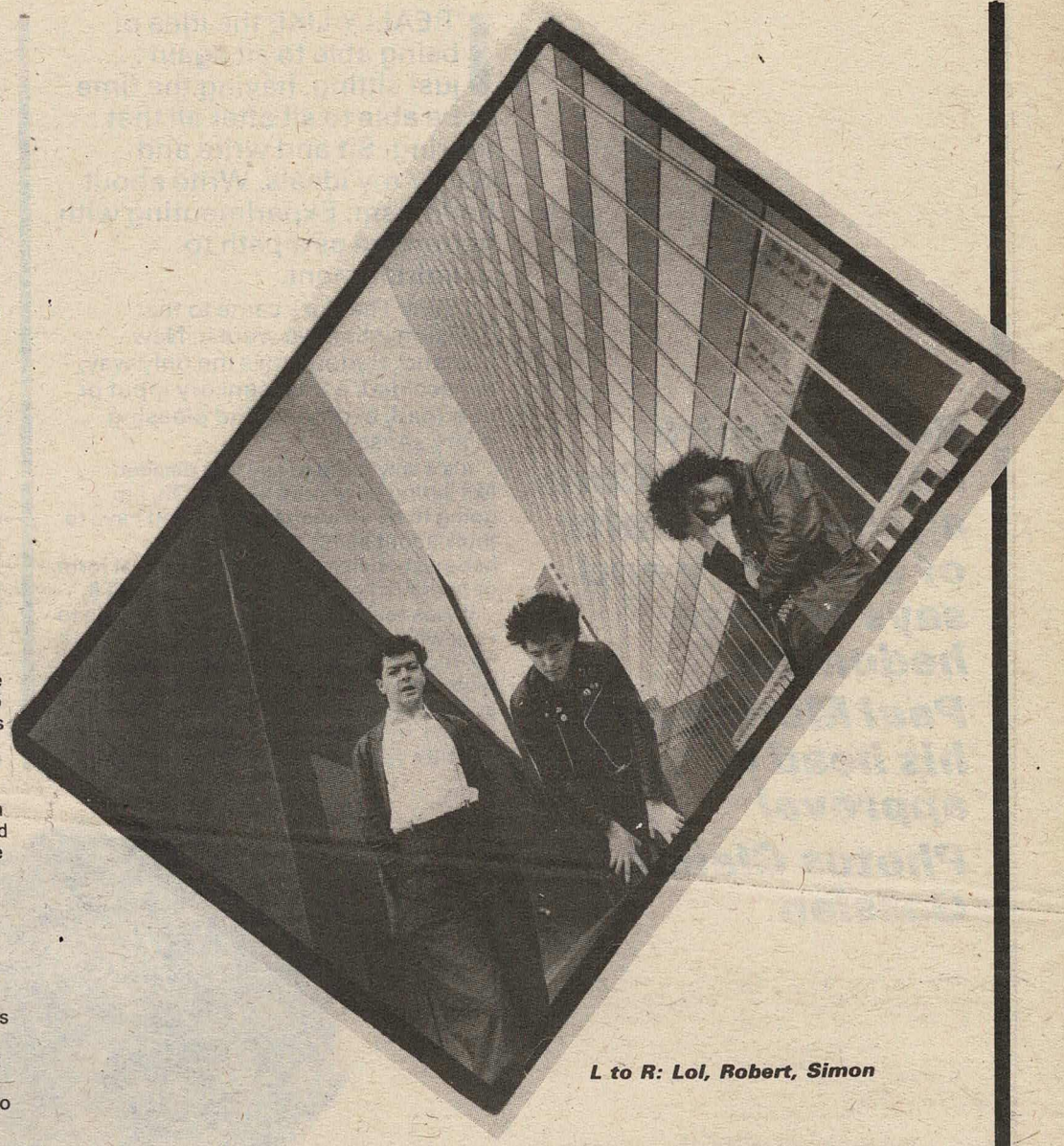
That's why we've allowed ourselves six months to re-evaluate what we're doing so that we'll do something that is aggressive, as we'll have to do. So people will recognise that I do think about things, that I don't just sit up on a mountain. Sitting on top of a mountain is in some instances justifiable but in the context I've chosen of working in a pop group it's ridiculous.

My knowledge of what The Cure are differs from the accepted view because I know what's coming next. That's the only difference . . . I can understand why critics go on about morbid, maudlin, sixth-form interior view and all that because all of that is probably inherent in what we do. They're not valid criticisms but I have to acknowledge them. They don't convey how restless and immovable I am though. All that introverted thing is just a part of what I am.

We haven't really suffered from all the criticism because we're still together and we're more aware than anyone about what we do badly and where we make mistakes and we know what we have to do. We're together and that's more important than anything. What we do next is very important and we've thought about what we're going to do next over the past year and it's been more considered and at the same time more wild and extravagant than anything we've done before. The sound of what we're going to do, the production and everything, is going to be that much more expansive . . . the sound of The Cure has added fuel to the fire that we're sad and close . . .

It's got to go beyond that . . . We have to attack people with what we do next, otherwise there's no point. It will become really pointless. We have to come in at a total tangent. Upset the expectations completely . . . It's great to be able to just sit and think.

Morley still hasn't rung me with that address he promised me, the bastard.



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MISS WORLD —

it's a son of a bitch!

MISS WORLD 1981: Miss Columbia (runner up), Miss Venezuela (the foxy champ), and Miss Jamaica (also ran). Afterwards a tearful Pilin Leon, daughter of a Venezuelan gynaecologist, told the gathered multitudes: "My heart, she go out to Miss El Salvador. Not only she come from — 'ow you say — a khazi of a country, she no even placed!"

DANGEROUS VISIONS

JULIE BURCHILL puts her money on Miss Venezuela but steers clear of Mecca

THE TROUBLE with talking about the **Miss World** contest **(ITV)** is that two kinds of pedestrians simply trot out their glib response: "Yum, gorgeous" or "Yeuchh, grotesque". Some of the girls are gorgeous and some are grotesque, but *Miss World* as a bone to pick is definitely stripped bare.

It seems that the slightest little Western white foible is subject to endless nagging dialectic dissection, and so beauty shows are abominations while female circumcision rampages unchecked throughout the continent of Africa. If it was a competition for the UGLIEST girl in the world, now that would be real sexist savagery.

Miss World has something *healthy* about it. I think it attracts a *cleaner* sort of gel — though the assorted babies the wrong side of the blanket, tantrums and love-tangles of Helen Morgan, Marjorie Wallace and Gabriella Brum would tell me otherwise.

Miss World isn't seedy or zombie, not like the American-organised Miss Universe pageant, which is always held in some godforsaken banana republic or South Korea and always won by a polyester American air hostess.

In fact the only offensive thing about it is the lingering, leering shadow of the Morleys. There is something disgustingly new-money about Tory-candidate Eric; why do self-made men stink so bad, I wonder? His wife Julia's illegitimate hypocrisy, revealed recently across the tabloids for my pleasure, compounded the charming couple's curdled charisma.

Only Miss UK Michele Donnelly of Cardiff (Miss UK is always Welsh) was not afraid of the big bad bores. Michele, it turned out in the week prior to the parade, had A Brain and A Mouth and liked to use both: "I hate this dress . . . don't like the Royal Family . . . he's old enough to be my grandfather . . . I smoke a lot," muttered smouldering Michele darkly. Her goose was cooked and uncrowned, I guessed.

Pictures of the girls were flashed onto the screen.

"What a duff-looking bunch of birds."

"Still photography is very cruel. What a faggy bunch of dancers. They were never faggier."

The dancing boys were men in between thirty and forty (a very desirable age) done up in aluminium like Pierre Pan ready-to-roast. They ponced about singing 'All I Need Is The Girl'. It was obvious that a girl was just what they didn't need.

The contestants swanked on in swimsuits and national dress; the Scandinavians looked gorgeous, the South Americans (bar Venezuela) grotesque and everyone else came somewhere between the two. Miss Brazil had started out as the favourite, but once the public got a chance to count her chins she was swiftly marked down. I had bet early on Pilin Venezuela — the most gloriously fox-faced thing on two flat feet — and, appropriately, she looked very smug. They swanked about outside to 'Everybody Salsa' in their swimsuits and I cringed for them at the way the breeze blew their hair across their lipgloss.

Then they talked. That was a sketch. "I love to meet girls," said sweet Miss Belgium. So do I, dear!!! Miss Japan liked the Tower of Rundon, which I have yet to see. Miss Canada had chic and chutzpah. Miss Colombia looked gorgeous and was mocked for not being able to spikka da English. There were always gales of laughter when a girl could not speak perfect English, actually — in the audience and in our house. Miss Argentina said about Britain "I luff de mens." Miss Venezuela fell down the steps and *still* looked smug.

There were seven babes left. While the judges — a motley collection of strumpets and hairdressers — bitched their way to a verdict, the entertainer entertained. The entertainer is always good for a cheap laugh; the embodiment of them all is Sacha Distel, leering and singing 'Say, Did You 'Appen To See The Most Beautiful Girl In Ze World.'

Last year, things got out of hand, literally; old weirdo Anthony Newley threw sweets at the press corps and they threw them back (shades of Patti Smith's rotting sandwiches, remember?). This year Helen Reddy was wheeled on. I wondered if she would waddle through 'I Am Woman' and strike a strident note. Or would she *leer*, in time-honoured tradition? Neither, neither — instead she bored for her supper.

What I've got against Miss World is that it's a swindle. The Morleys do not discriminate between varying degrees of pulchritude; therefore a mediocre girl such as Cindy Jamaica or Silvana Argentina reigns for exactly one year, exactly as long as true beauties such as Gina Swenson or Mary Stavins or last year's singularly sweet winner Kimberley Santos, Miss Guam. (I personally believe that Miss Santos should have declared U.D.I. and refused to pass the crown on.)

Standards slip and slide; if one year all the girls are beautiful and the next year all the girls are unremarkable, it doesn't matter — they are THERE and one must be IT. It's a lot like a singles chart.

It is a swindle. They tell you you're the most beautiful girl in the world and then they trundle you about opening supermarkets for twelve months. And at the end of *that* little joyride they take the crown off your head (worse than the shirt off your back). And then it's back to the starting block; from sex hero to hex zero. Think of Eva Ruber-Staier! I had a thriving career as a photographic model until I discovered Miss World . . .

Still, when Venezuela nabbed that crown and waltzed off down the catwalk I had to dab my eyes a little. All that money! (Hers and mine.) It's hard not to be touched by someone's spiritual experience, no matter how illusory and impermanent.

I only hope she'll spend her money more wisely than I will mine.

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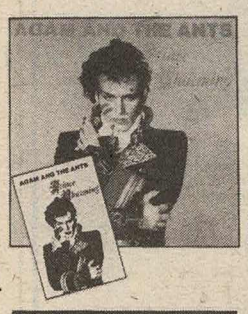

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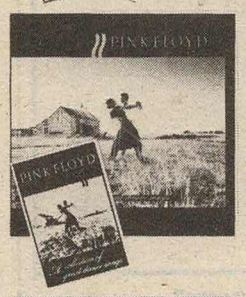

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Silver Screen

AMERICANA MERRY GO ROUND

KNIGHTRIDERS: Medieval knights, McDonald daze

AMERICANA: Barefoot in Babylon, USA

CHRIS BOHN reports on the second week of the London Film Festival

A SMALL town in Kansas. You know the sort of place from countless James Stewart films and, more specifically, *The Wizard Of Oz*. Its sleepy surface hasn't changed much in the movies over the years, though in the '70s such a town is more likely to be terrorised by knife-wielding psychopaths than wicked witches or six-foot rabbits.

Which might explain why the citizens of dreary Drury greet the stranger of David Carradine's **Americana** with barely disguised hostility. The outsider — a war weary Vietnam vet played with characteristic slumbering, yet sure-footed, purpose by Carradine himself — isn't really surprised by the reception, as he no longer appears to expect anything better from his fellow men.

Deep down inside he still cherishes the American Dream and when he finds a symbol of its deflated state in a broken down merry-go-round on the edge of town, he sets about repairing it as an act of affirmation in discredited ideals. Or maybe he's just plain simple-minded like the rest of the film's characters — a trip to pick up his pension hints at a psychological wound.

Americana turns — slowly, dreamily and good-humouredly — on that ambiguity. Fortunately, its top heavy symbolic tone is matched by a pulpy New World deviation of rural bliss. The town's citizens are neatly sketched as mean spirited, malicious corruptions of their cuter ancestors — even the grinning granny has few kind words for anyone — the only exception being Barbara Hershey's moronic bare-foot girl who doesn't know any better than to talk to strangers.

George A. Romero's **Knightriders** shares *Americana's* contempt for America's backlots, only it makes no bones about expressing it. The folks who turn up to see the updated Camelot motorcycle jousting tournaments at the centre of the film are cruelly, but hilariously, depicted as crass, ugly, fat, beer swilling, hamburger hogging pigs.

That they're supported by such a swinish audience is the bane of Arthurian King Billy's life and he daily flagellates himself with birch twigs for living off the contradiction. Billy wasn't made for this world, unlike the rival to his throne — named Morgan, of course — who has a better grasp of commercial needs.

Romero himself stands somewhere in the middle. In taking snipes at both sides, he recognises Morgan's as being the more realistic approach but at the same time he admire's Billy's ridiculous unworkable puritanism. So far so funny. *Knightriders* only stumbles when Romero surprisingly attempts to visualise an ideal Camelot, in which opposites live happily side by side; the final third makes for positively gooey going.

Making the message so plain is something Romero sensibly avoided in his *Zombie* films. Nevertheless, *Knightriders* is further assertion of the film-maker's independent spirit, and the troupe's rejection of commercial sponsors — as represented by a fast talking big time tour operator — surely reflects his own attitudes.

Another impressive independent is Jan Egleson's modest **The Dark End Of The Street,** which quite bravely explores the racial tensions that erupt in a hitherto peaceful Boston suburb when a black youth dies in an accident. The black community demands a culprit; the white community would like to blame it on internicine squabbles; the black cop suspects it was an accident; but the white kid who witnessed it is afraid to come forward because of his previous police record. If that sounds complicated, the story unfolds itself easily enough and only loses its way a little in unnecessary subplots. As engaging as *Lords Of Flatbush,* look out for it on the late night circuits in the near future.

Undoubtedly the most polished of the US independents is Lee Grant's **Tell Me A Riddle,** about an old Russian emigre couple's farewell tour of relatives featuring the late, great Melvyn Douglas as a cantankerous, yet loving husband and the dotty, sweet Lila Kedrova as the wife dying of cancer and haunted by memories of her Russian childhood. It's a warm, witty and minutely detailed film that manages to be sentimental and nostalgic without being excessively cloying. Recommended.

LET'S LEAVE America for awhile and head Eastward, but as an introduction we'll use the 1927 archive discovery **Chang** — a great fictionalised documentary made by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack. This extraordinary team was responsible for the original *King Kong* and they apparently displayed a similar recklessness to that story's director Denham in recording the trials and tribulations of the Kru family in Siam. One sequence of an elephant stampede was filmed from the precarious safety of a pit covered with logs, while for others they followed the natives on tiger and leopard hunts.

The film is only let down by its cutesy titles, which are little more than Johnny Morris-styled animal dialogues. However, they are responsible for the immortal line: "Give Bimbo a bite, big boy". In this case it is attributed to a monkey begging for a bit of banana, but it could easily have slotted into Frank Riploh's comedy about Berlin cruisers, *Taxi Zum Klo.*

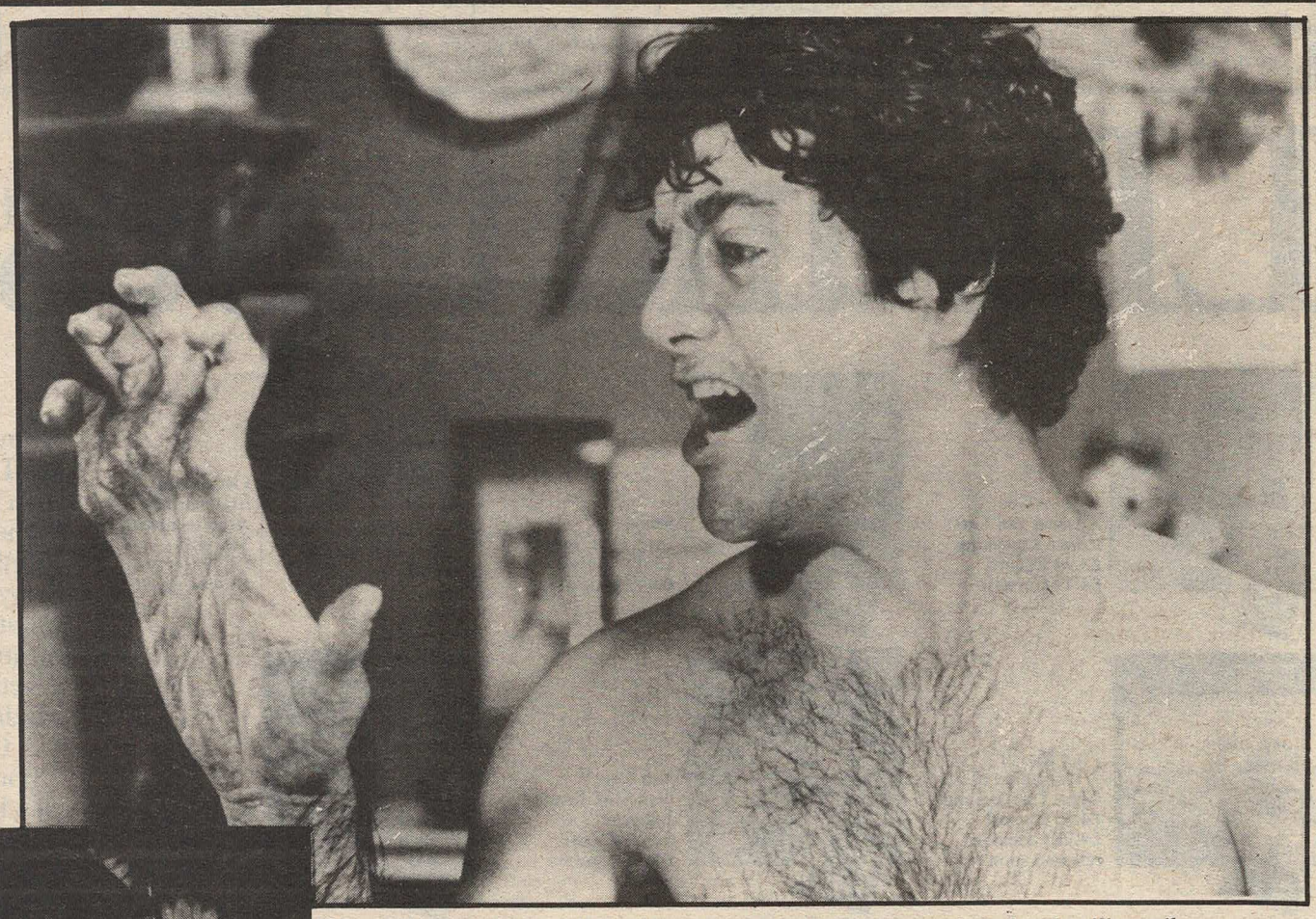
Only slightly more authentic is **The Scar,** one of the first movies to be exported from Thailand. Though it shows in the clumsy subtitles, *The Scar* is otherwise an assured, beautifully photographed transposition of *Romeo And Juliet* to a village outside Bangkok. Once the couple's clandestine meetings are discovered by the girl's parents she is sold into slavery by her father, who refuses to have any truck with the boy's family. The familiarity of the storyline is offset by the intervention of Thai folklore — anyway the film's compositions are such a treat to look at that the story itself doesn't really matter.

The Taiwanese **My Native Land** is similarly good looking, but its conventional bio-pic telling of writer Chung Li-Ho's life isn't anywhere near so watchable. Its tone is too reverential, its pace too slow to draw in disinterested viewers.

On the other hand a

This year's big thing:

WOLFMEN, JACK!



"Blimey! That'll come in handy!" David Naughton watches his life-line grow in An American Werewolf. Director John Landis (left) makes do with a nice cup of tea.

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

Neil Norman meets John Landis, who used to play werewolves without any make-up on

"THE IDEA of *Werewolf* is to deal with a basically absurd premise totally realistically and I felt that to deal with werewolves contemporarily it would have to be very funny. But again it's not a comedy. The standard reaction to the script was 'This is much too terrifying to be funny' and I would say 'It's not a comedy, it's a horror film' and they would say 'But it's much too funny'."

Black-bearded and bespectacled, looking every inch the epitome of one of the new breed of American directors, John Landis is talking about the difficulties he encountered trying to get his latest film, *An American Werewolf In London,* off the ground. He wrote the script in 1969 and hawked it around the studios for eleven years, which enabled him to get other writing assignments in the process. It was not until he was in a position to form his own British company, Lycanthrope Films, that the project could be realised. Even now there are problems in promoting what is, after all, a very strange film.

Disagreeing over previous horror/comedies (I think that *The Cat And The Canary* is scary — he thinks it's a comedy), Landis clearly differentiates between the alternative types of mixed genre films in the past.

"*Abbott And Costello Meet Frankenstein, The Cat And The Canary,* Martin and Lewis in *Spookbusters* — those pictures basically have comedians, comics doing comedy against the monsters. The monsters are straight men basically being monsters. In terms of monster comedy there have really only been three — a movie called *The Fearless Vampire Killers,* Polanski's movie (known over here as *The Dance Of The Vampires*) in which the vampires were also funny besides being monsters; *Schlock,* my movie, which was a comedy, a slapstick children's film; and *Young Frankenstein.*"

Schlock was Landis' first outing as a director and despite being embarrassed by it now ("There are ten minutes in it that I think are brilliant, that are as good as anything I will ever do . . . the rest of it sucks") it introduced him to the 19-year-old Rick Baker whose experiments with make-up appeared in that film for the first time.

Landis clearly thought Baker was a genius and showed him the script for *Werewolf* in 1971 with a view to creating a lycanthropic transformation of a kind hitherto unseen. He reckoned without Joe Dante, however, who beat him to the screen with *The Howling* which featured a similar kind of onscreen transformation — not surprisingly, as the make-up credits feature Baker himself and his protogee, Rob Bottin. How much of a blow was this to Landis' plans?

"I was furious. You can't blame Rick though, because I'd been telling him 'Hey, we're going to make this movie' for eleven years — it's a long time. It's very frustrating for me because when I finally get a chance to do this movie there are all these wolf movies out all of sudden — like what the fuck is going on?

"But I think that happens in films all the time, all of a sudden a bunch of these movies come out in one genre. But when Rick said he was going to do *The Howling* I was furious on many levels. Not because he was going to work for Joe, who's very talented and I like a lot, but I was really aggravated because what bothered me was that Rick gave to Joe something that I originated.

"I'd said I wanted to *see* the changes without opticals, I wanted to see the skull move. I was very angry and I said 'Rick, you fuck' but I couldn't do anything about it so Rick thought about it and got his assistant, Rob Bottin, to finish *The Howling.* It annoys me in that it stole my thunder a little, but ultimately not really. They're very different movies. They really have nothing in common. Even the metamorphosis is very different although it uses similar techniques. It's a very

■ *continues page 64*

POSSESSION: Nine tenths of the lore

controversial reputation alone shouldn't be enough to guarantee a good response for an unknown film, though from the applause that greeted the speech before Greek director Nikos Koundouros' **1922** — in which the raising of a ban on the film at home was revealed — it would appear it is. To my mind *1922* should never have passed the Quality Control Committee never mind the censors. It's a long-winded, pernicious account of the Turkish massacre of Greek civilians on Asia Minor, following the Greek surrender of the territory in the year of the title.

The film, in assuming a knowledge of that area's troubled history, chooses only to present the Greek point of view and in doing so presents the Turks as a barbaric, backward race, whose minds are blindly set on a brutal revenge. While there's no doubting that the Turks behaved savagely and cruelly, a more responsible film would have explained the traditional enmity between the two nations and maybe pointed out the motivations behind the massacre.

Koundouros could learn a few lessons from the better balanced Polish historical drama **1901 — Children On Strike** (Filip Bajon). It's a sober account of the incident in which a border town's schoolkids refused to learn the catechism in the language of their Prussian oppressors.

Let's finish this week's report with the festival's biggest (personal) disappointment to date. Ever since his deeply disturbing *The Third Part Of The Night*, I've been waiting for Polish director Andrzej Zulawski to come up with an equal to its over-powering sense of horror. Unfortunately, his films have become increasingly hysterical and his latest, **Possession** — a French/German co production — is no improvement.

In giving physical shape to his central European superstitions and religious guilt about sex, he's invented a monster that resembles the *Eraserhead* baby crossed with *Alien*, which he's rather ludicrously worked into a sub-Bergman plot of marital breakdown. Stylised, over-wrought nonsense that invokes nothing if not laughter.

In other words, an ideal vehicle for its star Isabelle Adjani.

Catherine Hicks as Barbra Streisad

Marilyn — The Untold Story

Directed by John Flynn and Jack Arnold
Starring Catherine Hicks, Richard Basehart and Frank Converse (Rank)

DON'T EXPECT any revelations from the untold story, because it's just the same as the one we've heard a thousand times before — of how Norma Jean Baker, a sad little girl who never met her father and had a mentally unstable mother, got to be Marilyn Monroe.

It wasn't a hard transition for her but it wasn't easy either, having to weather an orphanage, factory work, dubious modelling assignments and the casting couch of Hollywood talent agent Johnny Hyde (who soon after died of a heart attack!).

We learn all this and other salient career details (marriages to baseball star Joe DiMaggio and writer Arthur Miller, addiction to booze and pills. suicide aged 36 in 1962) in schematic bioflick fashion. It's a form which prevents the film digging very deep and, paradoxically, that's often because its handling of background is so superficial. The feel for the '40s and '50s is minimal (even the haircuts are wrong), and what's said about the dream factory and the nitty gritty of the star-making process is bland, even sentimental.

The sense of space is as limited as that of time: the 'mise-en-scene' is clumsy, the kind of obvious staginess which will look better on the small screen. But I don't know where Catherine Hicks is going to look better. Her mouth is all wrong, she bears only the vaguest resemblance to Marilyn, and most of the time looks more like Debbie Harry.

Her acting isn't too hot either, providing no insight into the character she is portraying, just a series of cliches about how misunderstood Marilyn was and how depressed she got. Of course, if Marylin had had a father figure, the directors hint in hack Freudian style, she'd have been happy.

This sort of benign cock puts the film in the ever larger dumper of cultural artefacts purporting to explain the Marilyn myth but merely perpetuating it. It seems that everyone, from feminists to Norman Mailer, from Warhol to Elton John, has to have their say about the last of the old-fashioned screen goddesses. She functions as a cypher, the Dumb Blonde you can read anything into because she was more intelligent, a better actress, a more natural comedienne than people gave her credit for at the time. I wonder . . .

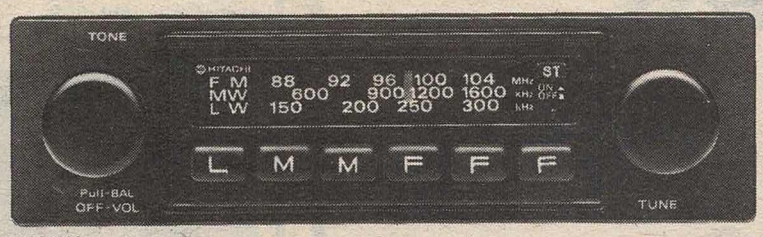
Paul Tickell

Is your car ashamed of your radio?

When you think of how much money you spend on your car, it seems a shame to let it down by fitting just any old radio.

Hitachi want you to get the very best performance in your car. So we think it's sometimes worth splashing out a bit – just as long as you keep an eye on the quality you're getting for your money.

The two radios you see here aren't exactly cheap. But they are very good quality.

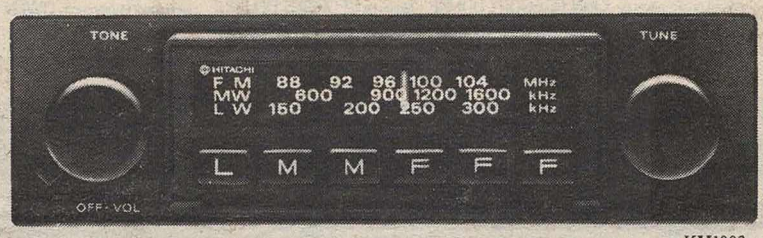


KMS2003

The KMS2003 is a stereo, press-button model. So you can tune it to your favourite programmes without having to take your eyes off the road. It pre-sets to three FM stations, two MW and one LW.

There are more and more FM transmissions, these days. So having an FM tuner in your car will give you the clearest, sharpest sound possible.

To make sure it makes all the right noises, the KMS2003 comes complete with the Hitachi noise canceller, FM stereo, mono switch with LED indicator, tone control and stereo balance control.



KM1003

The KM1003 is a mono three-band radio, again with press-button tuning. It pre-sets for six stations: three FM (mono), two MW and one LW. The model is designed for easy manual tuning, too.

Other features include a full-range tone control, besides connections for auto-actuation of a powered antenna.

Ask to see and hear these two radios at your Hitachi stockist.

You'll be more than pleased with them. And your car will positively glow with pride.

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FOR MORE INFORMATION, TALK TO YOUR NEAREST HITACHI STOCKIST (SEE PANEL BELOW) – OR CONTACT US DIRECT: HITACHI SALES (UK) LTD., I.C.E. DIVISION, HITACHI HOUSE, STATION ROAD, HAYES, MIDDLESEX UB3 4DR. TELEPHONE: 01-848 8787.

Where to find your nearest stockist:-

Bedfordshire Camden Car Radio, Lake Street, Leighton Buzzard • Herbert Robinson, Windsor Road, Bedford. **Berkshire** Berkshire Car Radio, 1 Market Place, Bracknell • Mototec, 175 Bath Road, Slough. **Birmingham** A. B. Fletcher, 25 Great Lister Street • A. T. Gittins, 15 Sutton Street • 021 Radio & Electrical Wholesale Ltd., 590 Bristol Road, Selly Oak • Studio Musica, 140 Sandy Lane, Camp Hill. **Bradford** Autosound, 15/17 Spring Gardens, Manningham. **Bristol** Winterstoke Garage, 50 Winterstoke Road. **Cambridge** Aylestone Auto Electrical, Aylestone Road. **Cardiff** Radiocraft (Sonus) Ltd., 251/253 Cowbridge Road, Canton. **Cheshire** Car & Home Stereo, 219 London Road, Hazel Grove, Stockport • Car Radio Centre (Sale), 183 Washway Road, Sale • Car Sound, Trafford Street, Chester • Specialised Equipment, 341 Wellington Road North, Stockport • T.S.A. Services, 33 Greek Street, Stockport. **Chesterfield** Chesterfield Car Radio, 37 Longedge Lane, Wingerworth. **Clywd** T. E. Roberts (King Street) Ltd., 26 King Street, Wrexham. **Cornwall** Car Radio Fitting Specialists Ltd., 17/23 Truro Road, St. Austell. **Coventry** Carwood Motors Ltd., Herald Way • Henleys (Midland) Ltd., Kenpas Highway. **Cumbria** Rickerby Ltd., Currock Road, Carlisle. **Derbyshire** MG Auto Electrics, Kempton Park Close, Ascot Drive Ind. Estate • Millards Tyre & Battery Service, 16 Corporation Street, Chesterfield • R. Towndrow Radio & TV, The Green, Clowne, Nr. Chesterfield. **Devon** Mobile Sound Centre, 248 Torquay Road, Preston, Paignton • Turnbulls Garages Ltd., Bretonside, Plymouth. **Doncaster** Economic Factors, 10/13 Holmes Market, Wheatley. **Dorset** Auto Radio VRS Ltd., 106 Castle Lane West, Bournemouth • Wireless Supplies Unlimited, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth. **Dyfed** J. H. 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Ltd., Tynwald Street, Douglas. **Kent** Invicta Motors Ltd., Lakeside Service Station, Sturry Road, Canterbury • Babsouth Limited, 119/131 Wrotham Road, Gravesend. **Lancashire** Car Radio Installations, 28 Higher Eanam, Blackburn • R & E B Lonsdale, 42 Carr Gate, Cleveleys • Mobile Radio (Preston) Ltd., 85/87 Fylde Road, Preston • Kitchen & Calvert Ltd., Hindpool Street, Barrow-in-Furness • Moving Sound Ltd., 151/153 Burnley Road, Accrington • Arthur Shorrocks (Radio) Ltd., Hodgsons Garage, Thornton Road, Morecambe • Westhoughton Car Radio, 291 Church Road, Westhoughton, Bolton • M. Green & Son, 81 Ansdell Road, Blackpool (South Shore) • Central Drive Forecourt Station, Central Drive, Blackpool • Formby Car Electrical Services, Altcar Road, Formby. **Leeds** Unicar, 11 Kirkstall Road • Andrew Page & Co., Apsom House, 53/59 Mabgate. **Leicester** Epic Accessories, 38 Nelson Street • R. 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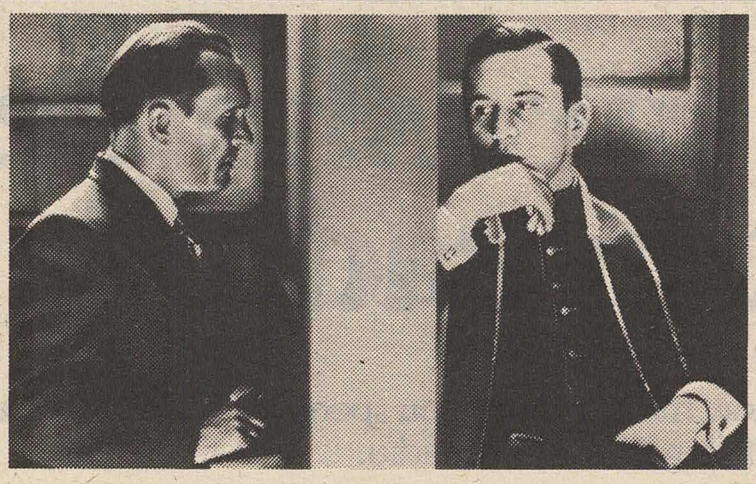

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The Burning

Directed by Tony Maylam
Starring Brian Matthews, Leah Ayers and Brian Backer
(HandMade)

IN SPITE of the two *Friday The 13ths,* gullible, fun-loving — if rather prurient — kids in American films keep going to summer camps and getting despatched in a thousand bloody ways.

The Burning's claim to fame within this more-gore, knife-flick genre is that Cropsy the murderer is a former summer camp caretaker. Badly burnt when a kids' prank goes wrong, the walking deep fry — or overdone Big Mac, as one character puts it — returns to hang around camp and use a pair of garden shears on everything in sight.

Any action should preferably take place after scenes of adolescent sexual titillation, like heavy petting or a bit of midnight nude bathing. Yes, poor old Cropsy — he keeps well wrapped up

The Burning: Great balls — and everything else — of fire.

in suit and trilby — has a grudge against sex; the first thing he sets eyes on when he comes out of hospital, after five years unsuccessful treatment for his burns, is an advert for a porno movie *Sensual Fire.* Ha ha — aroused and riled, he carves up the nearest prostitute.

When *The Burning* isn't being noxious, negligible and repetitive — a bit like Rick Wakeman's score — it's busy leaving loose and open ends so that there can be a sequel. It's no use ducking — there's more on the way.

Paul Tickell

Sweet Revenge: Stockard Channing as Dandy, all-American car thief.

ON THE SHELF AND OFF THE WALL

TWO FILMS previously denied a release in the UK open in London this week. Jerry Schatzberg's *Sweet Revenge* was shown at the 1976 Cannes festival as *Dandy, The All-American Girl,* and has since gathered dust in CIC's Wardour St offices. Made by Schatzberg after *Scarecrow* and before *The Seduction Of Joe Tynan,* it's not as serious as the former, nor as facile as the latter. Stockard Channing is the car-craving Dandy, expertly working a complicated con job to attain the machine of her dreams and craftily manipulating the three men in her freewheeling life: Sam Waterston's 'liberal' attorney worries about her, Franklin Ajaye's black buddy helps her, Richard Doughty's doughnut of a discarded lover mopes around her. Schatzberg's deceptively slack rein allows the good natured drama to develop at a seductively easy-going pace and the only false note is struck by an inappropriate apocalyptic ending. *Sweet Revenge* will be playing at London's Scala cinema, King's Cross, for a week from Sunday, November 22. Already showing — at the Paris Pullman, Drayton Gardens — is Jonathan Demme's *Citizens Band,* made in 1977 and only now deemed fit for consumption thanks to the recent legalisation of CB radio in this country. An attractive, low-key comedy very much in the mould of Demme's later success *Melvin And Howard, Citizens Band* focusses on a bunch of likeable bozos in the small town of Union: Paul Le Mat is the nice guy keeping the airways clean, Candy Clark the lass who loves to talk dirty, Roberts Blossom the old duffer who only comes alive on the air, Charles Napier the truck driving bigamist with 'Hot Coffee' on the side, etc. Several loosely interwinning tales are skilfully integrated to present an agreeably wonky mosaic of genuine Americana, and the fact that Demme achieves this from a basis as deadly boring as CB radio merely adds to the stature of his minor triumph. Nowt so queer as folk!

Monty Smith

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december
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norwich (university of east anglia) – 8
sheffield (city hall) – 10
manchester (apollo) – 11
leicester (de montfort hall) – 12
cardiff (sophia gardens) – 13
poole (arts centre) – 15
london (hammersmith odeon) – 16
london (hammersmith odeon) – 17
edinburgh (playhouse) – 19
liverpool (empire) – 20
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2nd MANCHESTER, Apollo
3rd MALVERN, Winter Gardens
5th LEEDS, University
6th BRISTOL, Hippodrome
7th BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
8th DERBY, Assembly Rooms
9th LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall
11th NORWICH, University
12th BRIGHTON, Centre
13th LONDON, Lyceum
15th·16th LONDON, Dominion

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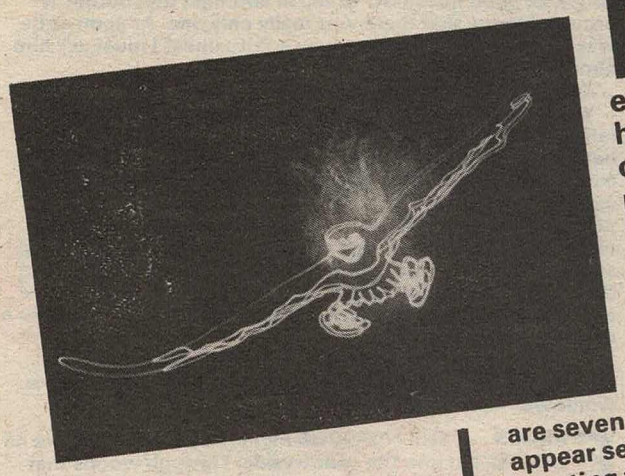
LIVING ON A MET~PLANE



BELIEVE ME, I am not a person given to mooching around fairgrounds. I'm even less attracted to the oily halls where the whining patter of latter day space fighter machines build and fall like the Chinese water torture. But I'm going to beat this machine. I wish I'd never laid eyes on it.

It's a snub contracted pinball table shape completely made from tin and surely 30 years old. In its desk-like top are seven holes arranged in an H out of which appear seven tin moles in random order and each sporting the most evil insidious grin — the grin smug Japanese camp commandants wear in the early frames of a *Hotspur* picture strip.

Attached to the side of the contraption is a large foam mallet covered in felt. When not in use the hammer lies atop the desk part beneath a battery of lights and some brash angular letters that form the invitation to 'Whac-A-Mole'.

For 25c you get the chance to belt the smiling tin animals on the head — providing you're fleet of wrist enough to judge which one's about to rise — at ten points a 'Whac' and over a period of 30 seconds. At 200 points the operation explodes into a celebration of bells and flash bulbs and then issues a ticket saying you did indeed successfully 'Whac-A-Mole'. Collect five of these tickets and you can take a chalk poodle back to Kansas with you.

Well, naturally nobody wants a chalk poodle. All anybody wants is one — just one — of those little tickets, just once, to brandish openly infront of the increasingly desperate tide of bleary eyed punters who return to Miami each year praying that it be this year that they 'Whac-A-Mole' for 200 points.

It's estimated that, on average, 14 people will die at the roulette tables in Las Vegas each year. Well, I say, come to Florida. I saw twice that many corpses dragged from this arcade in one morning. And nobody will convince me that they died trying to pick up 20 Dunhill with the toy crane.

No, no. They perished hammer in hand, veins bulging on the forehead like Thames Valley contour maps, betting all on the top left hand hole — only to see the hard little round head emerge from centre right and then quickly vanish before the blow can be dealt. If you think a machine called 'Whac-A-Mole' sounds unspeakably cruel then you're absolutely right but your sympathies may be misguided. Compared with this murderous distraction, Rubik's cube is a cute little trick . . .

YES, AMERICA AGAIN. And an appointment with Americans I haven't a hope of getting any sense from. Actually only one American: Maurice White — Mr Black Music America.

Earth Wind & Fire sell millions and millions and millions of records. I know because Maurice told me. Maurice — pronounced Mor-*eece* over here — writes, produces, arranges and sings almost everything Earth Wind & Fire do. His personal obsessions smother their album jackets. The unexplained, unintelligable mumbo jumbo that equates the pyramids with the space age and refuses to believe that anything ancient could ever be a white elephant — including, I suppose, ancient white elephants themselves.

Nope, for some years now Earth Wind & Fire have been embarrassing the unique music with a series of images that even the late Ramesis Steve Hillage might blanche. They just don't care. Even the latest hit 'Let's Groove' — a powerhouse return to form and my favourite record this year — is saddled with a sleeve that portrays a sphynx like statue mysteriously revealing its dark side to be something like a 22nd century phone box sprouting antennae at will.

No other group currently operating — including ELO and Rush — take their given sales pitch to such ridiculous extremes. Even the lyrics of their magnificent records are burdoned. Should anyone bother, that joyous vocal Maurice delivers on 'In

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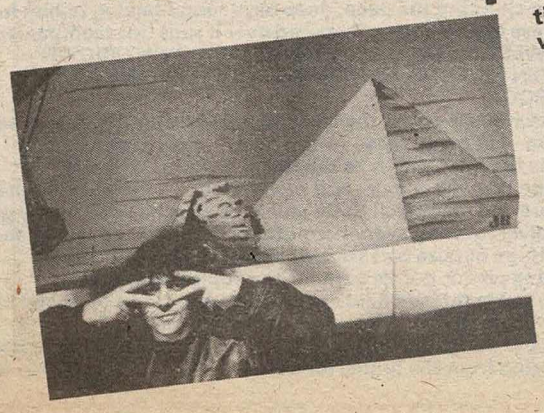


EARTH, WIND & FIRE'S MAURICE WHITE GETS METAPHYSICAL. BRINGING QUESTIONS OF HIS OWN, DANNY BAKER ASKS: DO YOU BELIEVE MY FRIEND IN WHAT YOU CLAIM? PHOTOS BY ANTON CORBIJN

EARTH, WHITE & FIRE

MAURICE WHITE

The Stone' is actually saying stuff like;

"Every man I meet is walking time/Free to wander/Past his conscious mind/The greatest love you ever known/Yea is written in the Stone"

There are not many songs that include the medieval *'Yea'* in their lyrics. I can vouch for that.

Anyway, the fact is — the story is — that in doing an Earth Wind & Fire piece you can crack a thousand zingers at Mo's metaphysical expense, yeah? Agreed. Another pointless hour fathoming the fluffy reaches of a simple musician's mind concluding that, all in all, they probably aren't as fascinating as the noises they make. Sure.

Well, I thought on the aircraft, what is it that Mr Maurice White might possibly be able to tell me? How to dodge underneath his famous word-wanky evasion and stab him awake. It's infuriating and impossible that the creator of 'I Am' is the mumbling buffoon I've read about.

The Egyptology is an angle — OK, that much is obvious and, really, harmless. But can it be that a none-too-young and innocent black man in command of a massive organization and millions of dollars really spends all his time rolling about in the Sahara sand? After all, if 'the brothers' are short of the upfront thousands to 'equip' themselves then who better to ask for finance than ol' Gil Scott-Heron's buddy Whitey? And what better front for the man than to be regarded as a laughable spaced out old jazzer, a goofy old King Tut sitting behind his platinum mixing desk, not caring a Pharoe's curse about silly old politics?

Simple. Except that Maurice has, as they say, been around the block. He's no flash-in-the-pan Rose Royce or simple Commodore. Unlike the other major black US acts, Mr White has his own label, through CBS, called ARC. Smart move. He is surrounded by family — brothers Monty and Verdene plus the shrouded Fred White. He is an accomplished jazz sessioneer, many years senior to his musical peers, taught through years of playing toilets and upward with Ramsey Lewis and the like. A fan of Keith Jarrett with only enough respect for his own commercial product to mask his distaste (barely) when talking to the press.

If the world (Britain) scoffs at his daft spiritual ramblings, his bizarre stage costuming and naivety about real life — based on snatched promotional interviews like the one I got — then that's fine with Maurice. No problems.

Earth Wind & Fire has made him a millionaire. A black Southern millionaire.

BECAUSE OF A variety of reasons it took two days to get to be in the same hotel room at the same time as The Man. So let me tell you about the hotel.

The Omni International is on Biscayne Boulevard in Miami, where even in November you can stroll along by the breaking waves with no shirt on. The oddest sensation in the world is to open a window to relieve the room of its stuffiness only to find even steamier air tumble in from outside. The Omni may well be the best hotel on earth. It's a vertical block, ultra modern, with a neon high on top that can be seen glowing in the sky for miles around. Cab drivers jump to take you there — it means you've got wealth and don't tip in singles. All hall and leading doors open as you approach. (Except one as, I reflected from a crumpled humiliated heap in the middle of the dining hall floor).

It has its lobby on the fourth floor and abounds in fountains and walls of tumbling fresh water as well as immense clear glass windows showing tropical gardens that apparently are inaccessible. Encompassing two large shopping malls and a genuine antique *fairground* on one level, it's the biggest structure I've ever been in. I discover my one twin room costs about £65 per night before meals.

Maurice White has a suite up on the eighteenth. But Maurice can't see me just yet — he's busy playing tennis — so here, once again I stand: in the antique fairground grating my teeth clasping that dopey outsize felt mallet and perspiring my way up to 160 before the time expires. As I rashly fumble for another quarter up steps a father and his young son. Inserting the coin, dad entertains the boy by clocking those tin torturers time after time. It was as if he knew the sequence by which they'd appear. Within 15 seconds the bells were sounding and out popped the little ticket confirming that he's 'Whac-A-Moled'.

The man strode away without thinking twice about this shattering feat. From out of the shadows crawled wrecked punters open mouthed and disbelieving like so many lepers having seen Christ float past. We all shuffled around for a while looking in close up at the magic '200' score, listening for any possible defect inside the frame, idly examining the hammer. Then we stared at each other. By now the man was fighting off a crowd of bobby-soxers who'd already heard the news and were keen to marry.

I was stunned. Dropping another 25c in I began the frenzied thumping of the amateur. Bah! 140 — hopeless. The figures shuffled back into the shadows, the bobby-soxers were filtering back admiring their newly gotten autographs and I just stared hard at the 'Whac-A-Mole' machine.

There had to be a knack . . .

LATER . . . THE NEXT BELLS I heard woke me suddenly.

"I've done it..." I yelped. But it was only the phone next to my bed. The voice was of Julian Shapiro, the CBS press officer in charge of The Interview.

"Hi Danny," he said in a New York slur. "OK, so the interview is at 7.30. This time it's definite."

Down went the phone. It took me some minutes to put it down at my end. In my half-asleep state I imagined it to be a large felt hammer. I needed a cold shower fast. Standing there, the streams pelting down my shoulders, I racked my mind for a couple of good questions to slip in amongst the routine. It occurred to me that there was really only one. As soon as he was overdosing on the heavenly spiritualness I must ask him about his cocaine habit.

ZANG! That oughta get thriough.

Yeah, maybe a quick few to follow about South Africa and religious fanaticism. The severe suited gents that I'd seen hanging around the party in the last few days had raised my suspicions that Maurice was probably a leading donator to certain underground political organizations, but I knew the possibility of him telling me as much were slim. He was all ready to feed me his stock interview — good for some cheap snidy laffs, but not really new. He could afford all that — and then watch in superiority as I was wheeled out: just another sucker who thought he had Maurice White all figured out for a dumb asshole.

And so it was that I was ushered into the suite on the eighteenth floor with the warm Florida wind howling at the windows.

EARLIER . . . THE PREVIOUS night I had been driven for 45 minutes out into the countryside. Through woods that contain organisms like possums, racoons and bears to haul a sharp left off the motorway and into the confines of a building that looked like a meat packing plant. This was the Sportatorium, the venue for EW&F's show.

I was astounded to find that it was, in size, only a little bigger than Leicester's De Montford Hall, There are no major sports played in Florida and, therefore, no major sports arenas. Consequently, bands have to play several dates in the state to satisfy demand. The Sportatorium is miles and miles from anywhere and is usually used for basketball, minor boxing tournaments, 'Whac-A-Mole' Festivals — that sort of thing.

During sound check, a bunch or ordinarily dressed black musicians run through Jimi Hendrix riffs and generally 'jam'. It is only when they spring into 'Getaway' that I realize Earth Wind & Fire don't use flunkies for these occasions. Maurice only appears right at the end before they vanish again. Long after the group have gone behind, the keyboards player is checking and re-checking the deep, deep bass sound talking to him from the keys of a vo-coder. Over and over it runs unaccompanied.

"AWEEE CANBOO GEE DOWWEN GIDOWN GIDOWN DOWEN GO BOOG/EE DOWN GIDOWN GIDOWN AWEE CANBOOG . . ."

Backstage is one of the least dignified displays I've ever seen. Grown — in many cases very grown — men stroll about in outfits that just had to be drawn up by Ray Charles. It's not enough that the colours and materials don't match, but what colours and materials! Satin and lycra abound with trashy gold and silver forming every permutation of grotesque collar and cuff. Huge outsize belt buckles sit high on taught crotch hugging plastic purple pants. The people inside these abominable threads hold saxophones and trombones and blow short kooky solos at the walls and each other.

It's the nervy equivalent of players running on the spot before emerging from the tunnel for a crucial World Cup qualifier. No

two outfits are alike and yet, against all the odds, not one of them is any more redeeming than the last. As soon as I see one that I think takes the cherry, along comes another more gaudy, more tasteless and wilder than its predecessor.

But onstage the group are magnificent. I sit for two hours through the best concert I've ever seen. All the hits, 'September', 'Got To Get You Into My Life', 'Fantasy', 'That's The Way Of The World', 'Boogie Wonderland' . . . ah, there are dozens of them, all the flash — though much toned down from the spinning drums of '76 — all the showbiz, climaxing in that big vo-coder chanting in the encore 'WEGAN BOOG/EE DOWEN GIDOWN GIDOWN'.

The crowd, perhaps 60 per cent black, were still hooting and hollering as the police-escorted limousines peeled out onto the freeway. And, yeah, Earth Wind & Fire had left the auditoriun. Hilariously, straight into a traffic jam that took a half an hour to get moving.

NOW . . . IN FAWN CARDIGAN and slacks, he starts talking. A slight gentle voice that is zoneless, bland and certainly sounds too calm not to have been induced.

"I was born in Memphis, Tennessee but moved to Chicago when I was 14. You might say my biggest influence was the street, hanging out, picking up on what was going on on the street."

I never ask anyone of Their Influences but Maurice knows the drill.

"You know people really did used to sing on street corners under lamp posts, just having nuthin' else to do but hang out."

Do they still?

"Yeah, sure."

But you can't just cut a record.

"Oh no, recording is much more sophisticated now. That's a good thing because a lot of the talent that was exploited then wasn't talent at all — just bunches of people who thought they could sing."

How do you see yourself these days?

"I'm very different from the Maurice White people see. I'm much more laid back — as you can see! — I don't get involved in the scene much. I try, not to get involved in the whole spiralness of things as they evolve. I'm just existing as a lone individual trying to accomplish perfection in my music."

I didn't pick him up on that fabulous word 'spiralness' because I haven't figured out yet whether he's tired, stoned or just under-educated.

How different are you then to, say, ten years ago.

"Very different. You have to have self examination in order to know yourself and to get to know *you*."

Me?

"No, yourself. Whoever *you* may be."

I could have a field day here but let's press on. The next bit is where I suspected we might be heading.

"I am basically a guy who has evolved onto another plane. (Pause.) I think I'll eventually get into films. You have to be prepared to play a dual situation in life. You have to take the bad side with the good in a successful situation."

Films you said.

"Yes, films. I'm interested in the visuals a lot more."

Moving right along, given that you are probably the world's most successful black group do you ever think about rivals — say The Jacksons or Kool & The Gang?

"I don't think in terms of rivals insofar as I can relate to my own identity in the sense of, when I record, I know who I am. Do you see?"

Oh for a large felt mallet!

"What I'm saying is I don't need to imitate anyone these days."

He bored. I'm mistaking his laid backability for boredom. His voice is getting quieter by the second. Though we're on the eighteenth his energy must have a room down on the second some place. New question.

You're the best arranger/producer currently working. What do you listen for and how easy is it to write those overlapping melodies?

"I write at the piano. I love writing with different writers too cos that brings me to a better space. I learn a lot also."

Hmmm. I still get the feeling that I'm being given the Californian equivalant of the old Johnny Rotten stringalonga journalist saga. Let's try a little less respect.

Maurice, the last album 'Faces' was panned. Why didn't it follow up 'I Am'? (Acutally nothing could, but still . . .)

"Faces, as far as I'm concerned was one of my better musical albums. (He's perked up a little). It wasn't geared towards a commercial audience — that wasn't its intent. I felt I had sold enough records — millions and millions and millions of records — and thought I should do something of which I was proud of musically. True it wasn't as big as some we've had economically but it was far superior musically to some of 'em we've done."

You say "proud of"; does that mean you're not proud of your hits?

"No, not really. They are good commercial records. Y'see you do it for so long that you *just learn* how to make a hit record. I can just go into the stuio and *make* a hit record."

That sounds very cold.

"Well, it's really just knowing the feelings and fundamentals involved in producing a hit. Just like writing a story. It's not less honest than a piece of jazz. Take the new record, 'Lets Groove.' It's real honest. We just went in and done it — a natural giving thing. Just saying, Hey man, enjoy this with me. Share this with us."

Well do you listen to your own records?

"I couldn't do that. Maybe in three or four years I could listen to the one we just done."

HERE WE GO: what's the preoccupation with Egypt Maurice?

"That came about because of my investigation of myself; trying to find myself. Great men, great spirits, great masters that have existed on this plane. The Egyptian principle, Mayan principle, Inca principle — other types of existence. I've been into metaphysical studies for ten years now."

Others say it's just an angle.

"They can say what they want, but things I experience in my life I feel it is my duty to share with *my public*. Just passing it on."

So all those covers are not just a sales line.

"No . . . no. They are not just a *sales-line*, they identify. They know your idenifiable mark. You share it. A way of identifying."

All of which sounds like a sales angle. So, Maurice, could you explain about these planes of which you speak?

"Planes? Oh come on we could be here all night talking about planes. When you're talking planes you're talking the existence of planes, like, there are seven planes in the whole idiom of which we live. We live on the third plane — the three dimensional plane."

How does a kid from Tennessee get involved in all this?

"It don't matter where a cat comes from you dig. It all depends on which vibrational chord you tune into. I look at life, as we, individuals are all tuning into a vast radio dial."

Surely not.

"Some cats like the show at the top end and other cats like the show way down . . ."

Yeah, I get it, I get it. What I'm saying is that you received no thunderbolt from the sky telling you these philosophies?

At this Maurice laughs for the first time. He laughs like a frightened little girl or maybe somebody wrapped in bandages restricted by pain.

Have you ever experienced racism Maurice?

"Yes, of course."

Well, why not promote anit-racism a lot harder than respect for Egyptology?

"I understand. First of all let me make clear that Egyptology is only a small part of what I'm about. Now I know that if my group, if we weren't a black group we would be *ten* times bigger, with the number of albums we've sold, the hits we've had. If we weren't black we'd be more popular worldwide. It's like when you try to appeal to the media for a certain type of special . . . due to the fact of your ethnic background they think you won't have the same kind of appeal."

Well doesn't that burn you up? I mean this place had some fierce rioting recently, don't you ever feel you want to *do* something about that?

"The riots? I feel the riots are a local situation and I'm a worldwide man."

So do you think these are good times we're going through?

"Changing times. Consciousness is changing. Philosophy is changing. The only permanent thing is change here."

Don't you ever worry about things?

"No, no. no. Why? Why? If I were to worry it'd just mean I was okaying everything that's being laid down. Fear is to be eliminated, we are all taught fear. Those in power of civilisation keeps us separated and keep up our fear of each other."

So that'll see you playing the Moscow Bowl next, eh? "The Moscow Bowl!!" (Breaks into his laugh again.)

ON THIS SECOND laugh I conclude he's stoned. Not much of a conclusion you might think, but there it is. Right now he offers one of his few unprompted anecdotes. It's about how he wrote 'September', one of *the* great singles.

"I wrote that in DC, Washington DC. I was staying there and I heard all this noise from the street and I looked out the window and it was a riot going on. I think they were rioting about Iran. Yeah, Iran or something. And there's all these cats screaming and throwing things and going crazy and this tune just evolved. Pretty tune, I wrote all of 'September' during the riot."

Do you consider yourself at all *detached* Maurice?

"I am. Sometimss it's becuse I always look for the good in a situation. Sometimes I'm forced to see the lower but I always try to see the higher. I see the news, and OK, it effects me but I respond in a different way."

Are you religious?

"I am not of any religious order. I think all religions have some good things to help us build by just as many take advantage of people. I'm not a Christian, not a Buddhist nothing."

Onstage you seem to enjoy soaking up the worship.

"It's not worship — it's participation. American audiences think a lot of themselves individually — they think they're great — so it's their time, time to participate. I do have an ego but an ego is healthy."

At this point he sounds about as loose as he'll get. He keeps glancing at his watch, people are arriving, and there's nothing spectacular down on tape. Time for a stroke.

Maurice, though you've professed a deep trust in ancient wisdom and explain your songs as messages there's another school of thought that holds that similar mystical results could materlize through controlled consciousness expansion. That was what I'd planned to say, kind of, but it came out as: Maurice, do Earth Wind & Fire take too much cocaine?

He looked for a second and let his jaw theatrically drop. Then he roared with laughter. Next he called to another band member close by.

"Hey, this guy thinks we take too much cocaine." And they both laughed. When they stopped I asked them again. From here in Maurice seemed a changed interview.

"Well, I'm not gonna say we're any different from anyone else."

Which means what?

"Well, there may be guys, as individuals, who like a little *toot* now and again; you dig? (Giggles a bit) I mean, hey, I don't follow every cat home at night. I do know nobody gets high before a gig — you can't do a two hour show like ours anything but straight. You'll get lost. Anything up your nose and you'll get run over. With drugs it gets to be a lifestyle, not with just musicians but with *people* period. I mean, we all live in California, Hollywood mainly so we're surrounded by it. Is that what everyone in Europe thinks — we take too much cocaine?"

Is California healthy. We hear stories that it's like Rome before the fall.

"Naw, it's not that crazy really. If you live there it's just a lifestyle. Hey we come to England and think it's strange. People with purple hair and pink boots. Pink hair!"

Well, I saw you in some stuff last night. I suppose you just like dressing up, or is it *deeper* than that?

"Well, we've always been futuristic. Futuristic this, futuristic that. Hey but look, the first opportunity we get to wear some clothing with some *wings* on it — I mean, my goodness! Still, pink hair. In LA we're not so weird, we all mix — actors, musicians, writers. There's a lot of success there. We live better than Congressmen."

Hooked on swimming pools?

"I have a swiming ppol that I never use — I don't swim."

Get to all the Award things?

"Uh uh. I never go to the Grammys. Music is not a contest like baseball. It's a celebrative thing. Joyous. That's why we're successful. I'm not interested in beating other records."

Would you be interested in playing South Africa?

"If I could go and be sure everything would work out to a point where it was cool and my band wouldn't have to worry about anything — just like other places — all the facilities were cool, yeah I'd go there.

"Look, I know as soon as we left nothing would be changed but I would be going simply trying to serve the people. For the people. Hell, we got the same things going on in cities of America. Right here. We're going to Mississippi in a few days. We'll be there and everyone'll be happy. We leave and it goes back to what it was all the time. Y'see we speak about South Africa being a drag but look at us — right at home we got some places . . ."

From the most animated peak he's reached, White suddenly checks and stops talking. He sits back into the settee again, and fixes me a sideways stare.

"You know what I'm saying . . . we're backing up what we're saying with futuristic ideas, so we're in that space. We're in more than one dimension."

Rats! We're back in nonsense again. What space? What dimension?

"What I'm saying is . . . see how I'm dressed right now. How

could I go onstage like this? Never. But when I'm in my wings and my boots and cape — I'm out there. I'm into what I'm talking about. Taking people to another space, taking their mind some place."

Showbiz.

"Yeah, showbiz that's it. That's how I want to be remembered — for making people happy for a time."

He's clammed up again. Or maybe he really is a zapped out jazzer who I'm giving the benefit of too many doubts. I try for a final foothold:

OK Maurice, complete this sentence, "Things will get better if . . ."

". . . we love one another. Be more aware of each other. See life through each other's eyes."

There is a pause. I speak: does that mean you don't hate the Russians?

"No. (Looks baffled) No I don't hate the Russians, man."

Then the Iranians.

"No — I don't even know 'em. Why?"

I think you do hate them.

"Never even been there. And every Russian I ever met has been cool to me."

There must be somebody!

"No . . . what do you want me to say?"

A TV Personality?

"No, really . . . er no."

Aw come on!

"(Pause) OK the only cat I can think of . . ."

AHA!

". . . the only cat I'd like to know is a guy who wrote something about us in *Rolling Stone*. I think his name is Ken Emerson. I bin looking for him for five or six years."

Somebody mentions he now works for the *New York Times*.

"Man, ain't that something? He's in New York eh? *We'll* be in New York soon. How're ya doing Ken? Oh boy, we'll send him a ticket! And you tell Europe to get its punk rock thing together first before they start on us!"

Attaboy Mo! Snarl a little bit. You didn't fool me. No fuzzy old hippy could conjure up the sound you produce — breathe a little! In a 100 years time we'll all know the truth about what groups like Earth Wind & Fire did with their time and, more importantly, their monies. Today we can take part in that dynamic rush that White would like to be remembered for. Maybe the 'I Am' album will achieve the status it deserves — a record that was snootily passed by as the rockstream piddled itself over George Clinton's acid junk. 'I Am' and more encouragingly, 'Let's Groove' holler out the pride, confidence and storm of EW&F at their best. And at their best, there is no other group I like more. Not one.

THE P.S.: AT 12.30 ON A Tuesday afternoon I successfully whacked 20 moles inside 30 seconds — in front of independent witnesses. Gathering all my reserve I did the correct thing and snapped off the ticket before bowling away without a second glance. The next step is to return in ten years with the youngest son in your arms. You bash the 200 points out without blinking amidst gasps and bobby soxers sighing. Ripping out ticket *number two* calmly walk away. It's over the next 30 years the real torture comes. You will never know if you were good enough to make fabulous chalk poodle.

Maybe on a different plane . . .

LPs

Once upon a record there was a wonderful land where nothing nasty happened and sad beautiful boys lived...

David Sylvian as 1980s English Lotus Eater, after Rupert Brooke.

Pic: Michael Putland

JAPAN
Tin Drum (Virgin)

"Imperialists will never become Buddhas until their doom." — Chairman Mao Tse-tung

WHAT I felt about Japan eight months ago, when I wrote the chapter on 'Glam' for Tony Stewart's *Cool Cats* — intrigued, broadly sympathetic, ultimately unconvinced — was profoundly challenged by 'Art Of Parties', a minor classic that coherently captured the tender textures of David Sylvian's melancholy worldview and suggested that Japan's potential was unexpectedly considerable. Something had given, and some bright and grievous things had broken through.

'Art Of Parties' shifted some stubborn prejudices, and when the misted 'Quiet Life' was re-released — the title track from an LP dismissed at the time — its snug energy and smug style could be taken in unhindered. Knowing how Japan would develop, the creeping crawling derivations of that time don't seem so sinful. 'Art Of Parties' advised us that Japan were no longer submerged up to their unlined foreheads in influences, no longer imprisoned by brittle pretensions. It invited us to listen closely. Japan could be as great as the smile of genius on David's face claimed they were.

A new arrangement of 'Parties', where it seems the song has been slowly melted, opens 'Tin Drum' and reveals the *unique*, finely sifted Japan sound. 'Tin Drum' is not only Japan's first convincing album — Japan's dead certainty finally conquering the critics' bored bigotry — but is the most valuable of the works continuing the cause of 'For Your Pleasure', 'Low', 'Another Green World'.

Japan's unorthodoxy — the result of an evidently sturdy self-education programme — plus a pale poetic purpose contributes to the superiority of 'Tin Drum'. The group's gentle but unsettling dynamic and structural discoveries promise they can produce both the illuminating quality *and* the disassociative energy of a 'For Your Pleasure' — if 'Tin Drum' isn't that, it lacks only the immodest shock of the brand new; it's the closest you'll get. Time may well nudge it closer: it has the tough gloss of something that will last.

Western (pop) techniques surrender to an appreciation of greater Eastern techniques, a meditative serenity and ascetic impressionism wither the restrictive formality of the pop song leaving an elusive design — decayed embrace, distressed dance — pervaded with a sense of helplessness and hopelessness.

From their Japanese experiences Japan seem to have learnt 'there's no rush'. This doesn't make them lazy: simply remote, exploring the illusions and beauties of (Buddhistic) peace, subjecting themselves to aesthetic discipline, suspecting prohibitive definitions of the outer world.

'Talking Drum', 'Canton', 'Cantonese Boy', 'Still Life In Mobile Homes' and 'Visions Of China' exquisitely demonstrate the beautifully organised qualities and sunken energies of Japan's new music — gleaming, glinting, transferring thought to form with unhurried lucidity.

The group drop odd, tipsy sounds into the wafting arrangements, use regenerative combinations of instruments, never rely on predictable sets of rhythms, exploit echo, counterpoint, space, with cunning. The music (un)moves with caressing precision; gorgeously erotic, perfectly evanescent. It accepts transitoriness (buildings, houses, joys, sorrows) yet delights in sensation (stillness is relished as sensation, almost as the one 'real' force.)

The LP is also a triumph for David Sylvian, the sensitive individual, the deep-feeling loner, his voice stricken on the tensions between confidence and gloom, whose lyrics are a questing expression of love and loss, doubt and despondency. His old clumsiness at describing his positition, at probing his passion, has been replaced with a sublime simplicity. The impression is that Sylvian is reaching back into a dream. Beneath the tranquil surface lie metaphysical shrewdness, sonorous regret, nervous anguish.

The remarkable 'Ghosts' (a favourite song of all time, already) and the blissfully dejected 'Sons Of Pioneers' (co-written with Mick Karn, whose fretless bass playing is stimulation all on its own) especially characterise the themes that haunt Sylvian — the desirability and impossibility of peace and calm, the scandalous obscurity of 'truth', the dangerous delights of loneliness, the gnawing intrusions of nostalgia.

As British success takes in Japan the group are moving further and further out into a wilderness — a wilderness that is much more useful than (rock) wildness in establishing that without self-knowledge and self-assertion nothing great can be done. Sylvian's contemplations, 'Tin Drum's burning still life, is exhilarating.

'Tin Drum' can be taken seriously and I think it will take you away. Japan — now — have to be taken seriously; there's no other way. Be haunted by 'Ghosts' and hear what I mean.

Paul Morley

Kevin Stapleton as 1980s English crackpot surrealist, after John Lennon.

Pic: K Cummins

And another where songs of scouse innocence played 'neath marmalade skies...

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
Wilder (Mercury)

WE CLIMBED on the back of a giant albatross, and flew through a crack in the clouds, to a place where happiness reigned, and music played *ever* so loudly. Well, something like that, anyhow. And the music sounded very like 'Wilder', the second LP by The Teardrop Explodes . . .

The friend we have in Julian Cope — or Kevin Stapleton, as he prefers to be known at time of writing — is a passionate one, occasionally a daft one, always an intriguing and entertaining one. In this new set of songs we find him acting the Holy Fool with a touching unself-consciousness and a disregard for cool. Let Errol vote him Most Unfashionable Man Of The Year, as threatened last week — Kevin's serenity will not be disturbed. A little tragedy never did harm a torch singer's image in any case.

'Wilder', I find, is an imprvement in every way on last year's okay - but - not - as - great - as - it - should - have - been 'Kilimanjaro', although its wilful whimsy may taste too sweet for some. The band at time of recording (pre the addition of bassist Ron Francois) is Cope, Dwyer, Tate and Balfe, plus a pool of helpers — their performance is altogether subtler. Clive Langer gets to produce the whole show this time: that works too. The arrangements are more refined. The material is at least well up to the standard of 'Treason', 'When I Dream', 'Sleeping Gas' etc, with no disastrous lapses. Suddenly, the old album seems strident and clumsy, overbearing.

As to lyrics, I can't claim to catch the drift of more than two consecutive lines in any given piece (and hereby offer a replica jam jar of the kind Eleanor Rigby kept her face in as reward to anyone who can): a sort of 'Strawberry Fields' mysticism enshrouds lines like *"I've got a good car / But it's not a good car / It won't take me / To paradise for the day"*.('Pure Joy Wins Out Again') In two numbers, we actually do find our hero confined inside jars, whilst in 'Tiny Children' he's again transported by a mystery driver (in the vehicle known to Cockneys, I understand, as a "jam jar"). Excuse me, I feel a headache coming on.

If it sounds obscure, or pretentious, relax: allied to the delicacy of the melodies, and the starkly vulnerable quality of his voice, Cope's word-pictures can work a winning enchantment. In 'Wilder', he's the man with the child in his brain, too innocent to be twee. In almost every track, the spell is a dream of early infancy: little friends squabble, parents loom with Freudian regularity.

Roughly, side one is where the Teardrops work the swing rhythms out of their system: 'Culture Bunker', 'Colours Fly Away' and 'Seven Views Of Jerusalem' (where Oriental percussion echoes Tate's Arabian motifs on 'Like Leila Khaled Said') move with an upbeat energy. So does side two's opener, the now-familiar 'Passionate Friend'.

But the bulk of the second side goes to three slow ballads: so subdued are the backdrops, that they have the air of Cope solos. And certainly, his performances attempt an ambitious tenderness and poignancy. 'Tiny Children' and 'The Fighting Takes Over' move soothingly through a mood of melancholy reflection, and mark two of his best compositions to date.

The closing piece, 'The Great Dominions' (once intended for the album's title) returns to and ties together those troubled dream-themes, the verses resolving themselves into a solitary, haunted chorus-phrase of *"Mummy, I've been fighting again"*, sad and trance-like, repeated into the fade. Long, softly orchestral and stately, it constitutes 'Wilder's epic.

It takes a clear-eyed simplicity to sing what looks, off-puttingly on paper, like nonsensical gobbledygook — and come up on record with appealingly fresh sincerity. Without ignoring all the collective Teardrop skills which make this LP such good listening, Cope's individual achievement is finally the one that lingers. Rock on, Kev!

Paul Du Noyer

VARIOUS ARTISTS
WNW6 — Moonlight Radio (Armageddon)

THE COMPILATION'S aim — studio cuts by 11 groups who've played at West Hampstead's Moonlight Club — is to give a "snapshot" of the music of its moment, circa 1981. (A follow-up volume is due in early '82.) Trouble is, of course, other people's snapshots are rarely all that thrilling.

As a collection, it reflects the Moonlight's middle-place in the clubland spectrum: neither glam nor trendy (cocktails, funk and posers), nor a grim seedy cellar (beer, boogie and beer). It goes for the same serious varieties of modern music, generally thoughtful, sometimes rather drab. Only one act here, The Room, excite me very much, with their scathing 'Chatshows' — watch this space.

The Chefs, led by Helen McCookery Book, do inject some welcome life with 'Locked Out'. Icarus offer some self-explanatory reggae, 'Tower Block Kid', and Academy One play rock with a funk edge. Out On Blue Six, now split up, are represented by 'Examples', whilst Patrik Fitzgerald's late band explore the after-dark urban nightmare in yet more detail on 'Breathing's Painful'.

The Decorators' 'Twilight View' is standard trad stuff, as is 'Heat' by Dr Mix And The Remix. Artery supply 'Into The Garden', but don't sound much more than a vehicle for Mark Gouldthorpe's poetry. The Pinkies ('Cartoon') come from Au Pairs territory, in more ways than two, but seem interesting enough to check. Flying Club get two tracks, 'Keep Still Keep Quiet' and 'Next Two Minutes': terse, striking songs, if unduly moulded by Gang Of Four.

Nicely-packed (including full line-ups and discographies), 'WNW6' is a laudable project: I only wish I enjoyed it more.

Paul Du Noyer

Pic: Adrian Boot

Tuff romance too . . .

And another where Love's not just a distraction

ASWAD
New Chapter (CBS)

NEARLY FIVE years after Angus (Drummie Zeb) Gaye and Brinsley Forde put together the first Aswad band, 'New Chapter' announces their graduation.

Their career thus far has been documented fairly sparsely: only two albums and a series of magnificent singles — the most notable being 'Rainbow Culture' and 'Warrior Charge' — to show for their steady growth and progress as Britain's hardest reggae band, but this album and the excellent 'Finger Gun Style' single which trailed it present an Aswad whose work has matured and ripened without losing any of the sense of youthful discovery which has informed their music since the beginning.

Aswad's sound is rich, sweet and fluent; it is warm and giving, but never cloys. There is a strong, calm sureness that includes the listener; it engages without attacking, it has a power which comes from love. The basic nucleus of Gaye, Forde, Tony Gad and Levi are surrounded by a sea of guitar and keyboard textures and meticulously layered vocals, counterpoint and frame for the rhythms, which are as fluid as anything in reggae that could possibly be imagined.

The songs range from the particular to the specific, taking hard a look at colonialism ('Natural Progression', tellingly updated from their first album), day-to-day economic sufferation ('Tuff We Tuff' and the anthemic 'African Children') and the need for truth and rights in the world ('Ina Your Rights' and 'He Gave The Sun To Shine'), but the keynote lines all come down to love, the central core of the band's work.

'Love' is a hard word to define, since it is used haphazardly in a variety of contexts to describe everything from greed or mild approval to ultimates of desires or devotion, but 'love' as Aswad use it signifies the simple acknowledgement of one's own humanity and the humanity of everyone with whom one comes in contact. Ultimately, the two are one, since it is impossible to deny the humanity of another while still laying any kind of claim to one's own.

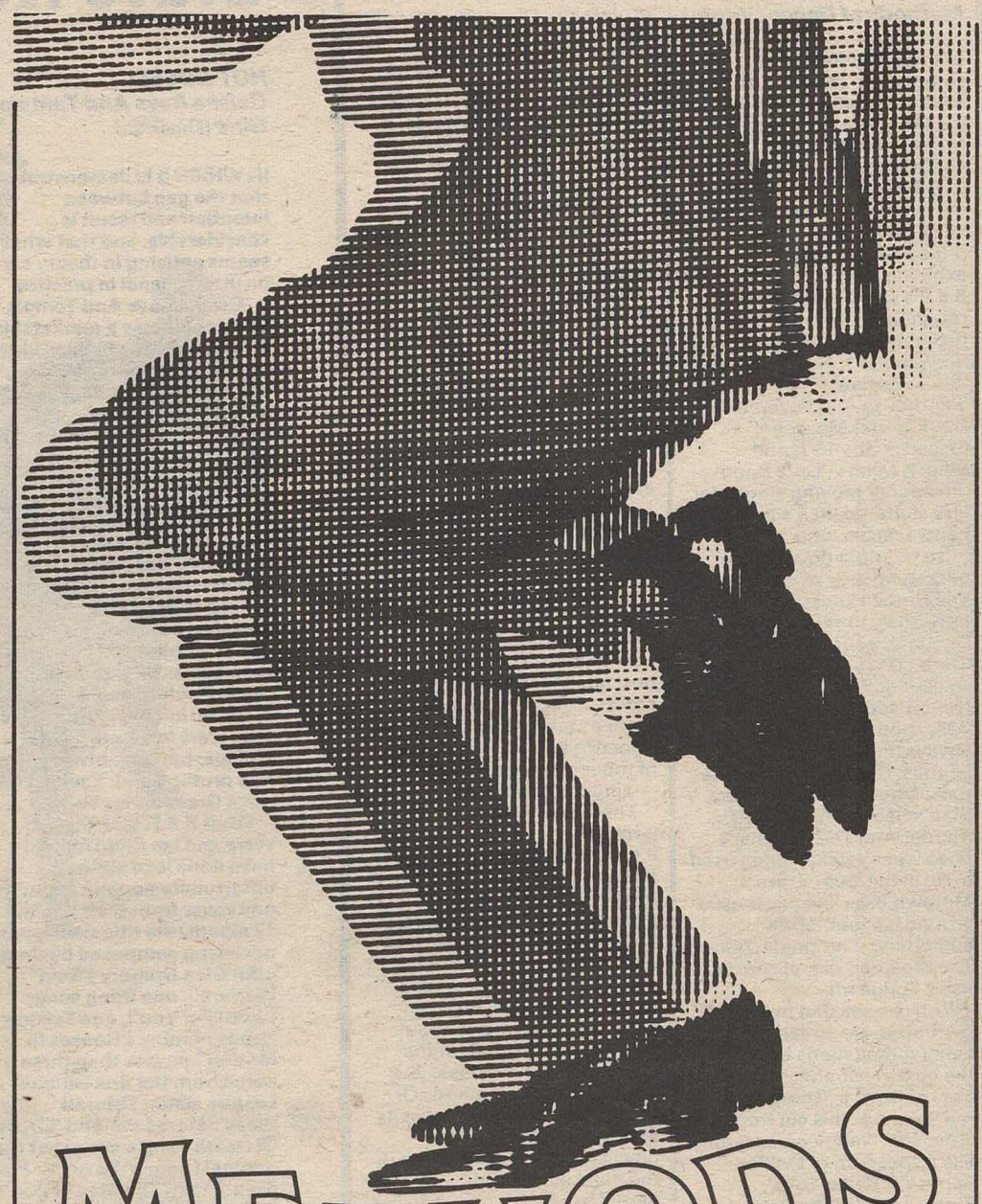
Or to put it another way: *"Ain't no man who has no friends/But I know sparks turn into flames/Love fire burning bright again."* And another: *"I said you must be blind/Can't you see mankind?"*

The reasonings that come through in the tunes are powerful good sense — check 'Ina Your Rights' for a very skanking discourse on the virtues of staying in touch with the truth as you experience it — but it's the music which supports and demonstrates the communications: music you can lean on, dance to or move around in. Angus Gaye's swinging, galvanic drums are further back in the mix than they'd be at a live show or on a disco 45, but he demonstrates his master's touch just the same: the air of jauntiness that he gives 'Ways Of The Lord' being particularly impeccable. Tony Gad's keyboards are everywhere, but his bass is where it should be: right in line with Drummie's bass drum. Levi keeps the rhythms satisfied and tickled too, and Brinsley Forde's lean, warm, persuasive way of curling around a lyric simply proves the adage: he who feels it, knows it.

'New Chapter' is packed with songs and ideas, an album overflowing with craft, feeling and integrity. (Somewhere along the line, I have omitted to mention the exceptionally beautiful 'Didn't Know At The Time', which omission is now rectified).

Several months ago, I spent an afternoon listening to semi-complete versions of the songs on this album, and found them to be the most deeply affecting reggae music I'd heard from a British band. Hearing the album simply confirms that feeling: it's all of that and one of the very, very best albums of this year. This music is crucial: *listen.*

Charles Shaar Murray



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VARIOUS ARTISTS
Methods of Dance (Virgin)

Island's 'Mutant Disco' compilation smacked of advance orders: a sampler for the (as yet unrealised) for-Zeable future. By comparison Virgin's 'Methods Of Dance' comes a little after the event and smacks of stock-taking.

It's a retrospective exhibition which includes B.E.F's sharp instrumental rough-up of 'Groove Thang' (from the cassette 'Music For Stowaways'); Heaven 17's 'Soul Warfare' (from 'Penthouse And Pavement'); D.A.F.'s 'Der Mussolini' (based on the 12"); and Simple Minds' 'Love Song' — the mighty moving single, far less cluttered than a lot of the band's recent work.

So far (right down to the packaging ploy of including The Human League's previously unreleased 'Do Or Die Dub', a sort of overture for 'Dare') there's a logic to the selection: Euro-dance, techno-soul, or maybe just white pop — which has always had its eye on black sounds. Or maybe just white rock: Magazine's 'The Great Man's Secret' (from 'Magic, Murder And The Weather') does what Vanilla Fudge used to do in the '60s — take a Motown bass line and weave around it a funk ROCK something. The single 'About The Weather' did, of course, use a Fudge riff . . .

You can see that my prejudices are already taking over (compilations bring out the best in people), and, in the case of Devo's 'Going Under', my laughter: this cut from 'The New Traditionalists' runs like a speed-up of Golden Earring's 'Radar Love'. Fingerprintz's 'The Beat Escape' from 'Beat Noir' — well, that's selected because they happen to be on the Virgin label and are trying to live down the cold professional pop-rock tag with a bit of hurried synth-interrupted AWB.

However, 'Methods Of Dance' never descends into the rag bag. It even stands in further symmetrical relation to 'Mutant Disco': under the Island palm tree logo Ian Penman made his notes, and by the sign of the entrepreneurial maiden — actually, a modernist rectangle these days — Paul Morley writes, heaping instructive puns around the notion of sleeve (notes). He even continues his epistolary love affair with Phil Oakey, and obviously won't be satisfied till there's an *Electric Blue* video cassette of an encounter of some sort . . .

You've read the arguments of these latter in Paul's *NME* pieces. On the sleeve he puts his finger on problems which he doesn't quite confront. For example, "neurotic young boys" make the music of the compilation. This statement is best applied to the swoon croon of Japan's 'The Art Of Parties', taken from the 12". Dance to it? Yes, in the sense of movement, choreography — sinuous geometry.

There's nothing inherently wrong with this dance stance; it's just that your average boho or critic doesn't so much think this one through, as think about it and talk talk talk about the dance floor to the point of neurosis. The white person's burden? He or she will even throw in a few sub-Reichian notions about dancing being good for the body and soul. Perhaps. Just remember that 'Methods Of Dance' can be a little fast in its lessons, and that its split physicality resides as much in the mind as the body. I'm partial to a bit of schizo-analysis. May all your mental disco days be paralytic.

Paul Tickell

O Brave New Pop, that has such dreck in it

HOT GOSSIP
Geisha Boys And Temple Girls (DinDisc)

IN WHICH it is demonstrated that the gap between intention and result is considerable, and that what seems enticing in theory can be utterly banal in practice.

'Geisha Boys And Temple Girls' combines a marketable image — Arlene Phillips vision of all-action white girls and black boys in bondage — with a marketable noise — the British Electric Foundation's combination of computer drums, ingratiating synths and bouncing superfunk bass. Replacing a scrapped Hot Gossip debut album masterminded by Landscape, this album appears to have set out to create a secondary object as a spin-off from the primary object: Hot Gossip themselves (if they have 'selves', which seems doubtful in the extreme, since they were 'created' by Ms Phillips; presumably out of raw protoplasm). The result is *not* a Grace Jones album.

What B.E.F. (aka Martyn Ware and Ian Craig Marsh) have done is to kit the unfortunate hoofers out with one cover from their Heaven 17 album (the title track), one new song composed by them with Glen Gregory ('Soul Warfare'), one Sting song ('Born For You'), one Talking Heads number ('Houses In Motion') no less than three items from the first Human League album ('Morale', 'The Word Before Last' and 'Circus Of Death') and a song that the original League did under the pseudonym The Men ('I Don't Depend On You').

It is possible that Marsh and Ware wished to demonstrate how much they've learned about their craft since the days of 'Reproduction' but what is gained by a slight increase in synthesiser expertise is lost because no one in Hot Gossip is remotely capable of reinterpreting Philip Oakey's vocal parts, let alone his lyrics. None of the singers on the album have a vocal personality between them, but if B.E.F. had supplied backing tracks of sufficient dynamism and drive, this deficit would not be a problem.

This album is not simply cheap, exploitative dreck, but it's cheap exploitative dreck that even lacks the guts and flash that has been the redeeming feature of great trash throughout the 20th century. Trash without energy is unforgivable, and this doesn't even have enough drive to crawl into its own grave.

Charles Shaar Murray

BOB CALVERT
Hype — The Songs Of Tom Mahler (A-side)

Hype (New English Library Paperback)

'HYPE' is a triple-pronged project from this former Hawkwind personage, comprising the book, the LP and a tour. The meaning of the record is obscure without knowledge of the book, which is a kind of corruption thriller with a strong smell of personal bitterness. Central to this accusatory tale is one Tony Cahn, an A&R man with a recording multi-national, frantic to inherit the throne of his ageing director, and in fierce competition with a contemporary called Gifford.

Mahler, an 'ARP' recording artist, was signed at Cahn's instigation two albums ago, and hasn't sold a lot of copies. The story concerns Cahn's self-inflating, ruthless promotion of Mahler to legendary status via the most exorbitant 'hype' ever, in the course of which he does *many unscrupulous things.*

Calvert has a deeply jaundiced view of everyone in sight. The biz people are power-mad and vicious; Mahler, a spineless jerk; Mahler's manager a creep; the *NME* journalist, a depraved hustler. (The *NME*, I *have* to tell you is, *"columns of pseudo-hip trivia, in-jokes, and pictures of identikit rock nonentities."*)

He certainly makes his point with admirable venom.

The book's strength lies in its escalation into what moderate folk would call "too far" and what hard-nosed cynics would call "highly probable". It's that nasty feeling of 'could it happen?' that gives the tale its sting.

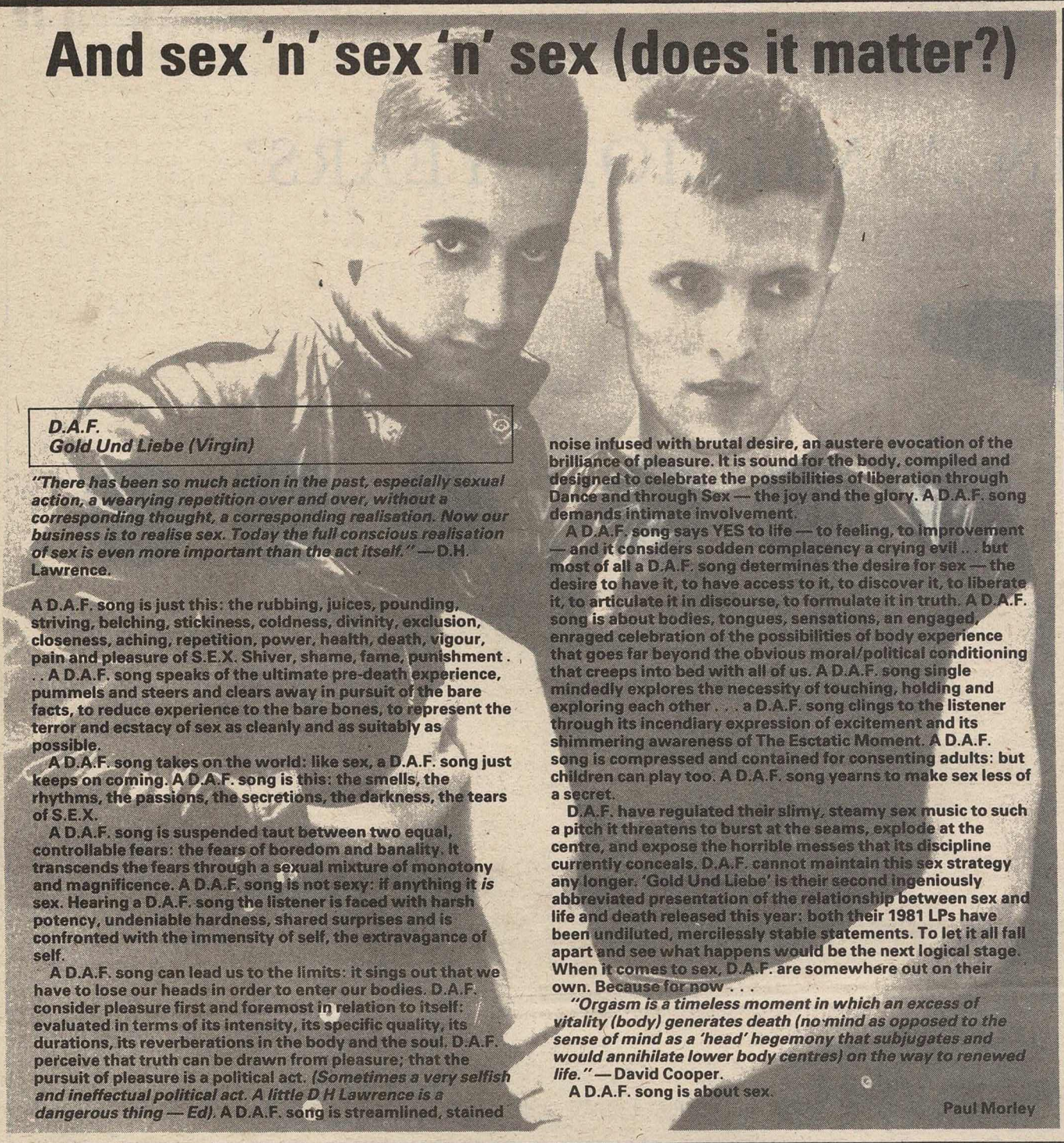
The album, then, is drawn from the fictitious repertoire of the fictitious Mahler, and my interpretation is that it's a straight-faced, workmanlike piss take, which I don't advise you to buy inless you're crazy 'bout the book.

Mahler's music is a competent modernist pop-beat dealing in familiar themes of paranoia, lust, loathing, and fear, with a pinch of trad rock 'n' rolling thrown in. It's played by, basically (do you remember?) Bethnal, and sung by Calvert in tones strongly suggestive of Bolan and Geldof. Hmmmmmmmm. As a delicate parody, it's accurate enough. As a five-pound investment, not recommended, though I wonder how they'll play it live.

Dave Hill

Hot Gossip, Loose Talk.

And sex 'n' sex 'n' sex (does it matter?)



Gabby & Robert, hard & shiny

D.A.F.
Gold Und Liebe (Virgin)

"There has been so much action in the past, especially sexual action, a wearying repetition over and over, without a corresponding thought, a corresponding realisation. Now our business is to realise sex. Today the full conscious realisation of sex is even more important than the act itself." — D.H. Lawrence.

A D.A.F. song is just this: the rubbing, juices, pounding, striving, belching, stickiness, coldness, divinity, exclusion, closeness, aching, repetition, power, health, death, vigour, pain and pleasure of S.E.X. Shiver, shame, fame, punishment . . . A D.A.F. song speaks of the ultimate pre-death experience, pummels and steers and clears away in pursuit of the bare facts, to reduce experience to the bare bones, to represent the terror and ecstacy of sex as cleanly and as suitably as possible.

A D.A.F. song takes on the world: like sex, a D.A.F. song just keeps on coming. A D.A.F. song is this: the smells, the rhythms, the passions, the secretions, the darkness, the tears of S.E.X.

A D.A.F. song is suspended taut between two equal, controllable fears: the fears of boredom and banality. It transcends the fears through a sexual mixture of monotony and magnificence. A D.A.F. song is not sexy: if anything it *is* sex. Hearing a D.A.F. song the listener is faced with harsh potency, undeniable hardness, shared surprises and is confronted with the immensity of self, the extravagance of self.

A D.A.F. song can lead us to the limits: it sings out that we have to lose our heads in order to enter our bodies. D.A.F. consider pleasure first and foremost in relation to itself: evaluated in terms of its intensity, its specific quality, its durations, its reverberations in the body and the soul. D.A.F. perceive that truth can be drawn from pleasure; that the pursuit of pleasure is a political act. *(Sometimes a very selfish and ineffectual political act. A little D H Lawrence is a dangerous thing — Ed).* A D.A.F. song is streamlined, stained noise infused with brutal desire, an austere evocation of the brilliance of pleasure. It is sound for the body, compiled and designed to celebrate the possibilities of liberation through Dance and through Sex — the joy and the glory. A D.A.F. song demands intimate involvement.

A D.A.F. song says YES to life — to feeling, to improvement — and it considers sodden complacency a crying evil . . . but most of all a D.A.F. song determines the desire for sex — the desire to have it, to have access to it, to discover it, to liberate it, to articulate it in discourse, to formulate it in truth. A D.A.F. song is about bodies, tongues, sensations, an engaged, enraged celebration of the possibilities of body experience that goes far beyond the obvious moral/political conditioning that creeps into bed with all of us. A D.A.F. song single mindedly explores the necessity of touching, holding and exploring each other . . . a D.A.F. song clings to the listener through its incendiary expression of excitement and its shimmering awareness of The Esctatic Moment. A D.A.F. song is compressed and contained for consenting adults: but children can play too. A D.A.F. song yearns to make sex less of a secret.

D.A.F. have regulated their slimy, steamy sex music to such a pitch it threatens to burst at the seams, explode at the centre, and expose the horrible messes that its discipline currently conceals. D.A.F. cannot maintain this sex strategy any longer. 'Gold Und Liebe' is their second ingeniously abbreviated presentation of the relationship between sex and life and death released this year: both their 1981 LPs have been undiluted, mercilessly stable statements. To let it all fall apart and see what happens would be the next logical stage. When it comes to sex, D.A.F. are somewhere out on their own. Because for now . . .

"Orgasm is a timeless moment in which an excess of vitality (body) generates death (no mind as opposed to the sense of mind as a 'head' hegemony that subjugates and would annihilate lower body centres) on the way to renewed life." — David Cooper.

A D.A.F. song is about sex.

Paul Morley

RANDY CRAWFORD
Miss Randy Crawford
(WEA)

A revival of young (24 at the time) Randy's second-ever album, never before on offer in the UK, and nicely timed for the multitude who have fallen in love with the lady on one of her monthly English tours. It could cause a few raised eyebrows, pulses too, as it shows up current product to be nothing more than a cardboard cut-out of what she really can do.

Having everything to prove and nothing yet to lose at this stage, Randy Crawford could really let loose and display the Al Greenish quality of her voice that made her special. There's not a Crusader in sight, and the producer and band stay far enough into the background.

'Miss Randy Crawford' is the best album she's ever done, and perhaps it s re-issue will motivate her sufficiently to get back on that soul train.

Lloyd Bradley

KOOL AND THE GANG
Something Special
(De-Lite)

I'M AFRAID 'Something Special' is a total dance bland-out, people. The Gang has slipped feet first into a painfully hollow groove that only works because it caters for every walk of emotion, whether strutting, strolling, or smooching.

Trying to link up this show with the primal glories of 'Jungle Boogie' or 'Higher Plane' is an unrewarding task, but it seems just as far removed from 'Celebration' and 'Ladies Night'.

In the last couple of years, De-Lite has nurtured a kind of "house sound", irrespective of whether the record is a wonder like Crown Heights Affair's 'You Gave Me Love' or a bit of dross like Coffee's 'Casanova'. Eumir Deodato (no less) has killed off the bloom of that sound: the drums have flattened to a cardboard stomp, guitars which used to whip and whisk the thick, mushy rhythms have been boiled down to mere pointers, markers of tempo.

The obvious authority behind this lightweight party-pop disco is Heatwave — pioneering commercial coups like 'Boogie Nights' and 'Gangsters Of The Groove'. But honestly, you don't need me to tell you that Ronnie Bell, J.T., and the boys do not a Rod Temperton make, or that Mr Deodato will never in a thousand years *dream* of a record like 'Razamatazz' . . .

Then again if you like your heatwaves Kool . . .

Barney Hoskyns

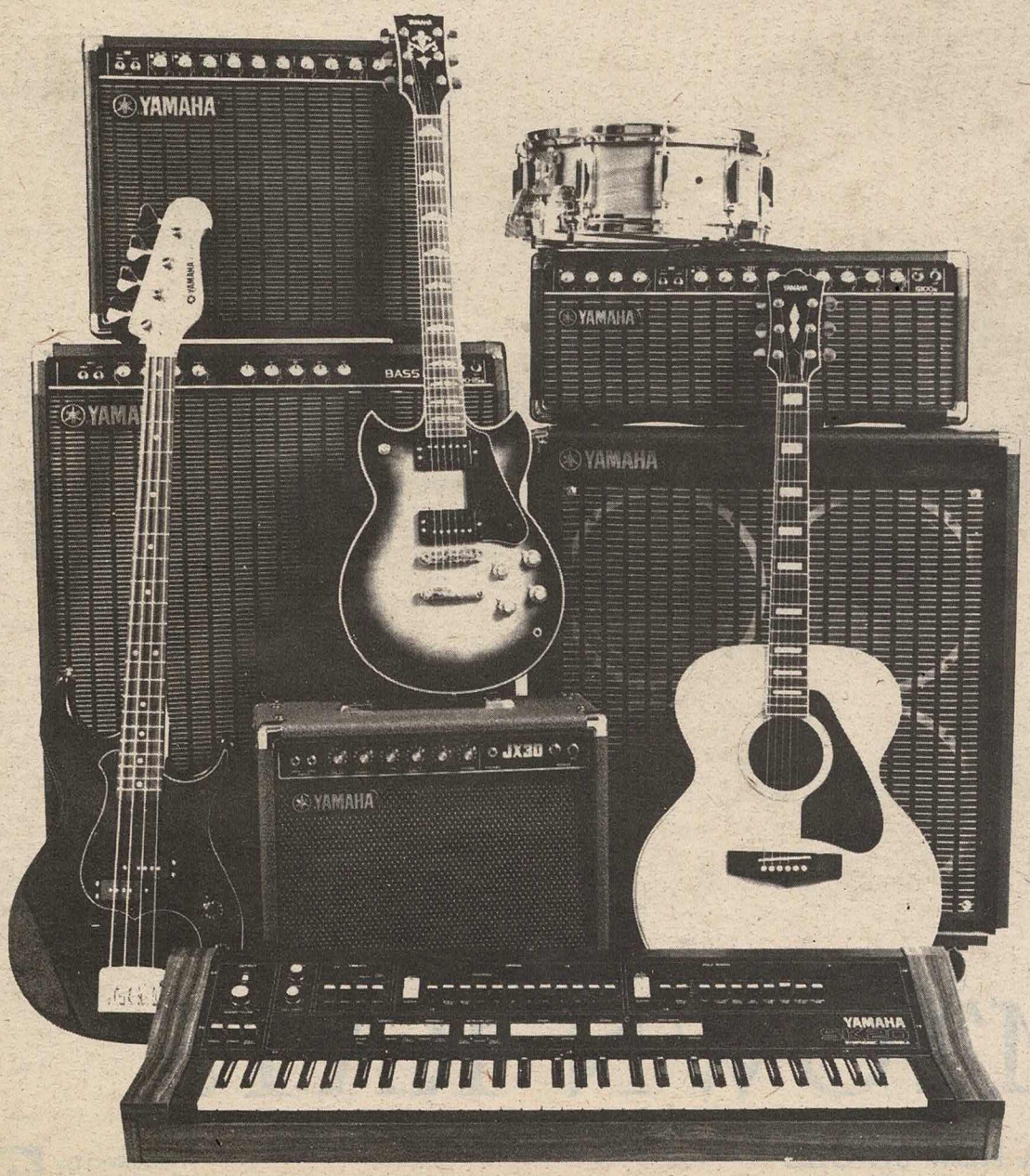
DOME
Dome 3 (Dome)

IF 'Dome 3' had been made four years ago it might have had some worth, if only as a catalyst or index of possibilities; today it just sounds dully self-indulgent: rough, grey, unfocused, and unremittingly half-baked.

The Dome process involves taking one foreground rhythmic drone or figure and dabbing sundry sounds around and about it. The recording and production are crude — perhaps deliberately so — and none of the record's ten pieces (these are "pieces", as opposed to songs, tunes or tracks) is allowed to grow or spread organically, or to gain momentum and perhaps meaning through lengthy repetition, as Gilbert and Lewis's percussive 'Cupol' outing was.

These are more rough-hewn, half-formed fragments, jottings from an aural sketchbook of sorts. Unfortunately, Dome have not that Leonardo touch.

Andy Gill



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Blood On The Skids

JAMES BLOOD ULMER
Free Lancing (CBS)

WHAT'S HAPPENING? Ornette signing to Island, Ulmer to CBS — are we witnessing a crossover in action, a calculated gamble on the art/money interface? Will it soon be harmolody in every home? Or just a series of burnt fingers, tax losses and hideous "eye catching" sleeves such as adorns this, the first Blood for CBS?

The crossover's a curious thing, not so much a hybrid intermingling of disparate styles and genres as a tentative widening of the net to catch a few more ears. At its best, it can throw up something hard and new and cutting, like Miles' 'On The Corner' — a direct comparison, since Blood deals in a similar kind of *blacknuss*-streaked jazz-funk — though it's more likely to result in a dilution of what was actually there in the first place (you know the names). It's backdoor salesmanship, tolerated but rarely condoned. It provides "serious" black artists with the chance to lounge on leather Chesterfields in fur-rug rooms — and who's to say they shouldn't?

Blood may be still some distance from the couch, though. His jazz-funk's probably too brittle for widespread public consumption — a bucking, bronchial funk of coughs and splutters, rather than the discoid saccharin associated with these things. And there's a conspicuous absence of danceworthy elasticity and space in the busy, metallic rhythms of bassist Amin Ali and drummer G. Calvin Weston; no room to move because everything's moving at once.

There are exceptions: Ali, on the title-track at least, allows some air into Ulmer's oppressive, hot-house atmospheres by simply taking care of business at the back; Weston, however, rarely misses the chance to fit another two or three internal rhythms into a piece, a kind of drumming which may be technically brilliant but which puts a straitjacket round the ears, not allowing the listener the freedom to chip in his/her own rhythmic five penn'orth.

Unlike before, there's not much else but guitar/bass/drums here, precious little to lighten the load, provide a few broad splashes of colour behind Blood's painstaking detail. Only three of the ten tracks have horns (David Murray and Oliver Lake on saxes, Olu Dara on trumpet) — most welcome whenever they appear — although three others are disciplined by additional rhythm guitar and backup girl chorus behind Blood's spiky guitar and gruff, gospel-tinged singing. Not exactly the stuff of singles, all the same. No 'Are You Glad?' about this . . .

The compositions are, at least, more focused and approachable than on 'Tales Of Captain Black' or last year's 'No Wave' outing by Blood's Music Revelation Ensemble. 'Free Lancing''s closer in spirit to 'Are You Glad?', although there's barely enough room here to accommodate anything as frivolous and un-technical as "spirit", so busy are these guys. And all work at play does tend to make James a dull boy . . .

Ulmer's at times too needlessly note-happy, too Johnny Mac by half; does his pulse ever do aught but race? The appeal of his musicianship — his supposed genius — lies, like McLaughlin's, in the notes he plays, and especially the speed at which he plays them, rather than in the sounds he produces, which are without exception couched in that clear and colourless stinging tone so beloved of jazz guitarists through the ages. The theory and note-to-note relationships may well be harmolodic (and no, I wouldn't recognise harmolody if it bit me on the arse), but that doesn't prevent the sounds Blood obtains being at times downright ugly. The concept of "beauty" would not seem to figure too highly in the harmolodic scheme of things . . .

'Free Lancing' could be the first example of a new kind of relentlessly virtuosic jazz-funk, a testifying type of soul. On the other hand, it may well be the most indigestible "jazz-rock" record since 'The Inner Mounting Flame'. I dunno. I'm in two minds. A bit of a crossover situation all round, really.

Andy Gill

Chat, chaussure, voiture — *Pic: Pennie Smith*

Cats out one bag, in another

THE STRAY CATS
Gonna Ball (Arista)

FOR A trio so preoccupied with a style summed up in a quiff, The Stray Cats can make a pretty mean music. With tough-baby rollercoaster rides like 'Runaway Boys' or the seminal 'Stray Cat Strut' I was prepared to take them on; with 'Gonna Ball' IM NOT SO SURE.

There's nothing intrinsically wrong with playing rockabilly in the '80s, just as there ought to be space for hard bop and west coast cool, another coupla '50s lookouts. It's down to what's said, what's put out — and the Cats are going to have to put out plenty if they're going to keep up anything like their previous momentum, with rockabilly due to go into recession again as the roundabout moves on. The Polecats' 'Rockabilly Guy' is already sounding as fresh as week-old porridge.

'Gonna Ball' is presumably moulded with this in mind: stuck in the revolving door between mainstream and cultish appeal, undecided on which side to jump out. The track listing fo the first side shows up the dilemma. Covers of Johnny Burnette's 'Baby Blue Eyes' and Wyonie Harris' 'Wasn't That Good' (archetypal bloodshot sleaze, this) stick close to the primer, stitched up with Slim Jim Pahntom's snare bullets and Brian Setzer's rocka-rocka chords, as does Setzer's 'Little Missy Prissy'; but 'Cryin' Shame' finds twelve-bar balladry hewing in with the general rumble, soulful back-ups and all, and '(She'll Stay) Just One More Day' takes it a step further, sweating in the lounge suitswith the ghost of Jimmy Smith (Ian Stewart) at the organ.

That's about it. Because side two is fearfully dull: 'You Don't Beleive Me' and 'Gonna Ball' slice things up a bit, but instrumental padding like 'Wicked Whiskey' and 'Crazy Mixed-Up Kid' and the tepid 'Lonely Summer Nights' don't have me rushing into my cat clothes.

It's a disappointment, because Brian Setzer has it in him to achieve something remarkable yet. Setzer's fascination with rockabilly mythology runs the gamut from the hair to the guitar style but the guy has the savvy to ramrod the components into a concoction personal and virulent enough to bust out of any rusty old rockabilly shackles. A Setzer vocal is a war-whoop of physical intention; the Setzer guitar, bristling with twists ripped from the annals of Sunsound history, is the ideal complement.

Setzer the producer — along with his fellow Cats — is more open to question. The colourless sound empoyed on 'Gonna Ball' might be a deliberate step away from the Edmunds vault of reverb, but it doesn't give the music the necessary muscle. That, along with the wavering on the edge of blues band jive, is what lets the steam out of 'Gonna Ball'. Now play this set live and prove me wrong, you Cats.

Richard Cook

Product posing as revelation

RUSH
Exit . . . Stage Left (Mercury)

IT LUMBERS majestically, from one crashing climax to the next. A dull, male roar rises with the announcement of each successive number. A whole four sides of Rush, live in concert, from Canada to Glasgow!

It can't fail, and it won't. We'll have to take the success of 'Exit . . . Stage Left' for granted. So all that remains is to sulk and snipe from a corner. Here's some sneers for souvenirs . . .

It'd be stupid to deny Rush's talent at what they do. Even bombastic pomp can achieve a sort of magnificence in the hands of its best practitioners. There are parts of this set (the epic drive of 'Spirit of Radio' and the pastoral atmospherics of 'The Trees') which I'd consider home-taping before selling the review copy — if only, of course, the two activities weren't illegal. What's also beyond dispute is that Lifeson, Lee and Peart are accomplished musicians, at least in the sense that they're "clever with their hands" — if that's really what impresses you. People aren't fools: they wouldn't keep buying Rush unless it genuinely did something for them.

Okay, fair-minded provisos out of the way, let's put the boot in. The popularity of this music is the mass-appeal of Art-substitute. Like the gruesome prints in gaudy gilt frames the chain-stores sell, here's some ersatz culture. The mystic pseudo-poetry, the ponderous, inexorable riffs, the prefabricated grandeur: it's a calculated illusion of profundity. From the old-fashioned cleverness of the record-sleeve (glossy, unfathomable symbolism, plus a bit of skirt to help flog the thing) to those good old drum solos (endless, egocentric, pointless displays of expertise), it's product with pretensions to revelation.

Track listing: 'The Spirit Of Radio'; 'Red Barchetta'; 'YYZ'; 'A Passage To Bangkok'; 'Closer To The Heart'; 'Beneath, Between And Behind'; 'Jacob's Ladder'; 'Broon's Bane'; 'The Trees'; 'Xanadu'; 'Free Will'; 'Tom Sawyer'; 'La Villa Strangiato'.

Paul Du Noyer

Revelation as product

MISTY IN ROOTS
Wise And Foolish (People Unite)

WHAT singular situation do Southall reggae ambassadors Misty In Roots share commonly with A Certain Ratio, The Exploited, Au Pairs, UB40, Crass, Anti-Pasti, Cabaret Voltaire and Joy Division?

Answer: all have assailed the same competitive adversity of contemporary endeavour, the proud and punctilious imperium of the *dernier cri;* graced the modern Athenian's arbor of Akademia with their heroic fulminations and graduated with honour; have surmounted, in short, the *New Musical Express* independent long players listing in recent months; with the album under review in supreme contention thrice in four weeks and maintaining its placing among the front running trio for a total of seven. Even as I write 'Wise And Foolish' holds a place in the ascendant half of the chart.

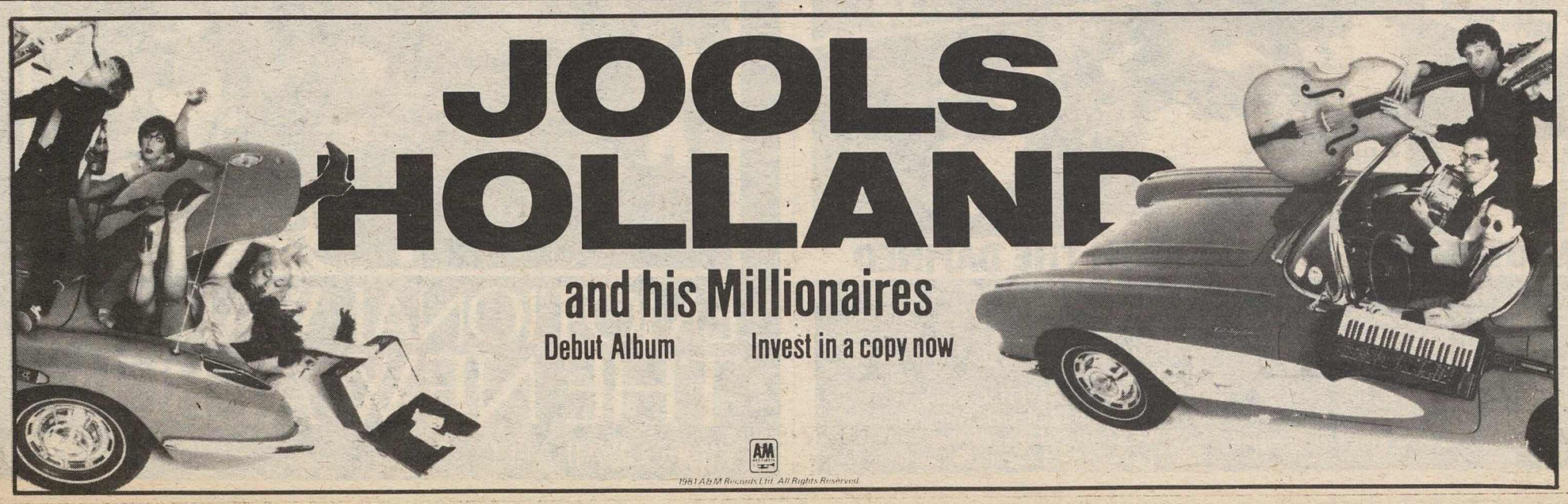
All of which is by way of introduction to belated discussion of the record, an eight track set of songs and the group's first studio LP. A previous waxing 'Live At The Counter Eurovision' also providing them with an extended run of 18 weeks in the independent chart.

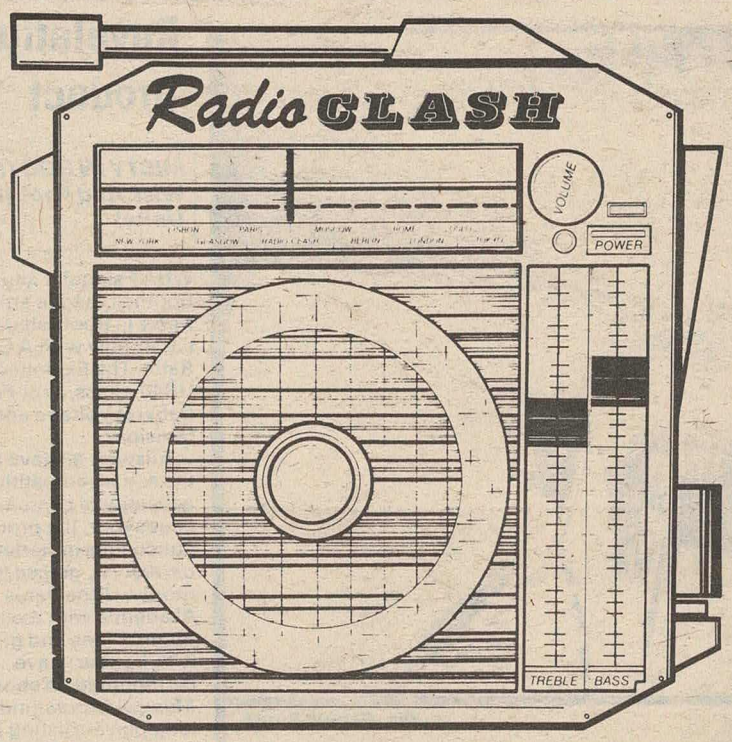
'Wise And Foolish' is a very different piece of music to its predecessor. Subdued is the militant Misty In Roots sound in favour of a thoughtful production where the accompanying instrumentation plays a predominant part, especially as regards the horn section, and gone is the rough urgency that so faithfully characterises the group's onstage persona, to be replaced by a more realised performance of careful harmony exchange and clever arrangements. Gone too are the favourite compositions such as 'Oh Wicked Man' and 'Judas Iscariot', which have served the group for more than five years, for a set of previously unheard titles, encompassing a wider range of styles.

Especially evocative are the gentle Walford Tyson compositions, 'City Blues' and 'Life Boat', meandering to wistful conclusion, while 'Jah Bless Africa' is an upful calypso flavoured chant that merits particular acknowledgement on account of its danceworthiness, the perfect vehicle for its sentiment.

The title track postulates a moral tale much referred to in reggae lyrics, hence: *the wise man builds his house on the rock, the foolish man builds his house on the sand;"* Live Up' and 'Peace And Love' segregate into dub excursions of themselves, and the whole is an enjoyable listen.

Penny Reel





THE CLASH
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JAZZ

Don Cherry with a dream

IN THE 20 years since Ornette Coleman had jazz all shook up, the spread of Colemanology has touched the furthest reaches of the music. Ornette has himself moved into the parameters of Prime Time's wired-up funk giantism. Even so, the original mode that made those extraordinary Atlantics the bible of jazz expressionism in their time still has a welter of possiblities to be worked out.

Old And New Dreams have chosen to look at the idea again; and their latest report, 'Playing' (ECM), is a rapturous vindication of the faith. It is one of the great records of this year. From Ornette's original group, Don Cherry, Charlie Haden and Ed Blackwell are joined by Dewey Redman to breathe anew the breeze of pure melody — untainted by time in a chordal prison or behind a harmonic frontier — that blew through the awakening spirits of the first post-Parker innovators.

Of the six tracks (all recorded live in Austria in June 1980), three come from Coleman's muse. 'Happy House' is one of his jigging rockers — Cherry has a fabulous outing on trumpet, pitched in direct argument to the grain of the bass and drums. 'New Dream' investigates the same tempo and Cherry is even greater; Redman seems so bewitched his tenor suddenly crackles in to join the trumpet as if he can't hold back from the music any longer. The very sound of stealth permeates 'Broken Shadows', Redman switching to beleaguered musette as Blackwell introduces the totems of mystery into the rhythm.

Cherry's 'Mopti' is a meeting of two hemispheres. The bass and drums are inseparable, the horns conduct a rivetting dialogue. Blackwell's feature will change your mind about drum solos. Haden's 'Playing' induces bass playing so elemental that it seems a final solution for the handling of this difficult role — and the answer is so simple, so direct. Charlie dedicates it to the children of the world. You must try and hear this record.

As **Amiri Baraka** says in the sleevenote to 'New Music — New Poetry' (India Navigation import), poetry can been seen as speech musicked — so his is a natural hybrid between preaching black poetry and the clamorous spirits of the new jazz. Nothing new, conceptually, but Baraka's propagation does score over, say, Gil Scott-Heron in using a primitively raw setting for some exceptionally heavy rapping. David Murray sets his tenor to rip and ravage the stream of verse Baraka puts out while Steve McCall chooses the rhythm from the drumstool. The contest inverts the usual face-off — while Murray frets and roars, Baraka consistently holds his cool, insists on his dignity. There is a verse sheet but you can hear every word.

The poet's concern, though often aimed at the emptiness of bourgeois art in general, is directed against the oppression of working class Black America. Of course. And our distance (literal and otherwise) tells against our involvement. But there are moments when the invective and the growl of the sax coalesce for a belt in the consciousness anyone can feel. Jazzoetry is still in the ring.

I've championed **McCoy Tyner's** groups before — grandstanding excitement made good by rigorous, combative intelligence — and if the other two frighten you, 'La Leyanda De La Hora' might almost make you want to CBS shows no dramatic change of policy, five originals ribboned by Afro-Cuban rhythms that don't let the frontliners get too settled. His old favourite 'Walk Spirit, Talk Spirit' is freshly spun and rumbled by an excellent band — Paquito D'Rivera and Chico Freeman are enough to make saxophone dreams come true, D'Rivera's light-headedness balanced by Chico's serious-minded though punchy tenor. 'La Busca' and 'Ja'cara' spoon over strings, but Tyner's got enough in the tunes to dodge lachrymose gratuities. This is romanticism with a mailed fist: gold-darn pretty little numbers, this is a fine record.

Richard Cook

ANOTHER GREAT RECORD FROM THE DAMNED

ANOTHER GREAT TOUR FROM THE DAMNED

Thu 19 BRADFORD, Tiffany's
Fri 20 COLWYN BAY, Pier Promenade
Sat 21 MANCHESTER University
Sun 22 READING, Top Rank
Mon 23 BRIGHTON, Top Rank
Tue 24 CARDIFF, Top Rank
Wed 25 BIRMINGHAM, Locarno
Thu 26 BLACKBURN, King George's Hall
Fri 27 STOKE-ON-TRENT, Victoria Hall
Sat 28 LIVERPOOL, Royal Court Theatre
Sun 29 BRISTOL, Locarno
Mon 30 DUNSTABLE, Queensway Hall
DECEMBER
Thu 3 PORTSMOUTH, Locarno
Fri 4 PETERBOROUGH, Wirina Stadium
Sat 5 WEST RUNTON, Pavilion
Sun 6 LONDON, Lyceum Ballroom

THE GAS

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TOUR NEWS

LEAGUE'S KIDS GIG

THE HUMAN LEAGUE — whose major UK tour, opening this weekend, is virtually sold out — have decided to add a third concert at Sheffield Lyceum Theatre. It's a special matinee show on the afternoon of Friday, November 27, for 400 spastic children who'll be ferried to the venue from all over Britain by a fleet of 40 Sunshine coaches, and they'll all be accommodated on the ground floor for this 4.45pm performance. The project is the brainchild of the Lyceum's manager George Webster, and it's being organised by the Batley Variety Club.

The band have also slotted in another show at Liverpool Royal Court, in addition to their two sold-out gigs there — this extra gig being a matinee for the under-18s. But there are no plans for any more London dates, despite ticket demand for their two Rainbow gigs vastly exceeding supply.

The band's previously reported new single 'Don't You Want Me', is labelled as being by Human League 100. This has no bearing on Haircut 100, but was apparently planned some months ago, and refers (for some obscure reason known only to the League) to the numerical address of the Gangster Restaurant in Sheffield!

Boney's Marcia: London concert

MARCIA BARRETT, one fourth of Boney M, headlines a solo concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, November 29, accompanied by an 18-piece orchestra — ticket prices range from £3.50 to £6.50, and there's a chance that she may play one or two other dates before the end of the year. But there are no plans for the whole group to appear in the UK for the time being, even though their sixth album is released this weekend — titled 'Boonoonoonoos', it features the London Philharmonic Orchestra and horn player Tom Scott on some tracks. As reported last week, Boney M's first and only 1981 single 'We Kill The World (Don't Kill The World)' is now available.

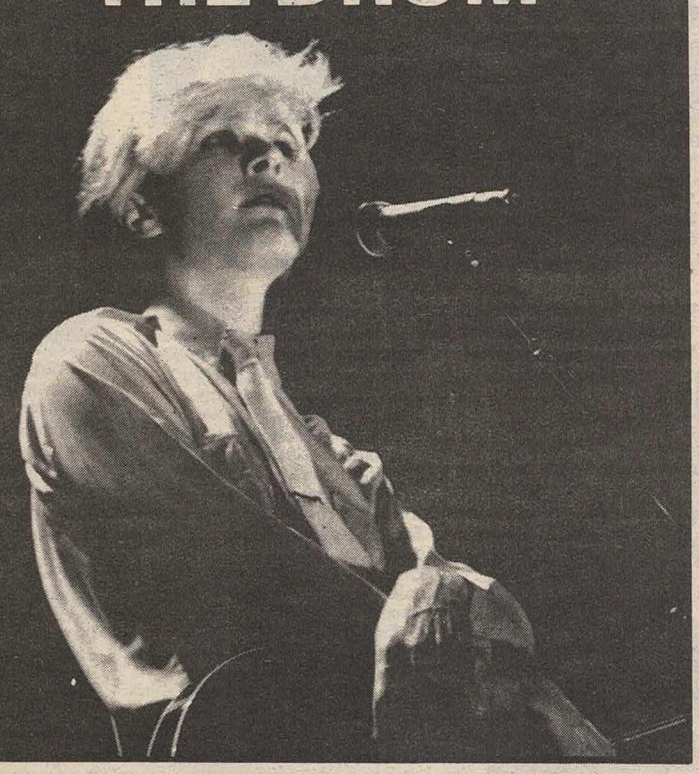
Exploited event at the Rainbow

THE EXPLOITED return from a string of concerts in Poland to play a special pre-Christmas show in London — at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, December 12. Special guests on the bill are Black Flag, Honey Bane and The Insane, and all tickets are £3.50. The band are already set to appear in the 'Christmas On Earth' festival at Leeds Queens Hall on December 20, and other major city dates — between the Rainbow and Leeds gigs — are at present being finalised and will be announced shortly.

Funkapolitan to go on the road

FUNKAPOLITAN are going on the road this weekend, playing a series of one-nighters through until mid-December. The first seven confirmed are at Aberdeen Fusion (tonight, Thursday), Glasgow Maestro's (Friday), Edinburgh Valentino's (Saturday), Kirklevington Country Club (Sunday), Leeds November 23), Hastings Downtown Saturdays (December 3) and Sayers Common Cinderella's (4). The remainder of their schedule will be announced in a week or two.

JAPAN BEAT THE DRUM



JAPAN have announced plans for a 14-date UK tour next month, culminating in three major London concerts immediately before Christmas. They'll be performing material from their new Virgin album 'Tin Drum', released this weekend, as well as their current single 'Visions Of China'. The band are currently putting the final touches to their new show, which is expected to feature a new stage set, in keeping with the general Chinese theme of the new LP.

Dates are St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (December 7), Portsmouth Guildhall (8), Leeds Queens Hall (10), Lancaster University (11), Liverpool Empire (12), Manchester Apollo (13), Newcastle City Hall (14), Edinburgh Playhouse (15), Birmingham Odeon (17), Brighton Centre (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), London Dury Lane Theatre Royal (21 and 22) and London Hammersmith Odeon (23).

Tickets are on sale now, but prices vary from one venue to another, so readers should check at individual box-offices. It's understood that another performance at London's Theatre Royal — either a matinee or a midnight show — is likely to be added to Japan's schedule.

Sabbath, UFO start the New Year right

BLACK SABBATH have announced plans for a major British tour, their first for a year, starting with four London shows from New Year's Eve and continuing until mid-January. The band, whose latest album 'Mob Rules' is now on release, will be presenting their full American stage show, and intend to compensate fully for their non-appearance at the Port Vale heavy-metal festival in the summer.

Dates are London Hammersmith Odeon (December 31, January 1-3 inclusive), Newcastle City Hall (5 and 6), Edinburgh Ingleston Royal Highland Exhibition Hall (8), Stafford New Bingley Hall (9), Leeds Queens Hall (12) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (14). Ticket prices are £5.50, £5 and £4.50 (London); £5 and £4.50 (Newcastle); and £5 only (the other four venues).

Tickets are available from the venue box-offices for all shows — except Edinburgh, where they may be obtained from the Odeon and the Playhouse (Edinburgh), the Apollo and Listen Records (Glasgow), Cathy McCabe Records (Dundee), Other Record Shop (Aberdeen) and A&N Records (Ayr).

Additional outlets for Leeds are at Barkers (Leeds), HMV (Bradford), Virgin (Sheffield), JAT (Wakefield) and Sound Effects (York). Additional outlets for Stafford are Cyclops (Birmingham), Sundance (Wolverhampton), Mike Lloyd Records (Stoke), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Royal Court Theatre and 'enny Lane Records (Liverpool), Ear 'Ere Records (Lancaster) and Spillers (Cardiff).

UFO begin their first UK tour for almost a year early in January, and they'll have a new album issued by Chrysalis to coincide — it's still untitled, but is currently being mixed in New York. More dates have still to be confirmed, including at least two in London, but those set so far are Hanley Victoria Hall (January 7), Manchester Apollo (8), Liverpool Empire (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Edinburgh Playhouse (13), Glasgow Apollo (14), Sheffield City Hall (15), Birmingham Odeon (17), Leicester De Montfort Hall (18), Bristol Colston Hall (19) and Southampton Gaumont (20.) Tickets are now on sale at all venues, except Bristol, though the Colston Hall is accepting postal bookings.

☐ HAWKWIND are playing a short series of pre-Christmas concerts, highlighted by a show at London Rainbow on December 18. Their other five dates are at Stroud Leisure Centre (December 12), Poole Arts Centre (13), Bath Pavilion (14), Maidstone Mid-Kent Centre (16) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (19.)

UB40 FOR STAFFORD

UB40, just back from an extensive European tour, have decided to play two short-notice concerts in the Midlands as a pre-Christmas gesture to their fans. They've chosen Stafford Bingley Hall for the shows, as it's the nearest large arena to their home base. The first gig is next Tuesday (24), with tickets at the specially reduced price of £1.50. Admission to the second concert on Wednesday (25) is free, but all tickets are being distributed via UB40's office through unemployment centres and youth clubs.

☐ THE BEAT play Hanley Victoria Hall on December 11, a re-arranged gig from their last tour. During the next two or three weeks, they'll also be playing a few low-key dates on the college circuit, which won't be announced in advance. And in addition to their Jobs For Youth concert at London Rainbow on November 28, they're planning two similar shows at Birmingham Bingley Hall.

Samson back to usual strength

SAMSON are back in action again after a period of inactivity, caused by the loss of their vocalist Bruce Bruce to Iron Maiden. They've now found a replacement in Nicky Moore, who previously sang with Jim Sullivan's Tiger and more recently fronted his own band. He joins the nucleus of Paul Samson (lead guitar), Chris Aylmer (bass) and Mel Gaynor (drums), and the new line-up debuts at Cromer West Runton Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (November 24), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (25), Reading Top Rank (27) and London Marquee (December 1 and 2).

LITTLE RIVER BAND

LITTLE RIVER BAND fly into London to play a one-off concert at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on November 27 — tickets are on sale now priced £4 and £3.50. The Australian outfit's visit ties in with the release of their new album 'Time Exposure', out this week through EMI, from which the track 'Night Owls' has already been issued as a single.

☐ THE CURE will now begin their UK tour, announced last week, one day earlier than planned — a new opening date at Sheffield Lyceum on November 25 has just been slotted in. And Also The Trees will support throughout the tour, and 1313 (previously known as Teenage Jesus & The Jerks, and still featuring Lydia Lunch) join for the last four dates. including London Hammersmith Palais on December 3.

Teardrops residency — in the touring Zoo!

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES are to be the resident group at a new club which opened in Liverpool earlier this month, called Club Zoo. Although it's based at The Pyramid in Liverpool for the first five weeks, a feature of the club is that it will have no permanent base, and will be situated for occasional residencies in other major centres — including a European tour starting in February.

Club Zoo will offer two sets nightly by the Teardrops, and various other performances (not necessarily conventional rock bands), plus videos and taped music. The club will exist for one year only, closing on November 9, 1982. Membership of the club, which will include regular newsletters and the handling of travel arrangements, is £1 — send cheque or PO (with SAE) to Club Zoo Membership, 18 Leamington Road Villas, London W11.

The first batch of dates is Liverpool Pyramid (this Thursday, November 24-26, December 1-3, 14-16 and 21-23); Dublin McGonagles (December 7-9); and London Hammersmith Palais (January 3-5). Tickets for the Pyramid are £2 (members) and £2.50 (others). ● *See also page 55*

ASWAD IT'S ALL ABOUT!

ASWAD are playing a series of major headlining dates next month, to tie in with the release this weekend of their first album for the CBS label, 'New Chapter'. With more gigs still being finalised, those confirmed so far are at Nottingham Rock City (December 4), Sheffield Lyceum (5), Glasgow Mayfair (6), Edinburgh Coasters (7), Manchester University (8), Norwich Gala Entertainments Centre (11), Reading Central Club (12), Portsmouth Locarno (13), Cardiff University (16) and London Victoria The Venue (17). A single from the new LP, titled 'Ways Of The Lord' has just been issued.

LINX: DOMINION DOUBLE EXTRA

LINX have sold out the three London shows next month, which climax their first-ever UK tour starting this weekend — so they've added a further two concerts at the same venue, the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road. The first is a 3pm matinee for the under-16s only on Saturday, December 5 — all tickets £3, on sale at the box-office from 11am this Sunday (22). The other is a regular evening show on Monday, December 7 — tickets £5, £4 and £3, on sale from 10.30am next Monday (23). Linx will be supported on all their tour dates by Manchester band The Mothmen, who will have an album issued on Do It Records in the New Year.

☐ GRAND PRIX have been confirmed as special guests in Nils Lofgren's seven UK concerts next month, announced last week — and they also have a couple of dates in their own right at London Marquee (November 27) and Retford Porterhouse (December 5). The band's new RCA single 'Keep On Believing' is released this weekend, and is also available as a picture disc — it's taken from their upcoming album, due out in February.

☐ SQUEEZE have made a couple of changes in their UK tour schedule, reported two weeks ago. The opening night on November 27 is now at Hatfield Polytechnic instead of Brighton Top Rank, and the next day (28) they play Norwich East Anglia University instead of Stroud Leisure Centre. A brand new date is at Southampton Top Rank on December 16.

☐ RIP RIG (this Saturday) and PIGBAG (December 12) have pulled out of their previously announced spots at The Rox, the new Saturday-night venue at London Southgate Royalty — in fact, their management says they never agreed to play there! Newly confirmed for the venue are Mari Wilson & The Imaginations (this Saturday), Havana Let's Go (November 28) and The Belle Stars (December 19). Department S are already set for December 5.

☐ THE POLECATS return from a lenghty European tour to start work on their second album, but they'll be interrupting sessions to play a few selected gigs — the first two set are at Hitchin Regal (December 4) and London Southgate Royalty (Christmas Eve). A new single is scheduled for January release, with the LP to follow in February.

Siam in first headline trek

SIAM — the five-piece outfit featuring Jacqui Brooks on vocals, whose latest single 'Catrix' has just been issued by A&M — are going out on their first country-wide headlining tour. Dates confirmed so far are Edinburgh Nite Club (tomorrow, Friday), Newcastle University (Saturday), Liverpool Warehouse (November 25), Retford Porterhouse (27), Huddersfield Polytechnic (28), Swindon Brunel Rooms (December 1), Leeds Warehouse (3), Manchester Rafters (4), Reading Bulmershe College (5), Sheffield Polytechnic (8) and Chadwell Heath Greyhound (12).

TOUR NEWS

☐ **NINE BELOW ZERO** have added two more dates to their current extensive UK tour — at Weston-Super-Mare Burnbeck Island (December 6) and Newport Caerlon College (7).

☐ **ROSE TATTOO** will now play their Hull concert, part of their upcoming UK tour, at the Tower Ballroom instead of the City Hall on December 7. And two revised dates are Edinburgh Odeon (December 14) and Ayr Pavilion (15), instead of vice versa. The band begin their re-vamped Irish tour at Belfast Ulster Hall tonight (Thursday).

☐ **BUMBLE & THE BEEZ,** who've just finished a UK tour with John Martyn, have now lined up four London gigs in their own right — at Queen Elizabeth College (November 27), the Hope & Anchor (28), Imperial College (December 4) and College of Printing (10).

☐ **JOOLS HOLLAND, His Millionaires & Wealthy Tarts** are to be special guests on the eight pre-Christmas concerts by The Police — which, as reported, open with three nights at London Wembley Arena (December 14-16).

☐ **SLADE** have made a couple of changes in their pre-Christmas tour schedule. They have added Sheffield Lyceum on December 6, which now becomes the tour's new opening date. And on December 9, they now play Edinburgh Odeon instead of Lancaster University.

☐ **CHICK COREA** gets together with vibes star **Gary Burton** for a concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on November 30 (tickets £8.50, £7.50, £5.50 and £4.50). They also have a Scottish date at Edinburgh Queens Hall on December 4.

☐ **THE FLYING PADOVANIS** have been named as support act on the UK tour by The Pretenders, announced four weeks ago, which culminates in three London concerts in mid-December.

☐ **THE CUBAN HEELS** have added another handful of dates to their current tour, supporting their new single 'Walk On Water' and album 'Work Our Way To Heaven' — at Newcastle Buddle Arts Centre (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool Warehouse (Friday), Coventry General Wolfe (Saturday), Sheffield Limit (Sunday) and Stirling University (December 5).

HAMBI & THE DANCE have new bookings at Birmingham High Hall University (tonight, Thursday), Worcester College (Friday), Wolverhampton Poly (Saturday), London West Hampstead Moonlight (November 23), London Thames Poly (24), London City University (25), London Wimbledon Nelsons (26), London University College (27) and Farnborough College (28).

☐ **SWEET SAVAGE,** the Belfast band whose double A-side single 'Take No Prisoners'/'Killing Time' has just issued on their own Park label (through Spartan), are the support act on Thin Lizzy's current British tour.

☐ **JOHNNY & THE HURRICANES,** the veteran U.S. rock'n'roll group who had seven smash hits in quick succession 20 years ago, are playing a few UK dates as part of a full European tour — they're at Stroud Marshall Rooms (tonight, Thursday), Brighton Lewes Road Inn (Friday) and Melton Mowbray Painted Lady (Sunday). The gigs support their 'Best Of . . .' album on the London-Decca label.

☐ **MARILLION** continue their extensive one-nighter series with newly confirmed gigs at Luton Mad Hatter (November 23), Worthing Fountain Club (28), Cambridge Great Northern Hotel (December 1), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (2), Bicester Nowhere Club (4), Northampton Black Lion (5), Dunstable Wheatsheaf (9), Aylesbury Grammar School (15) and Milton Keynes Starting Gate (24). The band were detained and questioned by Anti-Terrorist Squad officers last week when, on returning to their home town of Aylesbury in the small hours of the morning, their green van was reported as being similar to the one used in the recent Chelsea bombing.

☐ **SPIDER** continue their non-stop circuit travels with new gigs at Kingston Old Crown (this Saturday), Gravesend Red Lion (Sunday), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (November 23), London Hammersmith Clarendon (24), Blackpool JR's (27 and 28), Kidderminster Boar's Head (December 11), Bristol Granary (12), Birmingham Mercat Cross (15), Isle of Grain Rock Club (19), Mier Wagon & Horses (26) and Manchester Ashton Spread Eagle (31). They tour Scotland for ten days from December 1, the first two confirmed venues being Bathgate Kain Park Hotel (6) and Bannockburn Atom Club (7).

☐ **AMAZON,** the rock band fronted by six-foot-plus blonde Lori Chacko, play London Marquee on November 24 to promote their upcoming single 'Hypnotising You'/'Fallen Angel' on the independent MegaMusic label. The group's first LP is due out early in the New Year, and this will mark their major label debut. A UK tour will coincide.

☐ **OPPORTUNITY ROCKS** is the name of a nationwide talent search organised by the National Association of Youth Clubs in association with K-Tel Records. The remaining two heats are at Manchester UMIST (November 23) and Cardiff University (24), followed by the grand final at London Tottenham-Ct. Rd. Dominion on December 12.

THE SLITS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
MONDAY 30th NOVEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
the Damned
ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE
CHARGE
BLACK FLAG

*NOT AT READING
TOP RANK SUITE READING
STATION HILL, READING
WITH CHELSEA
SUNDAY 22nd NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (inc. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 0734 57262, WEEKDAYS 10·00 AM–5·00 PM, (8·00 PM NORMAL SESSIONS). OR READING: QUICKSILVER RECORDS. ALDERSHOT: KEN'S RECORDS. WINDSOR: REVOLUTION. MAIDENHEAD: OPUS 1. OR £3·00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

*NOT AT BRIGHTON
TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON
WEST ST., BRIGHTON
MONDAY 23rd NOVEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE, TEL: BRIGHTON 25895
OR BRIGHTON: VIRGIN RECORDS, POLYSOUNDS. CRAWLEY: CLOAKS,
OR £3·00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

*NOT AT BLACKBURN
KING GEORGE'S HALL
NORTHGATE — BLACKBURN
THURSDAY 26th NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE KING GEORGE'S HALL BOX OFFICE, 9·00 AM — 5·00 PM, MON-FRI (10·00 AM — 4·00 PM SAT), TEL: BLACKBURN 51887
OR £3·00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

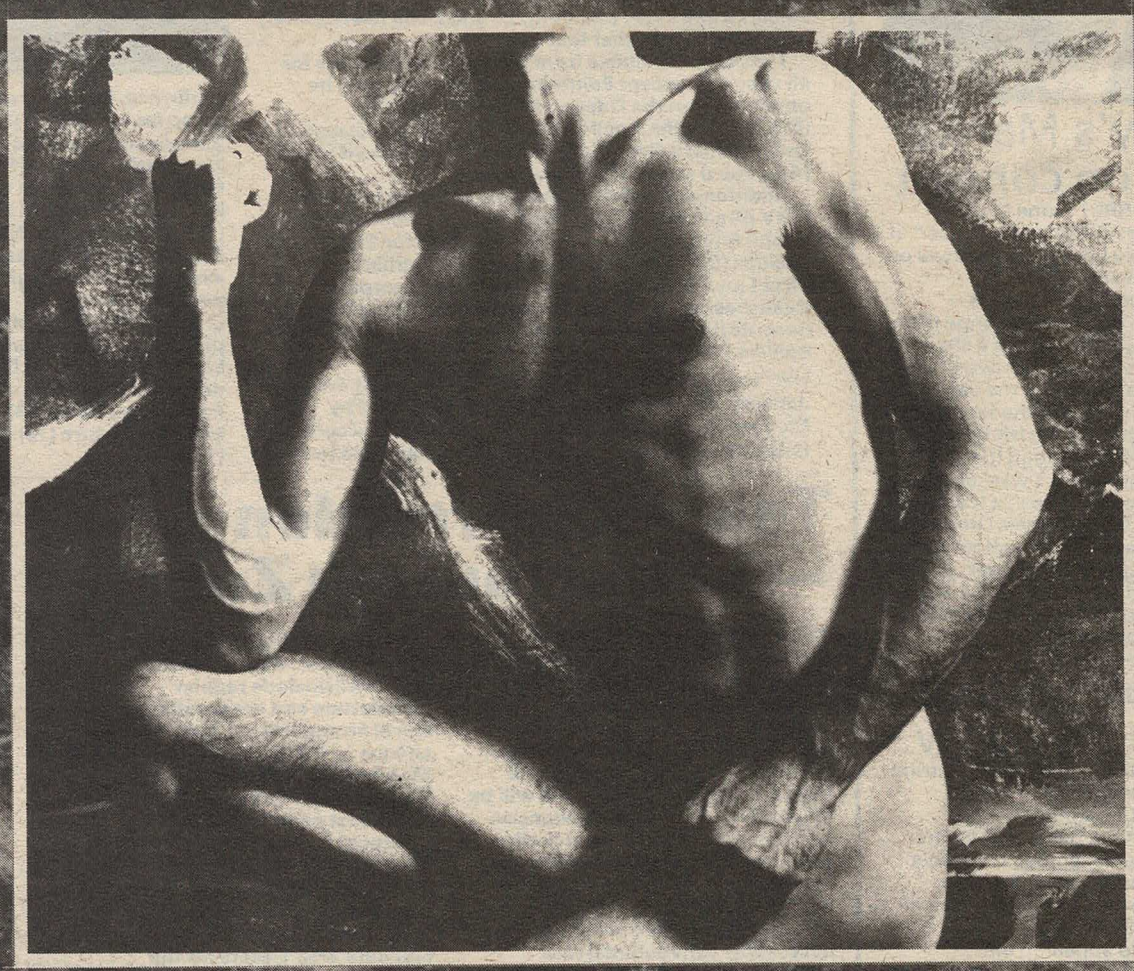
*NOT AT HANLEY
VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY
FRIDAY 27th NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE MIKE LLOYD RECORD SHOPS: 5 LAMB ST., HANLEY (STOKE-ON-TRENT), TEL: 24641; 23 HIGH ST., NEWCASTLE-U-LYME, TEL: 610940; 109 HIGH ST., TUNSTALL, TEL: 84660, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

*NOT AT PETERBOROUGH
WIRRINA STADIUM
BISHOPS ROAD, PETERBOROUGH
FRIDAY 4th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE WIRRINA STADIUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: PETERBOROUGH 64861, OR PETERBOROUGH & CAMBRIDGE: ANDY'S RECORDS, OR £3·00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 6th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
The JAMES BROWN Revue
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
NEW STREET
SATURDAY 5th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £5·50, £4·50, £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10·30 AM–3·00 PM, MON-SAT. TEL: 021 643 6101, OR ON NIGHT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6
MON/TUES 7th/8th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £6·50, £5·50, £4·50, £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT.
TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON
WEDNESDAY 9th DECEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £4·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE TEL: BRIGHTON 25895 OR BRIGHTON: VIRGIN RECORDS, POLYSOUND, SUBWAY RECORDS, CRAWLEY: CLOAKS, OR £4·00 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT

T.C MATIC



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RECORD NEWS

Quo seek 23rd hit

STATUS QUO have their new single out on Phonogram this weekend, their first since their 'Something 'Bout You Baby I Like' hit earlier this year. It's an edited version of a track on their 'Just Supposin' album, titled 'Rock'n'Roll'. The B-side plays at 33rpm and features two Quo favourites never previously available in single form, 'Hold You Back' and 'Backwater', giving the record a total playing time of 12 minutes. The band will also soon be releasing a boxed set of four of their major albums, details to follow in a week or two. Meanwhile, Quo's 1982 calendar is available from Bravado Merchandising Services Ltd. (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), 45-53 Sinclair Road, London W14, priced £3.49 (including p&p).

10cc emerge

10CC re-emerge with a new album after an absence of over two years, during which time they've been undertaking separate projects, due largely to Eric Stewart's slow recovery from the car accident in which he was involved in 1979. The LP is titled 'Ten Out Of 10', and is released by Mercury on November 27. It contains ten new songs penned by Stewart and Graham Gouldman.

● Latest singles to be reissued on the Old Gold revival label are 'The More I See You' by **Chris Montez**, 'River Deep Mountain High' by **Ike & Tina Turner**, 'Stuck In The Middle' by **Stealers Wheel**, 'Part Of The Union' by **The Strawbs** and 'I Wanna Stay With You' by **Gallagher & Lyle**.

● Misty In Roots have released two 12-inch reggae singles on their own People Unite label, both double A-siders — 'Uptown Downtown'/'No Need To Worry' by **Jenny** and 'Atomic Energy' / 'Set Me Free' by **Nathalie**. Both girls are backed by Batanai, a band featuring several members of Misty.

● **Lovely Previn**, the band who take their name from that of their lead singer, have their second single out on Secret Records this week. It's an up-date of the Johnny Kidd & The Pirates song 'I'll Never Get Over You'.

● 'Deaf', the first album by San Francisco seven-piece **You've Got Foetus On Your Breath**, is now available in the UK through Rough Trade.

● Due to the resurgence of interest in New York punk, Armageddon is reissuing the album 'Beware' by **The Misfits** — available by post at only £2.09 (including p&p) from Joanne at Armageddon Records, 452 Fulham Road, London SW6 1BY.

● 'Seeing Comes Before Words' / 'That Shape' by **The Sinatras** and 'FTN' / 'Get The Picture' by **Club Tango** are two new singles from Dining Out Records, available through Pinnacle, Virgin and other indie outlets. They are both the second releases from the bands.

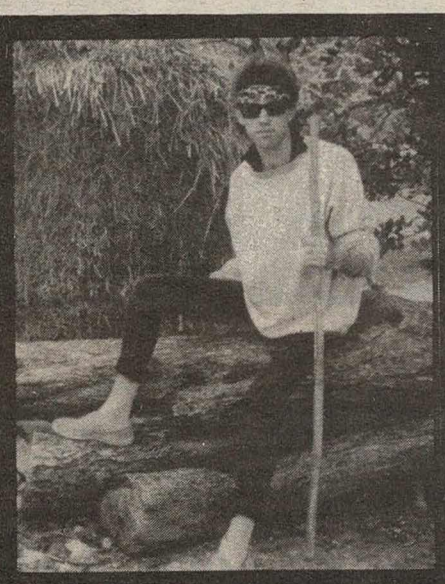
● 'Close Up' / Regular Sex' is the new single, issued this week by Safari, from **Those French Girls** — who are, in fact, an all-male five-piece. An album follows early in the New Year.

Single-minded Siouxsie

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES have their first-ever compilation album released by Polydor on December 4, titled 'Once Upon A Time: The Singles'. The ten track featured in the set are *Hong Kong Garden, Mirage, The Staircase (Mystery), Playground Twist, Love In A Void, Happy House, Christine, Israel, Spellbound* and *Arabian Knights*. The band are currently nearly the end of a lengthy American tour, and are due back in the UK at the end of this month. We can expect to see them in live action here in the New Year.

BEATLES CHRISTMAS BOX

THE BEATLES had no less than 14 EPs released during their career, many of which climbed high in the singles charts — 'Magical Mystery Tour', for instance, reached No. 2. Now EMI are reissuing all 14 EPs on December 7 as a limited edition boxed set, which will also include a special 15th EP only available with this package — this bonus record features rare stereo versions fo 'The Inner Light', 'Baby You're A Rich Man', 'She's A Woman' and 'This Boy'. The 14 standard EPs in the set are **The Beatles Hits, Twist And Shout, The Beatles No. 1, All My Loving, Long Tall Sally, A Hard Day's Night** (1 and 2), **Beatles For Sale** (1 and 2), **Yesterday, Nowhere Man, Beatles Million Sellers** and **Magical Mystery Tour** (double EP).



Geldof's getaway

BOB GELDOF gets away from it all in Ibiza, taking a breather between sessions for the new Boomtown Rats album, currently nearing competion in the island's Sound Studios for January release. It's preceded this weekend by a new single, the band's first since the beginning of this year, coupling 'Never In A Million Years' and 'Don't Talk To Me'. The Rats won't be playing any UK dates in the immediate future, but they are planning an extensive six-week tour starting in April.

Not The Nine O'Clock News and other frolics

FUNDAMENTAL FROLICS, the show staged at London Apollo in June in aid of Mencap, appears as a BBC Records album this week — among artists featured are **Elvis Costello, Ian Dury, Chas & Dave, Alexei Sayle** and the full *Not The Nine O'Clock News* team — and the concert is also available as a video cassette. At the same time, **Mel Smith** has a single out on Phonogram, titled 'Mel Smith's Greatest Hits' and produced by Queen's Roger Taylor. And together with his *Not The Nine O'Clock News* colleague **Griff Rhys Jones**, plsu **Andrew Sachs**, he's featured on the Warner Brothers album 'Glompus Van Der Hloed's Tales From The Crypt' — consisting of 15 five-minute segments of a story soon to be aired by Capital Radio.

Griff Rhys Jones produced and is featured on the album 'An Evening Without. . .', along with **Martin Bergman, Rory McGrath, Clive Anderson** and **Jimmy Mulville**, released by Original Records (with distribution by RCA). From the same label comes the 'Alternative Cabaret' LP, a collection of live material performed by **Pauline Melville, Tony Allen, Andy de la Tour** and **Jim Barclay**, all well-known for their success at London's Comedy Store. These two albums, plus the perennial 'Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy' and the more recent '439 Golden Greats' by **The HeeBeeGeeBees**, form the core of Original's "Christmas Comedy Collection".

Numan's reunion

GARY NUMAN is temprorarily reunited with his former band, who now call themselves Dramatis, on the single 'Love Needs No Disguise' which WEA release on November 27. It's the follow-up to his 'She's Got Claws' hit though, unlike that track, it's not included on his current 'Dance' album. In fact, the song was written by Dramatis and deals with the times they spent touring with Numan, and it's included on their upcoming Rocket Records album. The single version was recorded on the spur of the moment, when Numan dropped into the studios to visit the band.

● **Ringo Starr's** previously reported new album 'Stop And Smell The Roses', his first for RCA, will now be available from this weekend. One of the tracks — 'Wrack My Brain', written and produced by George Harrison — has already been issued as a single.

● Issued this weekend through WEA is a new **Foreigner** single titled 'Waiting For A Girl Like You', which has already been a Top Five hit in the States and is taken from their current album '4'. The flip-side features two of the band's classic tracks, 'Feels Like The First Time' and 'Cold As Ice'.

● The **Morrissey Mullen** album 'Up' finally sees the light of day this week on Atlantic Records. It was released in America five years ago, but has never been available in the UK. The LP was produced by the Average White Band.

Stewart's own Indian summer

AL STEWART is back in business with a double album titled 'Indian Summer', released by RCA this weekend. The first side features a batch of new studio tracks, including the title song which was recently issued as a single — while the other three sides comprise live recordings made at the Los Angeles Roxy earlier this year, and including most of Stewart's best-known material. Musicians on the LP include Mark Volman and Howard Kaylon (better known as Flo & Eddie), Poco's Steve Chapman and Stewart's own band Shot In The Dark.

● The first album from Midlands independent Clay Records, 'Live In Concert' by Stoke band **Grace**, is out this week — together with a three-track single by **Discharge** titled 'Never Again'.

● **The Diagram Brothers** have their debut album 'Some Marvels Of Modern Science' out this weekend. The 14-track set is on the New Hormones label, with distribution through the whole UK indie network.

● Trojan this week release an unusual compilation album titled 'Melodica Melodies', featuring some of the best instrumental reggae of the early '70s utilising the melodica as lead instrument. Among artists involved are **Augustus Pablo, Glen Brown, Rue Lloyd** and **Joe White**.

● **Dame Edna Everage's** appearance at London Royal Albert Hall in September, with Sir Les Patterson and the London Symphony Orchestra, is now available on EMI as a live double album. A film of the event will be seen on TV over Christmas.

● **Chas & Dave** have a new single out this week on their own Rockney label titled 'Stars Over 45'. It's taken from their new album 'Chas & Dave's Christmas Jamboree Bag', issued tomorrow (Friday) on Warwick — the first side is a segued medley of 35 old music hall songs, and side two consists of live versions of six of the duo's most popular songs.

● *Tiswas* star **Fogwell Flax** has his debut single out this week on EMI. Titled 'One Nine For Santa', it's based on a series of CB radio phrases.

● 'Big Gold Dream' is the new single from Edinburgh band **Fire Engines**, released this weekend by Pop Aural. Also available as a 12-incher with a gatefold sleeve.

THE BEAT, just back from an 18-date U.S. tour, have a new single out on their own Go-Feet label tomorrow (Friday) — it's a new band composition titled 'Hit It', a different version of which appears on the NME 'Dancin' Master' cassette. Yet another different version, an extended mix, appears on the 12-inch format.

● Spider Leg Records, the label run by Flux Of Pink Indians, release a six-track EP by Wiltshire band **The Sub-Humans** titled 'Demolition War'. It sells at 85p, and is available through Rough Trade and Small Wonder.

● Import Music Services release six albums in their rock'n'roll series, also available in cassette form — by **Marty Wilde, Jerry Lee Lewis, Fats Domino, Big Bopper, The Platters** and assorted girl groups — and packaged in '50s style. From the same source comes the LP 'Breaker' by top German band **Accept**, currently touring here with Judas Priest.

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honey bane
THE INSANE
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Nationwide Gig Guide

Human Phil *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

Slit Ari *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

ANOTHER frantic week of gig activity, with around 700 dates from which to choose. Riding on the success of their 'Dare' album, THE HUMAN LEAGUE begin a major tour in Glasgow (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Lancaster (Sunday), Coventry (Tuesday) and Bradford (Wednesday). While THE SLITS kick off one of their rare UK outings in Liverpool (Thursday), Manchester (Friday) and Northampton (Saturday).

THE POINTER SISTERS arrive in the wake of their recent chart comeback, and are in live action at Birmingham (Sunday), London (Monday and Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday). Another Stateside act hoping for a comeback is GARY U S BONDS, who begins his tour at London Hammersmith (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday). And THE RAMONES return briefly for a midnight one-off in London on Thursday.

CHELSEA are away to Preston on Thursday, DEPARTMENT S hit the road in Newcastle on Friday, and the same evening in Ipswich LINX commence their first-ever country-wide outing. And among other acts starting tours this week are RALPH McTELL, GLEN CAMPBELL, INCOGNITO, FUNKAPOLITAN, HEATWAVE and DILLINGER.

Thursday 19th

Ramones: London The Venue

Aberdeen Arts Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Aberdeen Fusion Club: **Funkapolitan**
Aberdeen Victoria Hotel: **The R.B.s**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Rose Tattoo**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Easter & The Totem**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Peter Skellern**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham (Selly Oak) Station Inn: **The Set**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Impulse**
Bournemouth The Pinecliff: **The Time**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Pendulum/Chris Burn Group**
Bradford Grammar School: **Hoketus**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Tiffany's: **The Damned / Anti-Nowhere League**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **The Volunteers / Surfin Dave & The Absent Legends**
Brighton Centre: **Cliff Richard**
Brighton New Regent: **Maximum Joy/UT**
Bristol Granary: **Atomic Rooster**
Bristol University: **Nine Below Zero**
Bromborough The Archers: **French Lessons**
Cardiff Art College: **The Beatroots**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Gillan / Budgie**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **007 / F.A.B. / The Gents**
Chester College Of Higher Education: **Fault**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Breed**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Musical Youth**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Glen Campbell / Diane Solomon**
Croydon Cartoon: **The London Apaches**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Tammy Wynette**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Combo Passe**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Neon Barbs**
Exeter Boxes: **The Gift**
Farnworth Blighty's: **The Drifters** (for three days)
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Billie Jo Spears**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Scheme / 7 Minutes**
Halifax Elland Cricket Club Club: **Bob Wilbur Group**
Harrow The Headstone: **Shell Shock**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Lazy / Alchemy**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Hot Gossip / The Berlin Blondes**
Keele University: **Martin Carthy / John Kirkpatrick / Howard Evans**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Pinkies**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Thin Lizzy**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Free State**
Leeds Warehouse: **Tenpole Tudor**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **The Slits**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The English/ The High (V)**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Liam O'Flynn / The Boyle Family**
London Brixton Town Hall: **The Members / Talkover / The Papers / Tony Allen**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Larry Wallis / The Force / Last Touch**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Panic / The Lazers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The 45s**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Pencils**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture / The Questions**
London Fulham King's Head: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Gt Portland St Albany: **Room 13**
London Hackney Britannia: **Step By Step / First Offence**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Lonond Hammersmith Palais: **Madness / The Belle Stars**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Schizsoire / Eternal Scream**
Londno Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **The Legendary Tenfoots**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Calling Hearts**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Royal College of Art: **Tandoori Cassette**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Keys**
London Marquee Club: **The News Beat**
London Marylebone The Sherlock Disco: **True Life Confessions**
London North-East Polytechnic: **The Chefs / Mood Elevators**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Heart Patrol**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Eclipse**
London Putney White Lion: **Jo-Ann Kelly Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Alex Welsh Band**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Dynamite Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Clocks / The Siberians**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Stratford Green Man: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Tottenham Court Rd The Horseshoe: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
London Victoria The Venue: **James Blood Ulmer / The Higsons**
London Victoria The Venue (midnight matinee): **The Ramones**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lee Kosmin / Gin & The Tonics**
London W1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **The Smart**
London W14 Sunset Jazz: **Terry Smith Blues Band**
Manchester Polytechnic: **TV21**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Cheaters**
Mansfield Forestown Miners Welfare: **Saracen**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Survivors**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Hostages**
Newcastle City Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Newcastle University: **Jacques Loussier**
Newcastle Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **The Cuban Heels**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Spring Offensive**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Level 42**
Norwich Flixton Rooms: **Ruby Joe / 55th St Boogie / The Whammy**
Norwich St Andrew's Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gun & The Lasers**
Nottingham Madison's: **Incognito**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Rick Wakeman**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Axa**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **British Intelligence**
Portsmouth HMS Vernon: **The Nashville Teens**
Preston Warehouse: **Chelsea**
Rotherham Travellers Rest: **Whammer Jammer**
Salford University: **Rory Gallagher**
Sheffield City Hall: **Judas Priest**
Sheffield Limit Club: **David Lindley**
Sheffield The Big Tree Hotel: **Nervous Energy**
Sheffield University: **Keith Hill's Kneecap**
Sidcup The Dutch House: **Marquis De Sade**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Stranglers / Taxi Girl**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Xena Zerox**
Stafford Gatehouse Theatre: **Steeleye Span**
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: **The Plugs**
Stockport Smugglers: **Imladris**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Uxbridge Pinn Inn Club: **Red Star Belgrade**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **The Spy's**
Wokingham Angie's: **G. T. Moore & The Outsiders**

Friday 20th

Department S: Newcastle

Aberdeen Arts Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Aberdeen University: **Powerhouse Boogie Band**
Bath Academy of Arts: **Maximum Joy**
Bath Moles Club: **The Beatroots**
Birmingham Aston University: **Nine Below Zero**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Easter & The Totem**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Charge**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The People/Nation 3**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Thin Lizzy**
Birmingham Old Crown: **Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Stourbridge College of Art & Technology: **The Daughters**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **Moscow Philharmonix (for three days)**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **The Comedy Store**
Brighton Centre: **Cliff Richard**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Chefs/Mood Elevators**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Tandoori Cassette**
Convey Island The Goldmine: **Incognito**
Carlisle Talk of the Border: **The Nashville Teens**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chris Thompson & The Islands/Headline**
Colchester Shrub End Social Centre: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **The Damned/Anit-Nowhere League**
Corby Little Theatre: **Back Door Man**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Fortress/Heartbreaker**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Judas Priest**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Samson**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Eastbourne Gongress Theatre: **Hot Gossip/The Berlin Blondes**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Fareham Technical College: **The Now/New Regime/Carnage**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Red Star Belgrade**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Human League**
Glasgow Maestro's: **Funkapolitan**
Gosport Hammond Hall: **Driving Sideways/Voltz**
Guernsey C.I. The Hermitage: **The Pulse**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Rick Wakeman**
High Wycombe Bucks College: **The Attendants**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Dillinger**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Linx**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **S.U.X.**
Leeds Brannigans: **Chelsea**
Leeds Trinity & All Saint College: **The 45's**
Leicester Polytechnic: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Cuban Heels**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Camden Town Hall: **Bob Wilbur Group**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Belle Stars**
London City Polytechnic: **The Birthday Party/Death In June**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Edukators/F.X.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Distractions/The Decorators**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **A Bigger Splash/Disco-Void**
London Feltham Football Club: **The Fantoms**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gas/Mad Shadows**
London Fulham King's Head: **the Cobras**
London Greenwich Kidbrooke House: **Traitors Gait**
London Greenwich White Swan: **We're Only Human**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Les Nouvelle Cyniques**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Catecrashers/Switchback/Short Commercial Break**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourn**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Frantics**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Some Burglars**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Higsons/Emotional Spies**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Human Beans**
London Marquee Club: **The News Beat/Hanoi Rocks/Red Baron**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Any Trouble**
London New Cross Goldsmith's College: **Dr Feelgood**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Incognito/Malc Murphy Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Johnny Mars Band**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Blackout**
London Putney Half Moon: **Alan Price**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Rubin Bros. Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Cannibals/Empty Vessels**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hotline**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Zamaica**
London Victoria The Venue: **Cayenne/Inversions/Hipnosis**
London Walthamstow Higham Hill Tavern: **Shotgun**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Tammy Wynette**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dolly Mixture/The Question/Jump Squad**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Rio & The Robots**
Loughborough University: **Tenpole Tudor**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Oedipus Complex**
Manchester University: **The Slits**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Salford Jets/Stilts**
Newcastle (Benwell) Old Hall Club: **The Stingrays**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Department S**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Weapon Of Peace**
Northampton Black Lion: **Workshop/Loaf Of Bread/They Were/Sylvo & Jones**
Nottingham The Albany: **The Jets**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Stranglers/Taxi Girl**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Steeleye Span**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Marillion**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Poole Arts Centre: **Heatwave**
Rochdale College: **Harlem Spirit/Chameleon/Top Ranks**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **The Notsensibles**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Prefex**
Skegness Festival Pavilion: **Billie Jo Spears**
Slough Langley College: **Legion Of The Lost/September Moon/Urgent**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Peter Skellern**
Southampton St. Mary's College: **Johnny Storm**
Southend Zero 6: **Level 42**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Cheaters**
Stourbridge The Broadway: **The Spy's**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Wishbone Ash**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **The Venue**
Whiteheath The Vine: **Sub Zero**
Wokingham Angie's: **Jeep**
Woodford Queen Mary College: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
Worcester College: **Hambi & The Dance**
York University: **Rory Gallagher**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Saturday 21st

Birmingham (Aston) The Holte: **Jets**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Dancing Did/And Also The Trees**
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: **Afrikan Star/The People/Airfix**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Thin Lizzy**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Peter Bellamy**
Brighton Centre: **Cliff Richard**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Stimulin**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Dr Feelgood**
Bristol Holiday Inn: **Teddy Edwards/Ian Hobbs Group**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Burnley The Gallery: **Back Door Man**
Carlisle Talk of the Border: **The Nashville Teens**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Plain Characters/Mouse & The Underdog**
Chesham Elgeva Hall: **Marillion**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Tenpole Tudor**
Croydon Cartoon: **Talk Like That**
Croydon The Star (lunchtime): **Southern Comfort**
Doncaster Rockware Social Club: **Saracen**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Nick Moore Band**
Dumfries Theatre Royal: **Boys Of The Lough**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Human League**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Funkapolitan**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **The Swim**
Fareham Youth Centre: **Polemic Attack/The Mysterons/The Annilates/Dated Technique**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Nine Below Zero**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Glasgow College of Technology: **Dillinger**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Talisker**
Glasgow University: **Department S**
Harpenden H.O.Y. Club: **Rudimentary Peni/Manic Jabs/Illegal Is/Did You See Diedre**
Harrow The Headstone: **The Gatecrashers**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The O.I. Band**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Notsensibles**
Hull City Hall: **Gillan/Budgie**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Naughty Thoughts**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Mathews, Wilson, Doonan**
Kidderminster Boar's Head: **Vixen**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Leicester Earlstree Social Club: **Dawn Fury**
Liverpool University: **Rory Gallagher**
Llantwit Major St. Donat's Castle: **Hoketus**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cobras/Ginger**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Emotional Spies/Art Objects**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rico/The Tee Vees**
London Dalston Centreprise: **First Offence**
London Feltham Football Club: **The Meteors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Red Baron/Scarecrow**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Errol Clarke Trio**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judas Priest**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Clocks/Competition**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Airstrip One/Survivors**
London Highgate Jackson Lane Community Centre: **Black Roots**
London Islington Caxton Hall: **The Raincoats/Dali's Car/The Deranged**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Gas**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Juice On The Loose**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Reaction/The Questions**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London NW1 The Cellar: **Allan Taylor**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Auto Parts/Bac Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bob Wilbur Group**
London Putney White Lion: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Lone Ranger/Louie Lepke/Tony Tuff/Sammy Dread/Black Roots Players/Sugar Minott**
London School of Economics: **Morrissey Mullen/A Bigger Splash**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Blackheart/The White Brothers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hotline**
London Tottenham-Court Rd Dominion Theatre: **Steeleye Span**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Zamaica**
London Victoria The Venue: **Incognito/The Scarlet Warriors**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Flying Padovanis/Killer Wales**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
Luton Technical College: **Elano B**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Caravan**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **Stilts**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Private Sector**
Manchester (Rusholme) Birch Community Centre: **Jam Today**
Manchester University: **The Damned/Anti-Nowhere League**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Newcastle Longbenton Labour Club: **The Stingrays**
Newcastle-under-Lyme The Bear: **Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans**
Northampton County Rock: **The Slits**
Northampton Old Black Lion: **State Of The Act**
Oxford New Theatre: **Linx**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Peterborough Crowland Crown Hall: **Silverwing**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Artistic Control**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Higsons**
Reading University: **Level 42/Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
Redditch Valley Club: **Flying Objects**
Saffron Walden SIACO Club: **The Work**
Salisbury The Grange: **The New Brendas/Phonads**
Sheffield City Hall: **Rick Wakeman**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Review**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **The Exciters**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Tammy Wynette**
Stockport (Marple) Bowling Green: **The Permanents**
Swansea Coach House: **Middle Earth/Graham Larkbey**
Torquay 400 Club: **Heatwave**
Uxbridge Denham Express: **The Wailing Pumas**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **Chelsea**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **We're Only Human**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Red Star Belgrade**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Hambi & The Dance**
Worthing Town Hall: **Hot Gossip/The Berlin Blondes**

Sunday 22nd

Linx: Southampton

Aberdeen Copper Beach: **Saracen**
Batley Frontier Club: **Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Pointer Sisters**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallen Hotel: **Teddy Edwards**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Hot Gossip/The Berlin Blondes**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Pedestrian Arms: **The Star-Beats**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Rick Wakeman**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cambridge Clare College: **Bert Jansch & Conundrum/John Renbourn**
Cambridge Guildhall: **Ralph McTell**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Combo Passe**
Corby Festival Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears**
Croydon Cartoon: **Rockola**
Croydon The Star (lunchtime): **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
Cwmbran Congress Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Dunstable Tiffany's: **Incognito**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Stranglers/Taxi Girl**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Peter Skellern**
Farndon The Raven: **Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Department S**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Nine Below Zero**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ilford Palais: **The Purple Hearts**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Gillan/Budgie**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtimes): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Funkapolitan**
Lancaster University: **The Human League**
Leeds Brannigan's: **Flux Of Pink Indians/Blitzkreig**
Leeds Central Station Hotel: **The Volunteers/Surfin Dave & The Absent Legends**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Accelerator/Matinee Idols**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Babylon Rebels/The Cut Outs/The Edukators**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London East Dulwich The Old Cherry Tree: **Southern Comfort**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The CB Blues Co**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Minns & Gold**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Zila Big Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judas Priest**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Level 42/Morrisey Mullen**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Lynn Seymour with The Famous Mothers Club Band/Phil May**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Exciters/Room For Humans**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Jeremiah & The Prophets**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Lambeth The Angel: **KK Khan Band**
London Marquee Club: **Red Baron**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bernie Tyrell's Stompers**
London Parsons Green White Horse: **Double Image**
London Putney White Lion: **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt**
London St. Martins-in-the-Fields Crypt: **The Alarm**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Papers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's (lunchtime)/Mikado (evenings)**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tour De Force/Hilda**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Man Ray**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Diz & The Doormen**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Frank Evans Quartet**
Loftus West Road Club: **The Toy Dolls**
Luton Cesars: **Incognito**
Nelson Silverman Hall (afternoon) and Oldham Grange Arts Centre (evening): **Sweet Substitute/Hefty Jazz**
Newcastle City Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Newport (Gwent) Rising Sun: **Graham Larkbey**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Romany: **Marillion**
Oldham Birch Hall Hotel: **Wilbur Group**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **De Metro's**
Poole Arts Centre: **Tammy Wynette**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Brownsville Band**
Reading Top Rank: **The Damned/Anti-Nowhere League**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Marines**
Sheffield Attercliffe NPC: **Dawn Fury**
Slough Alexandra's: **Ian Campbell Blues Band**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Heatwave**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Linx**
Southport Theatre: **The Drifters**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Billy J. Kramer**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Blitz/Partisans**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **French Lessons**
Wigan Riverside Club: **Rockin Horse**
Wokingham Angie's: **ESP**

Monday 23rd

Pointer Sisters: London Dominion

Barnstaple Queens Hall: **Hot Gossip/The Berlin Blondes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Night Out: **Showaddywaddy (for a week)**
Birmingham Odeon: **Gillan/Budgie**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Requiem**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Andy Caven**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Damned/Anti-Nowhere League**
Bristol Granary: **G.B.H.**
Bristol Locarno: **Altered Images**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Black Slate**
Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal: **Vantage Point**
Canterbury Keynes College: **Maximum Joy**
Cardiff Chapter Centre: **The Beatroots**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **The Marines**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Spider/Rock Squad**
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
Coventry The Belgrade Venue: **Channel A/Children In Danger**
Coventry Warwick University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Croydon Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Jah Warrior**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Dillinger**
Exeter University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Heatwave**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Stranglers/Taxi Girl**
Harrogate Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears**
Huddersfield Town Hall: **Hoketus**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Warehouse: **Funkapolitan**
Leicester The Horsefair: **New Age**
Liverpool aboard the s.s. *Royal Iris:* **The Blue Orchids**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **French Lessons**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Androids Of Mu/Rock Goddess/The Gymslips**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Material/Research/Saigon**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Vendetta**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Cast-Five/The A Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Perfect Crime/Watching The Wolves/Suggestion**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Wreckless Eric/We're Only Human**
London Fulham Kings Head: **John Spencer Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Rick Wakeman**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Burpas/Animal Luxury**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dolly Mixture**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Marquee Club: **720**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London Southall White Hart: **The Giants**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Mad Shadows/Boo Boo**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **That's Cooking**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Pointer Sisters**
London Victoria The Venue: **Naked Lunch/Panache/24 Hours**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Hambi & The Dance/The Microdots**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda: **Diversen**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **Back Door Man**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Luton Mad Hatter: **Marillion**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Peter Skellern**
Nottingham Commodore Suite: **Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon**
Oldham Birch Hall Hotel: **Bob Wilbur Group**
Oxford Blades: **Cayenne**
Pontllanfraith The Greyhound: **The Dynamos**
Rochdale Lamplighter Club: **Tribal**
Sheffield City Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Chelsea**
Slough Studio 1: **Fear Of Falling**
Southend Zero Six: **Skids Chaos**
Staines Jackson's: **Thirteen At Midnight**
St. Albans Adelaide Wino's Bar: **The Gents**
Stirling University: **Department S**
Watford Bailey's: **The Hollies (for a week)**
Whitby Camphill Village Trust: **Boys Of The Lough**

Tuesday 24th

Gary U S Bonds: London Hammersmith

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blackpool Dixieland Bar: **Bob Wilbur Group**
Bolton (Bromley Cross) The Railway: **J. G Spoils**
Bristol Locarno: **Hot Gossip/The Berlin Blondes**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Mick Wall/Old Nick**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Damned/Anti-Nowhere League**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Killer Wales/Charming Farming/Siren**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **Tenpole Tudor**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **The Human League**
Croydon Cartoon: **Kimbo**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Dave Burland**
Dundee University: **Saigon**
Durham University: **Department S**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Samson**
Harrogate Conference Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Huddersfield Cinderella's: **Basking Sharks**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Tammy Wynette**
Kirkcaldy Adam Smith Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Cambridge Theatre: **Billy Connolly (to December 5, except Sunday)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Belle Stars/The Stiff All-Stars**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London City Barbican Centre: **Richard Thompson/The Home Service**
London City Polytechnic: **Flux Of Pink Indians**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Issue/The Uprights**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Clocks/Troops For Tomorrow/Exposure**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ronnie Lane Band/The Microdots**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Accelerator**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gary U.S. Bonds**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Notleys/The Wise**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Plain Characters**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Expandis**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Apocalypse**
London Marquee Club: **Amazon**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Delia Bongo/Hands Off**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **G.B.H./Discharge**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Frantics**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Burlesque/The Locusts**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Re-Flex**
London Stratford Green Man: **Last Post**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **The Pointer Sisters**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **First Offence**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Monochrome Set/Afraid Of Mice/The Lasers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Manufactured Romance/Three Times A Day**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Hambi & The Dance**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Calling Hearts**
London W.1 Whiskey A Go Go: **The Chefs/Mood Elevators**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Rick Wakeman**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplite Club: **The Cheaters**
Middlesbrough Speakeasy: **Maximum Joy**
Middlesbrough Teeside Polytechnic: **Red Star Belgrade**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Billie Jo Spears**
New Brighton Floral Pavilion: **Ralph McTell**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Stranglers/Taxi Girl**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **The Enemy**
Nottingham (Redmile) Peacock Inn: **Sweet Substitute/Pete York's New York**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Altered Images**
Reading University: **Rory Gallagher**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Linx**
Southend Talk Of The South: **Heatwave**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Angel Pavement/Stamps**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **Nine Below Zero/The Beatroots**
Westerham New Houses: **Back Door Man**
York University: **Jacques Loussier**

Wednesday 25th

Aberdeen Valhalla's: **Saigon**
Aldershot West End Arts Centre: **Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans**
Belfast Kings Hall: **Toyah**
Bexhill Continental Club: **Naughty Thoughts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Cliff Richard**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bletchley White Hart: **Spring Offensive**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **The Human League**
Brighton New Regent: **The Legendary Tenfoots**
Brighton Sussex University: **Altered Images**
Brighton Top Rank: **Tenpole Tudor**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Delta 5/King Trigger**
Cardiff University: **Nine Below Zero**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Stubborn Streak**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice/Datura**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chippenham Gold Diggers: **The Drifters**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Samson**
Corby Rafters Bar: **Stutz**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Tandoori Cassette**
Croydon Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Croydon The Star: **The 45's/The Marines**
Doncaster Radburn Social Club: **Whammer Jammer**
Dublin Royal Showground: **The Pretenders**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Pointer Sisters**
Edinburgh University: **Powerhouse Boogie Band**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Black Slate**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Glen Campbell/Diane Solomon**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Gillan/Budgie**
Great Yarmouth ABC Theatre: **Tammy Wynette**
Harrogate Hotel St George: **Sweet Substitute/Pete York's New York**
Isle of Grain Residential Club: **The Wailing Pumas**
Keele University: **Department S**
Kirkcaldy Adam Smith Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds University: **Linx**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The MI5 Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Kokomo**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College of Art: **Rio & The Robots**

Toyah: Belfast

London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Nickey Barclay & Peter Graham**
London City University: **Hambi & The Dance**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Up-Sect/Dekko**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Monsters/Hanoi Rocks**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **De Metro's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Crown Of Thorns/The Lines**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Alistair Anderson/Martin Simpson**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Thin Lizzy**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Hollywood Exiles/Human Beans**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bop Natives**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lambeth The Angel: **True Life Confessions**
London Marquee Club: **After The Fire**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Arc Connexion**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Ambivalent Pilots**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Deanery Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Poacher**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Blackout/King Kurt**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Stratford Green Man: **Dutch Courage**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Peter Skellern**
London Victoria The Venue: **Wasted Youth**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Heaters/Lollipop/Oscar La Mood/The Ettes**
London West Norwood Knights Hill Area Residents Association: **West End Stompers**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The Silence/Future Daze**
London W.1 (Greek St.) Le Kilt: **Vendetta**
London W.1 Penthouse Club: **Ariva**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Mickey Jupp Band/Fast Eddie**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Stranglers/Taxi Girl**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Gary U.S. Bonds**
Matlock Baths Pavilion: **Saracen**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
Newport Pill Community Centre: **The Beatroots**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Pulsaters**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **The Cure/And Also The Trees**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Rory Gallagher**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Antilles**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Erogenous Zones/Suspect Image**
Wokingham Angie's: **Bas Loddon Band**

LIVE ADS

MCP presents

Judas Priest

ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
SAT & SUN 21st & 22nd NOVEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 £4.00 £3.00 Available from B/O Tel 748 4081 and usual agents

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Brunel University S.U. ENTS

THE **BRUNEL SPORTS** BARN

PRESENTS

RORY GALLAGHER

+ SPECIAL GUESTS
SATURDAY 5th DECEMBER at 8pm
£3.00 in adv. £3.50 on door.

BAR AVAILABLE TO CLUB MEMBERS
Nearest Tube Uxbridge: M40 two miles: Tickets from S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge. (39125)
ALSO FROM PETE'S GIG SHOP HIGH ST. UXBRIDGE

LSE ents presents

MORRISEY/MULLEN

plus

A BIGGER SPLASH

SATURDAY 21st NOVEMBER
Old Theatre, Houghton St WC2
Doors open 7.30
Tickets £2.00 adv. £2.50 door.
No restriction on entry
Enquiries 405 8594.

WHAT TO DO...
no1
FINAL SOLUTION & HEAVEN PRESENT
9.30-3.00 AM · MON · NOV 23
MATERIAL
SAIGON & RESEARCH
Heaven
OVER 18'S ONLY · THE ARCHES, VILLIERS ST, WC2 · TICKETS £2.00 FROM ROUGH TRADE · SMALL WONDER · HONKY TONK · BONAPARTE (KINGS X) & PREMIER BOX OFFICE

Robert Mills *Presents*

"Get Your Rocks Off"

RED BARRON

Spain's no 1
Heavy Rock Band
in Flight
Sat 21 Nov - London Greyhound*
Sun 22 Nov - Marquee 7.30 pm
*special guests **SCARECROW**

TOP RANK BRIGHTON

Brighton Soul Society Presents

HAIRCUT 100

plus special guests
BUZZZ *AND*
NEW MOON THROUGH GLASS
8.00 pm Friday 27 Nov

Tickets £2.50 Adv. £3.00 on door
Available from Top Rank, Virgin & usual agents

Radical Herb presents

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE
MILE END RD., LONDON E1
(tube Mile End/Stepney Green)
FRIDAY 27th NOV
7.30 — 11.00

Benefit Dance!!

BLACK SLATE
HERE & NOW
Tony Allen
Sinsemilla Sound System Stalls & Surprises

'Most Doctors don't smoke'
Tickets £2.50 on the door, £2.00 with UB40 Card, details LCC 01-289 3883

D.S.U. ENTERTAINMENTS

PRESENT

MISTY IN ROOTS

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 20 8pm
DUNELM BALLROOM, DURHAM
* * *
TICKETS £2.00 from DUNELM HOUSE & MUSICORE, DURHAM: and WINDOWS, NEWCASTLE

DEREK BLOCK in association with BRUCE MAY presents
A CHRISTMAS CONCERT
IN AID OF CHILDRENS CHARITIES

RALPH McTELL
AND FRIENDS

DOMINION THEATRE
SUNDAY DECEMBER 13th at 7.30pm.
Tickets: £5.00; £4.00; £3.00.
from Theatre Box Office Tel: 01-580 9562 and usual agents.

Direct from Jamaica

LONE RANGER
TONY TUFF
LOUI LEPKE
SAMMY DREAD
BLACK ROOTS PLAYERS
Very Special Guests
SUGAR MINOTT
JAH SHAKA Sound System
KING JOSIAH SOUND SYSTEM
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 21
8.00 pm £4.00

Rainbow FINSBURY PARK

Tickets from Rainbow Box Office and Usual Agents

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW AND PHIL McINTYRE PRESENT

Gillan
BUDGIE NIGHTWING

MON./TUES. 21st/22nd DECEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS £4.25 £3.75 £3.25
TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

London Cinemas

WARNER WEST END
LEICESTER SQUARE 439 0791
LICENSED BAR FULLY AIR-CONDITIONED
5 Cinema Complex

1 JOHN BOORMAN'S **EXCALIBUR** AA
Progs: 2.30, 5.15, 8.05
Late Show Sat 11 pm

2 BLAKE EDWARDS' **"10"** X PLUS GOLDIE ★HAWN★ **PRIVATE BENJAMIN** AA
Progs: Private Benjamin 2.10, 6.25, "10" 4.15, 8.30
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm ("10" only)

3 **THE CRAZY HORSE OF PARIS** X
DISTRIBUTED BY PRODUCTIONS ASSOCIATES (UK) LTD.
Progs: 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 They will tear the scream from your throat **WOLFEN** X There is no defence.
Progs: 1.10 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.50, 8.15 Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

5 MEL BROOKS' **HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART 1** AA
Progs: 1.10 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.50, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thu 19
Polanski's
REPULSION 3.20 7.10
+ **CUL DE SAC** 1.20 5.10 9.00
Fri 20
JIMI HENDRIX 1.00 3.40 6.30
+ **DYLAN/STONES** 2.40 5.30 8.20 11.15
Sat 21
WIVA presents Patrick McGoohan in
THE PRISONER
11.30 All night **JOHN WATERS & DIVINE**

Sun 22
for 7 days
Stockhard Channing, Sam Waterston in Schatzberg's comedy
SWEET REVENGE
4.00 7.25
+
Mark 'Star Wars' Hammill in
THE HOT ONE
(aka 'Corvette Summer')
2.10 5.35 9.00

FROM 12th. NOV.

"The most enjoyable movie to come out of the American CB craze . . .
LFF Brochure

CITIZENS BAND AA
A film by Jonathan Demme
Starring: Paul Le Mat & Candy Clark
With
'Peoples march for jobs'
PARIS PULLMAN
Drayton Gardens, SW10 01-373 5898

TO ADVERTISE RING 01 261 6153

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVE
Sep Perfs. All Seats Bkble Exl. 1st & 2nd perfs. Mon-Fri., Bar Pkg nearby
1: **WOLFEN** (X) Wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.00
2: **"10"** (X) **PRIVATE BENJAMIN** (AA) Wk & Sun: 2.00, 6.30

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, FULHAM ROAD
Seats Bkble Last Sep Prog. L'cnd bar Doors open 15 mins prior
1: **"10"** (X) 4.10, 9.30 **PRIVATE BENJAMIN** (AA) Sep Progs. Wk & Sun: 2.00 7.15.
2: Thurs (1 day) **SOUTHERN COMFORT** (X) Sep Progs 2.00, 5.00, 8.30 From Fri 20th **SHOGUN** (AA) Sep Progs 1.45, 5.00, 8.30
3: **WOLFEN** (X) Sep Progs Wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.45
4: **Mel Brooks HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART 1** Sep Progs Wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.30 (AA)
5: **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK** (A) Sep Progs, Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.30

ABC 1, 2, 3, BAYSWATER (Queensway)
1: **"10"** (X) Wk & Sun: 4.00, 8.25 **PRIVATE BENJAMIN** (AA) 1.45, 6.10. Sun: 6.10 Late show Tonight & Sat 11.00
2: **CHARIOTS OF FIRE** (A) Progs. 2.25, 5.10, 7.55 Sun: 5.10, 7.55 Late show Tonight & Sat 11.00
3: **WOLFEN** (X) 4.30, 8.25 Sun: 4.30, 8.20 **EYES OF A STRANGER** (X) 2.45, 6.35 Sun: 6.35 Late show Sat 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 EDGWARE ROAD
1: **"10"** (X) Wk & Sun: 4.10 8.35 **PRIVATE BENJAMIN** (AA) 2.00, 6.20 Sun: 6.20 Late show Sat 11.15
2: **SHOGUN ASSASSIN** (X) 1.40, 5.25, 9.10 Sun: 5.25, 9.10 **HOME BEFORE MIDNIGHT** (X) 3.10, 6.55 Sun: 6.55 Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
3: **BEYOND** (X) 2.15, 5.35, 9.00 Sun: 5.35, 9.00 **SHOCK** (X) 3.50, 7.10 Sun: 7.10 Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
4: **WOLFEN** (X) Wk & Sun 4.40, 8.35 **EYES OF A STRANGER** (X) 3.00, 6.45 Sun: 6.45 Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15

Special offer Monday only all seats £2 at all above cinemas for a Season.
All Progs At Emi Cinemas Subject to Late Change

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End & Greater London Cinemas.
RING TELEDATA 01-200 0200 (24 HRS)

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MCP by arrangement with ITB presents
DIARY OF A MADMAN TOUR

OZZY OSBOURNE

plus special guests
NEW BINGLEY HALL STAFFORD
TUESDAY 22nd DECEMBER 7.30pm TICKETS £4.50
Available from Mike Lloyd Music, Stoke-on-Trent
Lotus Records, Stafford
Sundown Records, Wolverhampton
Cyclops Records, Birmingham
R.E. Cords, Derby & Burton
Select a Disc, Nottingham
Penny Lane, Chester
Penny Lane, Liverpool
Piccadilly Records, Manchester
Virgin Records, Coventry
or by postal application to Bingley Hall Stafford Cheques & Postal Orders made payable to Bingley Hall Stafford, Enclose S.A.E.

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
no2
WHAT TO DO . . .
ELECTRIC GUITARS · BIRDS WITH EARS
THE LINES · EXPERIMENTS WITH ICE
7.30PM · FRIDAY · NOV 20TH · CITY UNIVERSITY · NORTHAMPTON SQUARE · EC1
ADVANCE TICKETS £2.50 FROM ROUGH TRADE · HONKY TONK · SMALL WONDER · BONAPARTE (KINGS X) · CITY UNIV. OR ON THE NIGHT

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544 Open 8 pm — 2 am

Friday 20th November £3.50 adv
STRANGLERS
Thursday 26th November £2.50 adv
LINX
Thursday 3rd December £3.50 adv
RORY GALLAGHER
Friday 4th December £2.50 adv
ASWAD
Saturday 5th December £3.00 adv
ROSE TATTOO
Wednesday 9th December £2.50 adv
THE BUREAU + THE MO-DETTES + RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS

Thursday 10th December £3.00 adv
STEVE HARLEY and Cockney Rebel
Friday 11th December £3.00 adv
SQUEEZE
Wednesday 16th December £3.50 adv
SLADE
Friday 18th December £4.00 adv
SUZI QUATRO
Thursday 24th December £3.00 adv
CHRISTMAS FUTURIST PARTY

Must be 18 years of age or over. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Way Ahead Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, AW Associates, Lincoln — In the Groove, Arnold — Rock It, Ilkeston — or by Post from ROCK CITY. PLEASE ENCLOSE SAE.

THE OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Road, London SW9

Thursday 19th November £1.00
CLOCKS
+ The Siberians
Friday 20th November £1.25
THE CANNIBALS
+ Empty Vessels
Saturday 21st November £1.25
BLACKHEART
+ The Creamies

Monday 23rd November £1.00
MAD SHADOWS
+ Boo Boo
Tuesday 24th November £1.00
Alternative Music Presents:
From Bromley with Love Album Tour
BURLESQUE + THE LOCUSTS
Wednesday 25th November £1.00
THE BLACKOUT
+ King Kurt

MOONLIGHT / STARLIGHT
100 West End Lane W6 : Sundays 7.30 — 10.30
West Hampstead Tube — Jubilee Line 625 6485

MOONLIGHT	STARLIGHT
Thursday 19th November £1.75 **LEE KOSMIN** + Gin & The Tonics	Thursday 19th November £1.50 **SCHIZSOIRE** + Eternal Scream
Friday 20th November £1.75 **DOLLY MIXTURE** + The Questions + Jump Squad	Friday 20th November £1.75 Rockabilly with **THE FRANTICS** + Gun Control
Saturday 21st November £1.75 **FLYING PADOVANIS** + Killer Wales	Saturday 21st November £1.50 **CLOCKS** + Competition
Sunday 22nd November £1.50 **TOUR DE FORCE** + Hilda	Sunday 22nd November £1.50 **THE EXCITERS** + Room For Humans
Monday 23rd November £1.50 **HAMBI AND THE DANCE** + The Microdots	Monday 23rd November £1.50 **BURPAS** + Animal Luxury
Tuesday 24th November £2.50 **MANUFACTURED ROMANCE** + Ill × a Day	Tuesday, 24th November £1.50 **NOTLEYS** + The Wise
Wednesday 25th November £1.75 **THE HEATERS with Lollipop** Oscar La Mood & The Ettes	Wednesday 25th November £1.50 **HOLLYWOOD EXILES** + Human Beans
Thursday 26th November £1.50 **FAMILY FODDER** + The Lines	Thursday 26th November £1.50 **DRASTIC MEASURES** + Syntax

P.V.K. Presents
BRIAN KNIGHT
(Legendary Slide Guitarist)
and HIS BAND
Friday 20th November
THE RAILWAY
Tottenham Lane, Hornsey
Saturday 21st November
NEW MERLINS CAVE
Margery St, Kings Cross, W.C.1
R & B!!!

ACROPOLIS
Southwark Cathedral
19th November
at 7.30pm
Tickets £1 at the door
Enquiries ring
01-407 2939

Brunel University S.U. ENTS
THE Brunel Kingdom ROOM PRESENTS
UXBRIDGE 39125

WISHBONE ASH PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS — FRIDAY 20th NOVEMBER 8pm
TICKETS £3.00 in advance £3.50 on door

FUTURIST NIGHT FEATURING THE CUDDLY TOYS PLUS MAD SHADOWS — FRIDAY 13th NOVEMBER 8pm ADMISSION £1.50

MOOD ELEVATORS PLUS The Chefs — WEDNESDAY 18th NOVEMBER 8pm ADMISSION £1.25

RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS AND THE MO-DETTES AND ex-specials 'THE BUREAU' — FRIDAY 27th NOVEMBER 8pm
TICKETS £2.95 in advance £3.75 on door

BAR AVAILABLE TO CLUB MEMBERS
Nearest Tube Uxbridge: M40 two miles. Tickets from S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge. (39125)
ALSO FROM PETE'S GIG SHOP HIGH ST. UXBRIDGE

BARRY DICKINS & ROD MACSWEEN FOR ITB PRESENT
NINE BELOW ZERO
Sun. 29 Nov at 7.30
ODEON HAMMERSMITH
Tel: 01-748 4081
Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50

THE GOLF CLUB
383 Euston Road, N.W.1
Licensed 8.30-1am Opp Gt Portland St Tube

Thursday 19th November £1.50
CUDDLY TOYS
+ The Gift
Friday 20th November £1.50
A BLUE ZOO
+ Boy meets Girl
Saturday 21st November £1.50
LITTLE ROOSTERS
+ The Signs

Monday 23rd November £1.50
THE DROWNING CRAZE
+ They Should Have Died Years Ago
Tuesday 24th November £1.50
FAMILY FODDER
+ A Popular History Of Signs
Wednesday 25th November £1.50
Reggae Nite
RELEASE DE BEAT

LYRIC THEATRE — Hammersmith
King St W6 Box Office 01-741 2311
FRIDAY 20th NOVEMBER at 11pm
BERT JANSCH and JOHN RENBOURN
The combined talents of the two great and original members of that renowned folk group **Pentangle — Bert Jansch**, with **Conundrum, and John Renbourn**
All tickets £2.50

King Charles Hotel,
Brompton Road, Gillingham, Kent
All enquiries (0634) 48351

NOVEMBER
Nov 22nd — **FROGGY AND HIS MONSTER RADSHOW**
Nov 23rd — **HEATWAVE**
Nov 25th — **BLACK SLATE**
Nov 29th — **INCONITO**
Nov 30th — **PETER POWELL — UNDER 18's NIGHT**

DECEMBER
Dec 1st — **THE DAMNED**
Dec 9th — **REAL THING**
December 11th — **DEPARTMENT S**
Dec 15th — **SECRET AFFAIR**
Dec 16th — **DR FEELGOOD**
Dec 20th — **MORRISEY/MULLEN**
Dec 23rd — **Q-TIPS**
Dec 31st — **HIGH TENSION**

THE Venue
160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB Tel 828 9441
Doors open 7.30pm Main Band on at 9.30pm
THIS WEEK

Thursday 19th November £3.00
JAMES 'BLOOD' ULMER
+ The Higsons
Doors open 7 — 11pm

Late Night 12pm onwards £4.00
Midnite Madness with the
RAMONES
Privilege cards not appl.

Friday 20th November £3.00
CAYENNE
+ INVERSIONS
+ Hipnosis

Saturday 21st November £3.50
INCOGNITO
+ The Scarlet Warriors

Monday 23rd November £2.00
NAKED LUNCH + PANACHE + 24 HOURS

Tuesday 24th November £3.00
MONOCHROME SET
+ AFRAID OF MICE
+ The Lazers

Wednesday 25th November £2.00
WASTED YOUTH

Thursday 26th November £3.00
THE BIRTHDAY PARTY + LYDIA LUNCH

COMING SOON
Friday 27th November £3.00 **SHAKATAK**
Saturday 28th November 5.00pm under 18's £2.00 8.00pm show £3.00 **ALTERED IMAGES**
Sunday 29th November £3.00 **INVISIBILITY EXHIBITION with BILL NELSON, RICHARD JOBSON and YORKSHIRE ACTORS CO.**
Monday 30th November £2.00 **ANIMAL MAGNET**
Tuesday 1st December £3.00 **MISTY IN ROOTS**
Wednesday 2nd December £4.50 **HEATWAVE**
Friday 4th December £3.50 **ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIS**
Saturday 5th December £3.50 **LINDISFARNE**

This Way To The GENTS

19th November Electric Stadium
20th November Middlesex Polytechnic
21st November Lyceum
22nd November Gig wanted
23rd November Adelaides Wino Bar
24th November Bridgehouse
25th November The Kensington
Gigs/Info Bill, Holmfirth (048 489) 2478.

MCP presents
SQUEEZE
IT'S ALL HAPPENING

APOLLO THEATRE MANCHESTER
TUESDAY 1st DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 and £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 061 273 1112

ODEON THEATRE BIRMINGHAM
WEDNESDAY 2nd DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 and £3.00
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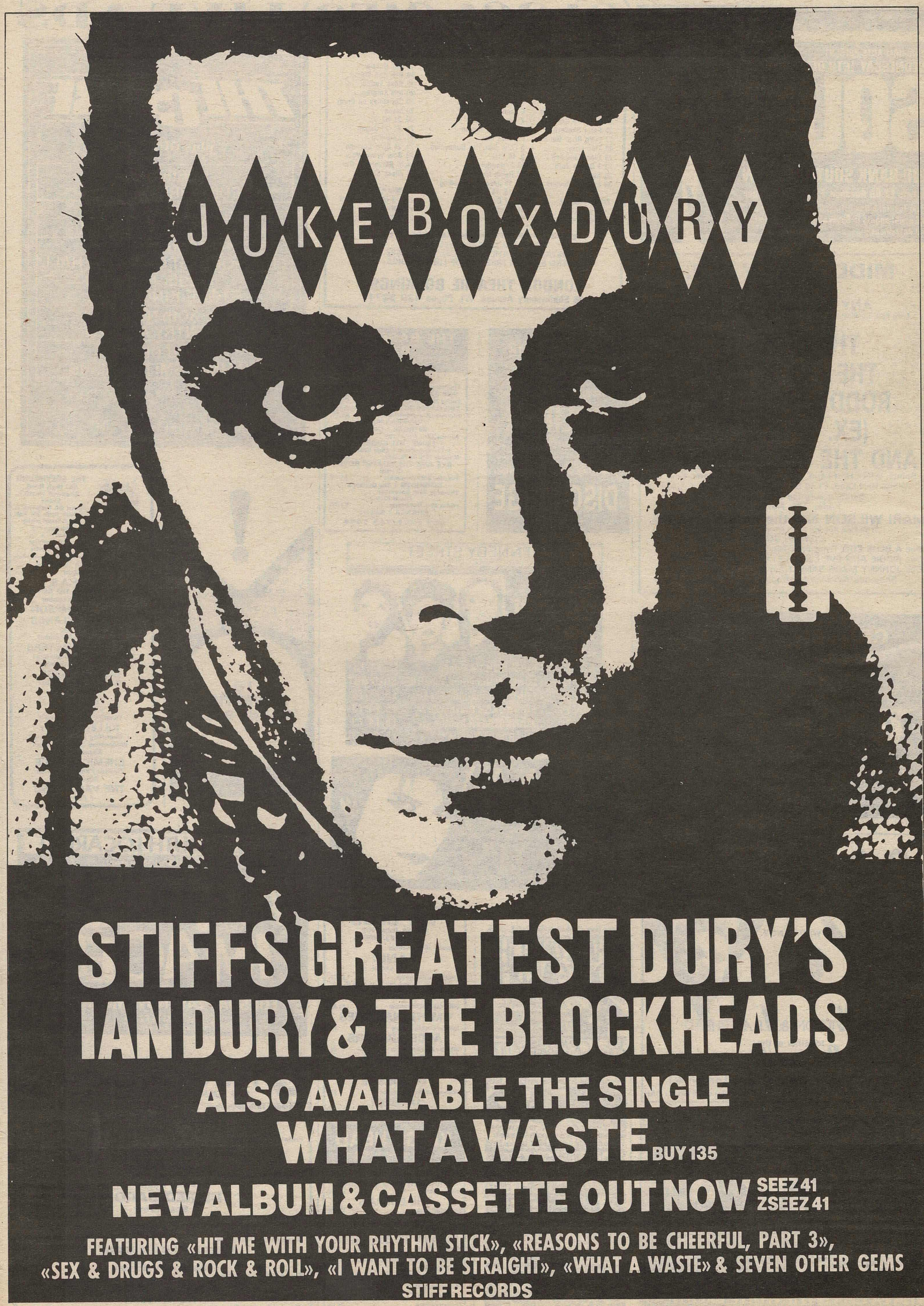

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In some part of Basildon, Depeche's David.

Pic: David Corio

Depeche Mode
Blancmange

Basildon

DEPECHE MODE, a technical drawing in pastel crayons, are at home. It is easy to revel in observations of the self-containedness, the closed circle of this event. The surface impeccability and high metallic finish of Depeche's playing, the fluffy symmetry of their songs *does* seem exquisitely and exclusively the only music suited to Basildon, the place where they come from, a drive-in, night-time, new town of roundabouts to everywhere and nowhere.

The contrived plush pub, The Bull's Eye, has a bar called The Sherwood which displays a green tunic, a longbow and a quiver full of arrows. Of course. Raquel's is a natural Basildon venue, an oasis in a precinct with flashy lights, a glittering stage and absurd, mock-woodland ceiling decor; plastic branches and perspex creepers. Oh yeah, it's great in here, what with all that glam, three astrologically entitled bars, a balcony, and a rainbow of five years' youth-cultural wardrobe variations, all cleansed and framed into straight lines by the embarrassment that is ultra-violet light.

Vast, flat Basildon gets dandruff like anywhere else, but you don't look at that. It spoils the effect.

Blancmange are "a group that we're all going to hear. . ." (and so on) froths the execrable DJ, a would-be hip DLT, and Blancmange — in the end, more of heavy layer-cake — enter the tin-foil capsule that will later house "the heroes of Basildon".

Blancmange are one man and his machines and tapes, and another man with his voice, his suit, a Bogart way with a cigarette, and an exaggeratedly gaunt frame and features. Together, they mould a weighty storm of atmospheres and pulses, add a little guitar, and the voice, harrowing, crawling from the tight extremes of a broad mouth, is a siren buried in the deluge. This long, frowning frontman is fundamental to the result, his bleak projection a memorable personification of Blancmange's unhappy songs. I space-walked over to Aquarius before the end, but Blancmange, a little hard to take, *could* equally become hard to resist.

A collage of little Depeche play-people are pressing forward, unimpressed by the strained good humour with which the Jerk-Jock attempts to dissuade them. It dawns that, who knows, half the people here know, knew, or are friendly with a friend of, Depeche Mode.

Arguments about the difference made to viewing pop music since the advent of synths, tapes and the rest of it, are interesting when applied to Depeche's stage business. Yes, there is little margin for error, and thankfully, the boring critical requirement of 'did they play well?' is rendered almost irrelevant by the simple nature of Depeche's immaculacy. *Of course* they played "well"! The fluctuations in the impact Depeche have, the things Depeche imply, the thoughts and moods they provoke: these depend on more valuable things than some measure of conventional technical proficiency.

That the soundtrack is perfect enables the other, equal dimensions a proper place in the whole experience. Here, back to their young roots, in a stunningly artificial context, Depeche Mode were about appreciating what almost amounted to their own cliche. You don't acclaim, you relax into pure appreciation. If Depeche Mode 'played' without appearing, hopping behind their keys, so much would be lost, as they are lovely to behold. That something so pale pink and blue, so fragile, holds such a rich appeal to a mass of teens and twenties (truly *not* an affluent elite) is a compliment to their understated charisma, and a hopeful sign that brutality does not have a monopoly on appeal.

The varied, pretty shades of jump and flutter demand as much dance as Kool And The Gang last week, but with none of the silly ritual. Depeche Mode have truly humanised the man-as-machine connotations of synthi-pop, whilst taking advantage of its unique properties. They did not act like heroes. They are to be embraced with affection, enjoyed for their enjoyment and the way they suggest enjoyment. Innocence is not as disposable as it may seem, and Depeche Mode are a warm breeze that whispers in your ear. It's good for you.

Dave Hill

NEW CLUB, NEW BAND, NEW KEVIN . . .

The Teardrop Explodes

Liverpool

THERE ARE maybe three dozen souls in the whole club, and The Teardrop Explodes are five of them. Julian Cope is on stage, performing a dramatic song about Leila Khaled, his head and face entirely covered by a dish cloth.

The rendition ends. "Wow. That was emotional, man," drawls a loud, sarcastic voice in the crowd. Cloth off, Cope is down on the dance floor in an instant — wrestling his adversary to the death. "Scrap!" pant the excited onlookers. "I'm warning yer, Julian, I'll tell me mam!" warns the tormentor (a gap-toothed rockabilly named Box Head), his head lodged somewhere between the singer's hip and elbow. The Teardrop Explodes are home and back among friends.

They're back and they're opening a new venture called Club Zoo, Zoo being their original label and present management company. For three weeks from tonight, Club Zoo is housed in a Liverpool city centre niterie: for three nights a week, Teardrop will play two sets. In early December they'll move it to Dublin. In early January it'll be in the Hammersmith Palais. So far, the project's unpublicised, accounting for the uniquely low turn-out. But word will spread, and the crowds will come. And Club Zoo aims to offer them lots of surprises.

I stayed for nights one and two — four Teardrop sets — and surprises there were. There's a new line-up for a start: Julian, guitarist Troy Tate and drummer Gary Dwyer remain, re-joined by their keyboardist of yore, Dave Balfe (looking happy as a sandboy, despite his past differences with the frontman), and a brand-new bassman, Ronnie Francois. Then there's Cope's new haircut. Then there's a repertoire of new songs, from the forthcoming 'Wilder' album, which the group are using these "low key" appearances to break in gently.

"D'you like it here? Is it all right like this?" Cope keeps asking. Club Zoo is a pet project of his and manager Bill Drummond, and he's anxious that the peculiar circumstances shouldn't alienate the sparse audience. "There's no Marlboros in the ciggie machine," objects somebody near the front. "Oo are yer?" enquires another. Perhaps Julian shouldn't have introduced himself as "twee Edwyn from Orange Juice".

(As a matter of fact, Julian Cope has changed his name to Kevin Stapleton. "I'm supposed to be championing, like, ordinary people," he explained to me. "And 'Julian' just seems too wimpy. I thought 'Kevin Stapleton' had a nice solid, down-to-earth sound to it.")

"Okay, what shall we do now?" The crowd requested 'Geno'.

What they did do, with slight variations from one set to another, was a handful of faves on 45 — 'Treason', 'Reward', 'Passionate Friend' — and lots of unfamiliar stuff. The presentation's loose, lots of playing around, song selections made on the spur of the moment. But thankfully it's more than a mere rehearsal in front of a paying public. Teardrop, ultimately, give a good, and enjoyable, account of themselves.

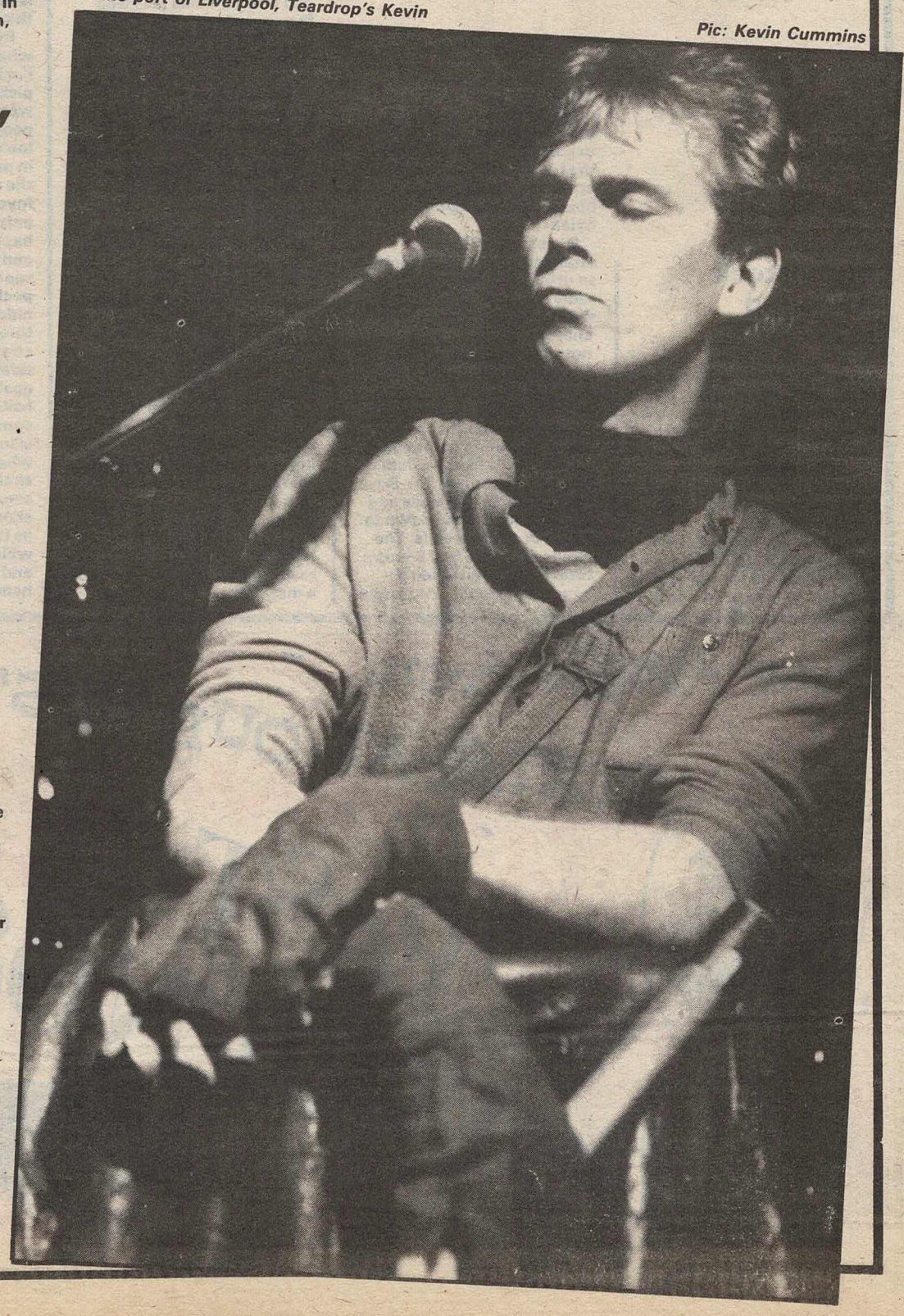
Black bassist Ronnie Francois (former employment includes The Sinceros and Lene Lovich's band) is especially useful, his playing adding a hard and spunky edge. What with Cope being in good voice too, the new sound is more direct than they've seemed in ages. Although the newest songs (like 'Colours Fly Away' and 'Falling Down Around Me') come with a full complement of weirdness, the overall impression is of a less indulgent and more focussed group.

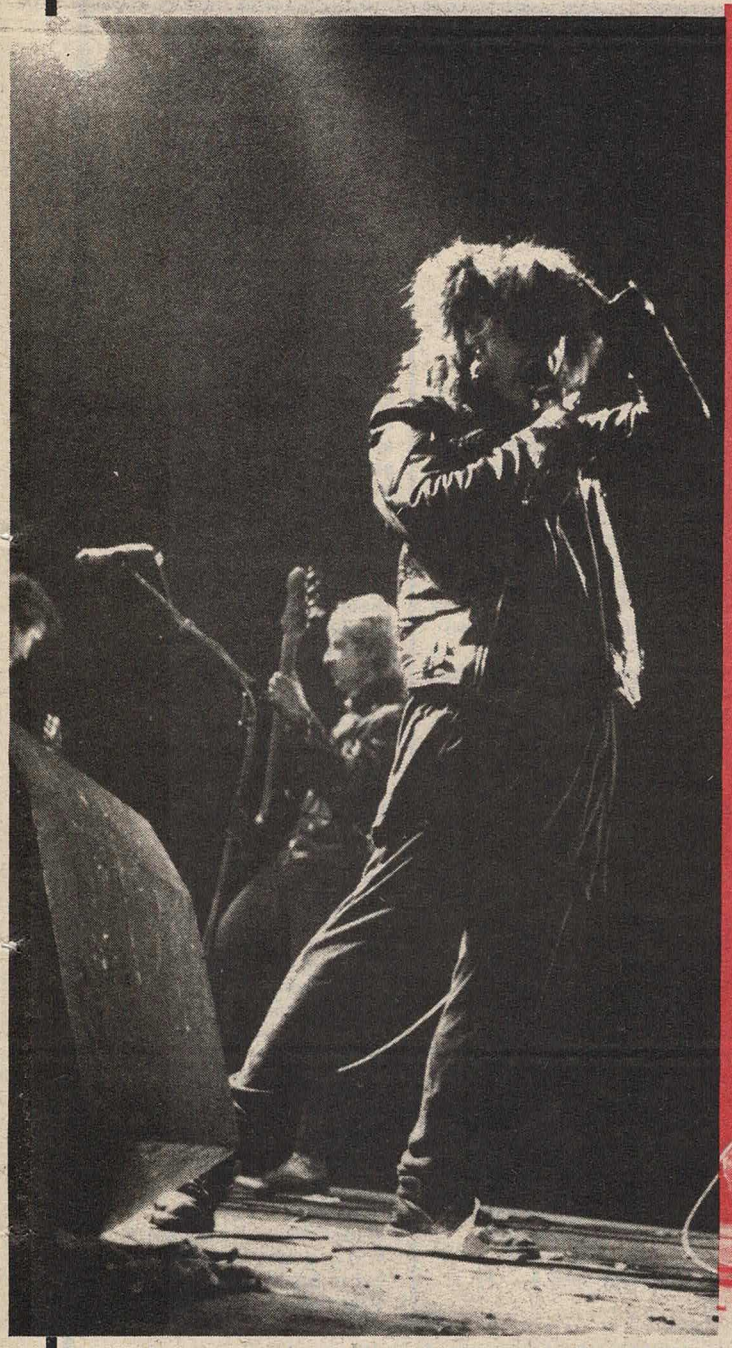
The oldie 'Sleeping Gas' sees Julian revert to the bass awhile — more generally, he sits astride a backwards chair or on a stool (the way that a torch singer *should* do). 'Like Leila Khaled Said' and 'Seven Views Of Jerusalem' suggest a vaguely Arabic flavour — pity I chose tonight to unveil my Swinging Rabbi look for Winter, '81 — but attractively, rather than pretentiously. In Liverpool's Club Zoo — before a hyper-critical, ego-deflating crowd of old mates, rivals and all-purpose piss-artists — pretension wouldn't have stood a chance.

Paul Du Noyer

In the port of Liverpool, Teardrop's Kevin

Pic: Kevin Cummins





Honey Bane, snapped at the funeral of the year by Tony Mottram

IT'S OFFICIAL!

PUNK DEAD SHOCK HORROR

— A NATION MOURNS

all that, and you know those days are gone. But they say there's been some refocussing, a new emphasis on certain definitions of early punk rhetoric, through Discharge, Exploited, Crass, Poison Girls and Flux, something that's getting across to those at the high end of their teens (as I was five years back): something that suggests a need to demand something beyond home, TV, tedium, the dole, impotent disgust and misdirected hatred. I tell you, I felt *nothing* of that here.

Most of the people here are identikit manifestations of what the punk style has evolved into. The whole Sid-derived air of utter blankness and futile nihilism, huddled in sorry little groups, propped against the foyer walls, slumped in seats high in the circle, bunched silently about the Rainbow floor. Outnumbered maybe three to one are the skinheads, some sad-eyed and quiet, others loud and ugly, emitting the stare, passing the time with intimidation. I glean this impression from a thorough search round the whole of the spacious Rainbow, excepting the very front, which just doesn't look like any fun at all. I feel like I'm caught in a resurrection of zombies from a mass grave. The air drips wretchedness and boredom. You don't need telling what that can lead to.

Anyway, I catch the end of what I think was Chelsea, crashing through a spirited version of 'Right To Work', their closing number. There is the barest ripple of numb applause. Fifteen minutes later come Splodgenessabounds, Max himself cutting a dash in his raincoat. Two lively numbers, then Max announces with insane glee that their next song is on an album called 'Strength Thru Oi'. The announcement brings great bellows of approval from the front. Oil Oi! This is what we are! Splodge take every chance their songs provide to lead punctuating chants of the tribal slogan.

By now I'm in the well, where the stalls used to be. I'm halfway to the front, picking my way forward, when suddenly there are people hurtling towards me, looking over their shoulders in panic. I'm thrown in with the rush, and spill into the foyer through the rear entrance. I don't know what happened, but it wasn't tea and biscuits. I go back in to see what happened, pass pockets of anxious punks hidden amongst pillars, through the onlooking stragglers, and suddenly the tidal rush repeats itself, and again I'm carried out of the hall. I hear Max Splodge make some remark about "all the skinheads", but I don't know what it is. I return to the circle, but it's too far up to see. Splodge finish their very short set. There is no sound as they leave the stage. Not a whisper. Thirty minutes pass, and there's no sign of the next band. Small skin factions disperse, and one lot start a leering chant, aimed at some couple seated somewhere up in the darkness. I stroll back to the outer hall, and the place is awash with slumping bodies, sulky mohicans, and huddles thriving on in-group aggravation. I'm reminded of school, but worse. The atmosphere is a blend of boredom, depression and a faint stir of malevolence.

If I was the world's biggest coward I wouldn't have gone at all. But I was on my own, with nothing but a runny nose. Very little was happening, beyond a vague simmering unease that was hard to gauge.

I'd like to have seen The Upstarts, and how they handled this deathly scene. I'd like to think that somewhere amongst the scheduled umpteen bands (for the record: Upstarts, Eraserhead, Kids Next Door, The Wall, Anti Pasti, Vice Squad, Charge, Honey Bane, The Case, Auntie Pus, Chelsea, Chron-Gen, The Insane, and the fools, Splodge), there could be some turning over of the mass apathy, some attempt to stand up for a bright, righteous morality, or a slap in the face for those waving malice as their flag. But I thought it through, and decided there was nothing more I could learn or gain, plenty I could lose, and would be nothing to tell you that I hadn't already seen. I went home.

In a way it's difficult to blame people for finding membership in this tired idea of 'punk' as a chance, if nothing else, to stroke their own despair. I can see that these are times when all a lot of 17 year-olds *have* is a natural acceptance of disaffection with everything, and no concept of fighting back. But for the first time ever, I felt that those loose ideas of inspiration, motivation and liberation that to me made pop music matter, were six feet under and sinking. Sorry, but there was nothing here but nastiness and nothingness.

I doubt if anyone was truly glad they came.

Dave Hill

straight punk with, ridiculously, no right to re-admission allowed by the venue, put me off going for the two o'clock start. I turned up at five, but within two hours, it seemed pointless not to leave.

Never before have I attended any pop convention so utterly depressed and so sadly defeated. I wanted to see signs of life, some grain of shared, valuable ideals. If nothing else, just people having a good, irreverent laugh. It's still easy to remember the crazy times, the nutters and the good people I used to meet when 'punk' bands like The Jam, The Buzzcocks and The Boys, even idiots like Chelsea and The Damned, came down to my neck of the woods. The freshness, the *life* of it was a total tonic, even when the bands were lousy. You know

Woodstock Revisited

The Rainbow

IT WOULD have been remiss to ignore it, but it was pointless to stay. It didn't take long to draw a set of morbid conclusions from this 'Woodstock Revisited', a heading that took on a torrid irony way beyond any that was intended.

I didn't arrive with the set intention of slagging the whole thing off, though the prospect of nine solid hours of

The Presence A Volcano Dances

York

SO THERE I was waiting for 'Too Drunk To Fuck' to crawl onto the jukebox turntable, when A Volcano Dances crawl onto the stage. Leave the bar to 'The Sound Of The Crowd' and walk to another building (the one for dancing, not drinking). This campus mentality amuses/confuses — who'd live in a university?

A Volcano Dances hunch shoulders beneath a low ceiling and Pete pulls on the evening's first fag. He hogs the mike but then he is the singer (the Third Degree). A Volcano Dances play soothing. Their bassist cultivates the Hook look (closer) though Pete is learning to use/abuse his voice and leave behind the Joy Division pop-vox.

A volcano smokes.

The vocals climb against the guitar's reverb on 'Judgement Day'. The sound tingles. Progressing from niceness (Urgh! A music whore), which always sold well, this threesome are approaching substance, which augurs better. You should see them at their next three gigs before they sour and grate. For now, A Volcano Dances convince, better than Durutti Column ever did, that echoed pleasantries can shine in this scheme of things.

Subsidised Tetley bittermen tetley the night away while this building fills up for The Presence. The dancers hide at the back, leaving the floor frontstage to crouching photographers. The depression lifts and interest rates soar.

For small room cheapsville, the sound is wide and full(ish). The PA works! Rankin' Reg Bentley sings at the drums, grinning manic and looney. Rex Roots Skinsby punctuates with sly guitar; don't need no doleful UB40 sax dirge (relieve the irritation and liberate with drums and wires).

"You may find yourself/In a mud hut in Soweto." Good point. The gook with glasses found himself playing bass onstage tonight. Presence's bassist did a runner only this morning (trouble wi' fegs) and this 'ere Adam stepped in. He'll stay; he's great (till a string busts).

'Heart Of Fire' dazzles, so too 'Live In Fear' — soulful reggae, deserves a double A-side on People Unite. The Presence surprise me, then lose me with a segued encore of 'Pressure Drop'/'Monkey Man'. Leave it to Toots.

York amazes with its diverse bands. The city has a sound and the sound is panoramic. Next week The Presence support Reggae Regulars — out in the sticks, something is arriving.

X. Moore

LIVE AND HEAVY

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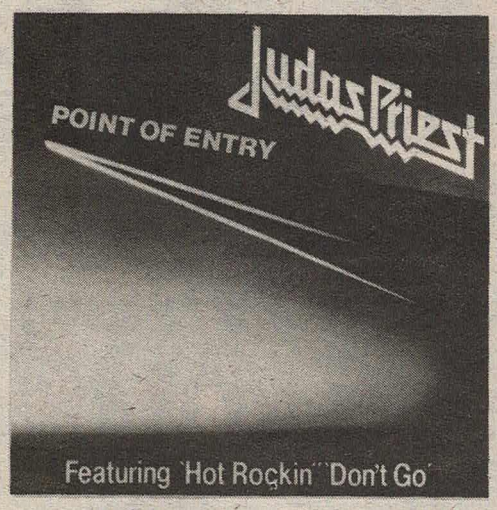

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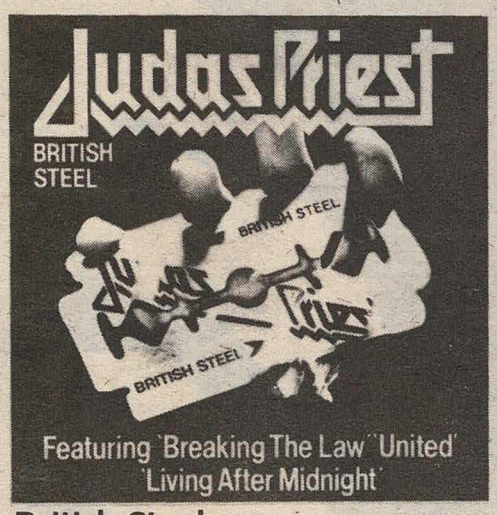

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Dexys string along the audience. *Pic: David Corio*

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RALLIES

Dexys Midnight Runners

The Old Vic

"So obsessive, drinking in the spotlight/he's standing still but of course he's taking all night/says, 'there is no love and there is not trust'/said, 'bite your lip or keep your mouth shut'"

— The Beat.

THE INTENTION of the Projected Passion Revue, as I understand it, is to demonstrate a deeply felt, often buried emotion; a distilled human Essence, something akin to Blake's belief in an essential human body and soul, before it is destroyed, perverted, by education and social conventions.

The method is to use an extremely formalist soul music and an applied hysteria in the manner of Judy Garland, for example, or Edith Piaf, perhaps. The Projected Passion Revue is an invocation, the objective of which it is hard to describe without blundering around with the words 'soul' and 'emotion'. Dexys Midnight Runners use the stage for a formalist experiment, similar to that of Rip Rig and Panic. But where Rip, Rig and Panic (and Blake) are seeking the adventure and celebration of spontaneity, any such expression is ruthlessly suppressed by Dexys Midnight Runners. They represent, but they don't *emote*.

Kevin Rowland claims to be opposed to the rabble-rousing techniques employed by other groups (of musicians and political rhetoricians) — hence the pretence of a distance between the Projected Passion of Rowland, and the audience. Pretentiously, Rowland uses references to musical forms which express a pure feeling in sound (Van Morrison, Aretha Franklin) while celebrating his own isolation, his own bitterness, which excludes him from the possibility of communicating *anything*, other than his own alienation: a kind of adolescent "nobody understands me" angst routine. What makes this actively offensive, rather than merely irritating, is its imperative statement (*"try and sleep alone, open to suggestions is not the way you feel"* — 'Liars A to E') and its hypocritical distortion of soul reference points.

The image of Dexys Midnight Runners is irresistably significant. A trained squad in boxing boots and uniforms, an *elite* of Pure and Dedicated men; an insistence on Purity with a kind of Fundamentalist bias towards a repression of the desire to Celebrate. A denial of an existential freedom from inarticulate and unselected emotions of a supposedly arbitrary 'nature'. I lose all r-e-s-p-e-c-t for Kevin Rowland (his nerve, his carelessness) when his marching on the spot, arms swinging vertically, with palms open, becomes nothing (more or) less than a goosestep.

I think that Kevin Rowland, by not putting any distance between himself and his obsessions, has lost sight of so much of the *meaning* of the music whose form he (ab)uses.

The frame of Aretha's 'I Say A Little Prayer' and Bill Withers' 'Lean On Me' exposes Dexys' limitations unequivocally. Bravura, by definition, requires music of exceptional powers, and this isn't it. The group are technically inadequate (for the ends to which they are being directed) and their leader appears to be emotionally inarticulate. This inarticulation is manifested in a repellent Emotional Fascism. More martial than soulful.

What makes this more than an irritating irrelevance is Kevin Rowland's identification with a music he utterly misrepresents for his own dubious purposes. The perversion of the 'soul', the 'spirit' — call it what you will — from which Dexys Midnight Runners claim inspiration; of Aretha Franklin, Marvin Gaye, Van Morrison, Otis Redding, Miles Davis . . .

There is no tenderness, no sex, no wit, no laughter. Laughter is not a denial of 'reality', and neither is it diametrically opposed to tears. Kevin Rowland appears to believe them to be mutually exclusive. For myself, tears and formalism are not enough.

—"Let's be kind to one another/shoot your sister, you could eat your brother/who cares when it's only fashion/remember monkey murders always come with passion"

— The Beat.

Mark Cordery

Tito Puente

The Venue

TITO PUENTE may hold much the same patriarchial position in Latin Music as B. B. King holds in R&B, but whereas a preoccupation with myth and legend has all but shunted blues into the picturesque realms of folklore, the music passionately purveyed by Puente's Latin Jazz Septet vibrantly reflects the myriad aspects of a fast-expanding culture.

Richly layered in content, style and appeal, it has little truck with the faddish self-glorification hawked by homegrown synthetic Salsaists. As it transpired, this fraternity were shoved to one side when what seemed like every boisterous London-based Latino jammed into The Venue.

The skill, subtlety and courage of the performance is noisily rewarded, heartfelt compliments openly exchanged, jokes upfully shared. It matters not that vocals are restricted to the occasional unison chant ('Oye Como Va') or that announcements are often in the Loving Tongue, for the proud Tito Puente is one of those truly rare individuals capable of transcending the obvious pitfalls in mass communication.

Switching between timbales and vibraphone, Puente also plays the straight man to the eccentric behaviour of the diminutive Patato on congas and Johnny Rodriguez on bongoes. Against a profusion of danceable rhythms, a combination of block-chord piano, bass, flute and electric violin supply exotic shading.

Seldom has music as genuinely joyful as Puente's been heard in the capital this year or greeted with such unreserved enthusiasm. Not bad going for someone who probably hasn't had a record released in this country in under a decade!

Roy Carr

Tito tonks his timbales. *Pic: David Corio*

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Ivory Coasters

School of Oriental and African Studies

TONIGHT IS a benefit for Eritrean relief and the varsity hall regales its customary Friday night crowd of studious oriental and African scholars with entertainment of a very high order.

Meet the Ivory Coasters, an octet of various English and Scottish musicians with roots in free improvisation, rock and traditional jazz, a Jamaican drummer and guitar/vocalist from the Cameroons in West Africa, playing a variation of hi-life, Zairean folk melodies plus some ska with plenty of verve.

Erst of the Hackney Musicans Collective, the Coasters come together some 18 months ago to make incarnate the little explored territory of hi-life, and this night display their great development over the said period with a set that takes in ten titles and is executed to the satisfaction, sweat and saltation of its appreciative audience, rocking in unity, a gladsome sight.

Their opening number 'Zonga Andowe' creates a relaxing, agreeable atmosphere, and from the first few refrains of the ensuing 'Mopaya Zoba' many are seen to take to the floor with partners in the practice of dance, their numbers swelling as the set proceeds, as success is followed by success in short.

Two titles from the Ivory Coasters' sole discomix release are introduced: the intriguing '1Z41C' and their tribute paid to one Mr Gordon forenamed 'Roscoe'; after which we dance the evening's remainder to the accompaniment of 'Kinzengi Nzengi' and 'Biontondi Kasanda', while our loud encores are rewarded with rendition of the famous 'Soca Baptiste' to bring a night of uplifting music to its close.

Penny Reel

Our Daughter's Wedding

Leeds

NO PUNKS in the palace; no skinheads skanking at the bar; no mohican menace to prick the inflated style. That I only got in because I'm "with the *NME*" spells out the abhorrent, cozy paranoia of the new hipsters. That's 'new scene', spelt n.a.u.s.e.a. . .

Let's get is straight: no one's here for the *bands* (ferchrissake don't show it if you are). That's not NOW. And then there's only one band — no support, no geriatric rock traditionalism. Look beautiful and look at the berks.

Gone eleven and Our Daughter's Wedding have still to face the obscenity. And the Zoot-suited minors bemoan the early closedown (ie, the English evening stops before morning?) Oh for New York, where the idol rich (the moneyed sleepless who've the luxury of not having to go to work in the morning) swing and pose till after dawn. It's wealth, not style, that qualifies you for posing past closing.

Finally, Our Daughter's Wedding stand, three in a row, behind synths and in front of a parachute draped, hanging white, against the naked breeze blocks. They look sharper and jerk more convincingly. The synths crowd in on each other and the sycophants stop dancing. The sound swims gloriously. Wade in catholic pomp. ODW wear cowboy boots and headbands and come from the grand old US of A. They sing — one, two, three — behind waist-level synth benches; three mutant choirboys behind matt black, machine-age schooldesks.

For a cowboy, ODW's vocalist sings OK. Not as hard as his image and maybe too wacky for the strong waves of sound (Pete Murphy manipulates vitriol better), he leans forward out of the dry ice and introduces 'Buildings'. The noise builds. To his right, the percussion synth player shakes, pummelling the keys, his cultivated mop flailing at his forehead. Headbang to the papal heavy metal.

The flock of fringes only shuffle feet when 'Lawnchairs' starts bouncing. ODW play digital cowboys; lurch and lunge. The noisewaves surge from the PA and the demented third of ODW sweats and apes, with accompanying strings.

Our Daughter's Wedding *Pic: Mick Tew*

BEYOND THE FLOPPY FRINGE

The cowboys lay siege to the Warehouse/the painted punters stand still. Nothing stirs behind the Mary Quant — improvisation has been written out of the script. Tragedy or comedy? Is there nothing more than theatre beyond the fringe?

Onstage they finish the act; the heavy metal three-piece orchestra close down leaving a long synth to fade. Neat. But the crowd have woken up. They want the players back and stamp their feet until their hair threatens to cut loose from the lacquer. ODW encore (what the heck!) with 'She's Out There', waterfall keyboards with a smattering of menace.

ODW are OK. I guess I expected pop quaintness. I guess they expected a real life audience. They deserve it.

The music starts up in 12" form again and you can smell the nightclubbers sigh with relief. Down to business, on with the groove thang. Preen and sway — who'd be a looney, marxist IRA supporter? Which way the new conservatism? Blue-rinse sobriety or pouting pissheads? Strength through joy. . .

I leave as Pigbag pounds and thumps, the first animal funk of the evening. Ranting is healthier — don't excuse this one. I've seen the circus; if you've only seen the slogans/read the tracts in the *NME*, go see the madness in your area. Seek out and attack.

X. Moore

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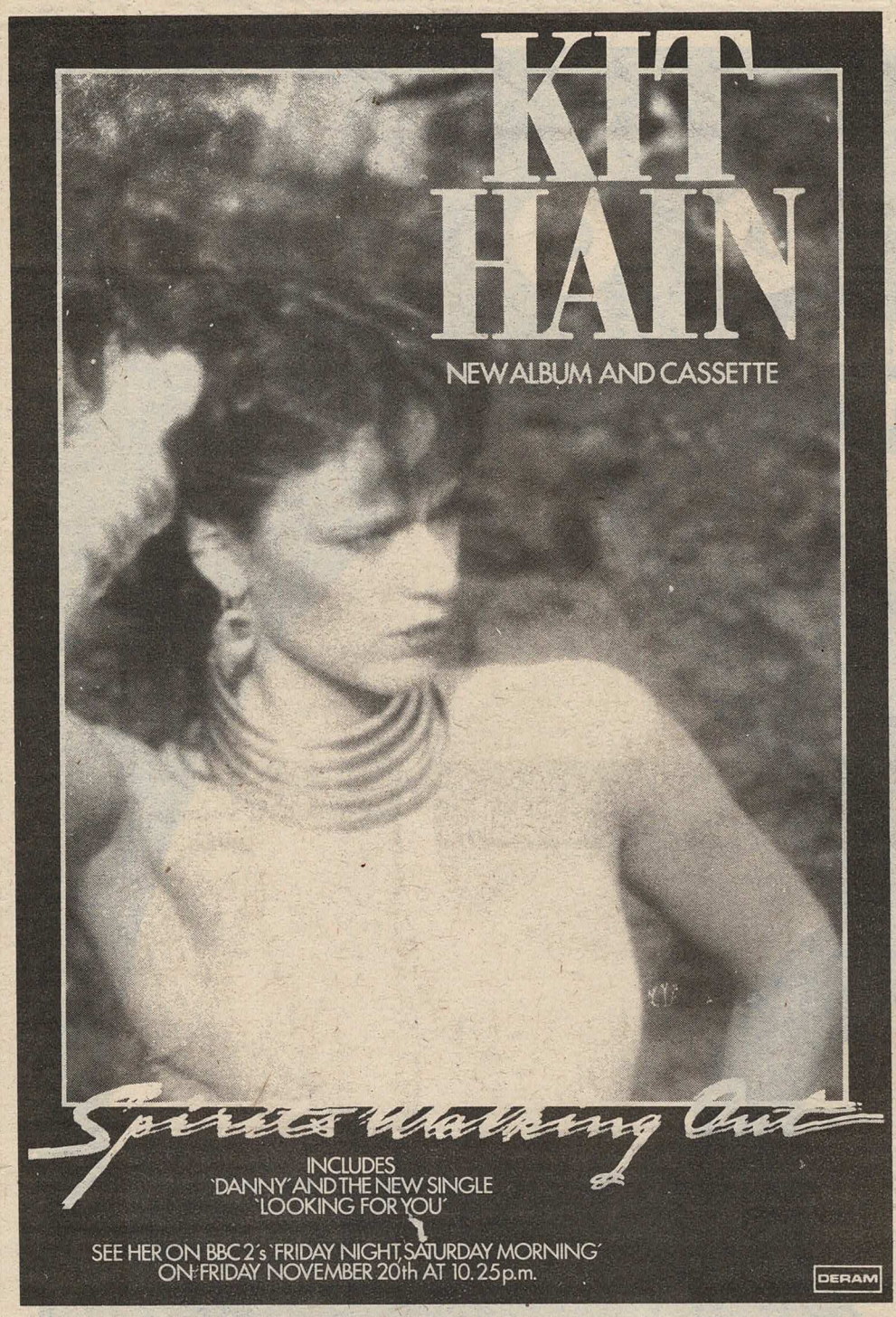

Tarzan 5

Blackburn

WITH A refreshing disdain for the trash aesthetic and an affinity towards something more intelligent, clean and virgin pure, Tarzan 5 urgently try to cure the cancer of our cultural decay.

Yet perhaps their pastel shades were a little too much out of place amongst the vulgar colours of the northern disco pub locals have christened 'Travolta Towers'. Friends obliged with the only polite ripples of applause. Tarzan 5 were hated by their elders, detested by those too insensible to know better.

They didn't sulk about it.

"Dance, don't degenerate!" As Bible - bashing queen of radical rhetoric, Andrea scolded the apathetic onlookers for their shifty indifference. "Dance. Do it!" At least she's well aware Tarzan 5 have the purging pop that bites into the heart and burns.

But Blackburn seemed past all hope. Nobody listened. Little wonder Tarzan 5 left this town for pastures black.

These days they find their solace in the Midlands where they've become loosely committed to 021 Records, who've released one single for them, 'Boy's Game', a pinch of bitter-sweet satire, a spinning, spiralling song that was tonight's high-spot. They've also toured extensively with the Au Pairs, from whom they've nicked a few ideas that they'd probably be better off without.

Tarzan 5 aren't strikingly original though they have the spark of a unique style. Andrea's voice is cathedral - ethereal, gossamer gay, and complimented by the band's superb labyrinth of subtle rhythm and sway.

Tarzan 5 swing. Not from branches. From mind to heart. And then to soul.

Mick Duffy

Rep Butler *Pic: Barbara Kearns*

Mass
Dif Juz
Dance Chapter

Heaven

A 4AD night in the offing, a prospective chance for rock historians to check the roster of underground noises slyly emanating from emotionally ridden young men. Maybe these are the sounds which will eventually shape the destiny of our children and our children's children, but somehow I doubt it.

Dance Chapter from Leeds appear first, filling in for The Visitors who couldn't afford the journey down from Edinburgh. A perfunktory first band, standing on a distant stage far away beyond the social are(n)a. The montage of tunes they entertained themselves with was hardly offensive, but faced with a more than beautiful woman, the need to stand with my back to the possible future of music as we know it was simply too compelling. Coincidentally, everyone else had their own reasons for doing exactly the same thing.

Dif Juz entered the proceedings, elementary entertainers who at least bothered to introduce themselves with some neo-stand up (to be knocked

A HINT OF FLARES?

The Psychedelic Furs
A Flock Of Seagulls
Everest The Hard Way

The Dominion

HOW WOULD you sound climbing the north face of the Eiger and trying to sing the complete David Byrne songbook at the same time in a Scottish accent? Probably rather like the desperate vocalist and guitarist with Everest The Hard Way. Naturally, the rest of the band (rhythm section and keyboards) come over as a dour Talking Heads.

Still, even if they didn't move far enough away from the cliches which inspired them, they did get better as the set progressed. You could even um-er along to them — in the sense of um. . .er. . . .well. . .these lads aren't too bad. But that's not good enough.

You don't forget A Flock Of Seagulls and their grand vainglorious entry in a hurry. They look like Bootle's answer to Japan, and sound like Ultravox, only more pompous, lumbering and atrophied. What a bunch of art holes.

Talk about vacuums and you talk about timewarps. Two years ago The Psychedelic Furs were an anachronism; now, with the psychedelic revival, they've grown into themselves: the warp has been straightened, this is The Furs' moment — and it's vacuous, a ritual not an event.

What's on offer is old, well-posed rock 'n' roll (and the value of transcendence through drugs, sex and ego) for a pacified audience of torchbearers. Band and admirers love making this last r'n'r gasp long and drawn-out, and to ensure that it all goes well vocalist Rep Butler is brought in as technical adviser.

He looks the part in his hint of flares and Jagger In The Park Dress, and gets into cold Lydon-esque contortions, including the bad Catholic altar-boy bit during 'Imitation Christ'. Yes, Butler is on stage suffering for a non-generation, and he's made of himself a sort of Xmas tree fairy Rotten — very lost if put next to a fetishistic Iggy rubber dolly boy.

With The Furs these kind of cultural reference points are all, and the musical substance (notice how their songs are a shapeless flow, with a last gasp never a climax) nothing. The audience, which is more Home Counties than London, more peri-urban than suburban, brings to the gig all the myths which they've missed out on (the first Pistols gig, The Stones in their over-banqueted decadent phase, and The Velvets making art out of urban savagery etc) and The Furs make of these myths a present blank reality. That means that Butler will rap-sing in a prolonged throaty squawk; the sax and keyboards will be sustained (especially during 'Forever Now', a new song); the guitars will dogmatically riff (most so during 'Dumb Waiters' and other favourites); and the rhythm section will stay top-heavy solid. This is timeless: you can't fail, boys. And it's cheating: rock 'n' roll roulette — with blanks.

Paul Tickell

down) comic . . . Phil Oakey with his head permed. A pithy example of the use of initial impact to grab the spirits of a flagging public, something previously ignored. The band commenced slowly, ground to a halt, stopped, started again, wiped out the audience's attention span with a vengeance, settled into another depersonalised groove and once again self-indulged for forty minutes until their time was up.

By now the whole proceedings had become fatally more than predictable. This was to be a night of serious heads-down-no-nonsense-concentration, harsh messages pounded out in doomwatch/laden style with little room for humour, verve or panache. Headache. Just simple dogmatic musical statements that won't corrupt anyone's sensibilities; elitism through ignorance, the worst elements of an underground scene, seemingly content to crawl back up its own posterior from whence it came . . . anally fixated voyeurs to a man. 'Twas an evening of inaccessible adolescent tribal dirges lacking the imagination to be compelling or the energy to force you into subservient marvel. Feet were left untouched. Not even a tap.

By the time Mass arrived on stage, the disco hall was practically empty, and they were left to preach to the converted few who had persevered. They were neither sad nor depressing. Instead the music and stance was faintly hysterical in its metallic monotonous thrash and throb. Feedback has become a cover for the lack of ingenuity to complement the linear leaden rhythms pounded out on a plasticised kit.

As the lights went up on gloom I thought of Rotten's final utterance at Winterland. Crouched on the floor, wasted and abused, he muttered quietly into the mike, "Don't you ever get the feeling you've been cheated?".

Simon Fellowes

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ARISTA

LANDIS AND LYCANTHROPES

■ *from page 30*

different creature."

Aside from this, Landis has nothing but praise for Baker now that he realises what extraordinary demands he was placing on the make-ups because of the nature of the film.

"For instance Jack, on his first appearance in the hospital after he's been mauled, is in bright light. There are no dark shadows and there is no heavy music; there are no supports — none of the cheating that goes on, it's all in bright light. It's a long scene and we literally scrutinise him.

"It's wonderful to see the movie with a big crowd because it's interesting to hear the different reactions. People are so horrified but then they gradually become so fascinated by it and they really get into that little piece of flesh wiggling . . ."

Landis has several other things up his sleeve and for his next trick will make an "odd little movie" called *Into The Night* about a man who cannot sleep, to be followed by the potential blockbuster *Dick Tracy*, which is being co-produced by Paramount and Universal.

If *Dick Tracy* brings in the bucks as intended, he will then embark on another long-cherished project for which Waldo Salt is currently writing the script — Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee In The Court of King Arthur*. This will again bring him back to Britain although it would not be under the aegis of Lycanthrope Films, which will be maintained over here for tax purposes.

As is evident from *Werewolf*, which features an amazing gallery of new British character actors including Rik Mayall (whom he spotted at The Comic Strip), David Schofield (our very own Elephant Man on stage), Brian Glover and Don McKillop (who's a dead ringer for Claude Rains), Landis likes working with British actors and has a talent for spotting relatively underused characters.

This makes *A Connecticut Yankee* doubly exciting, for by reversing John Schlesinger's route and making films in Britain with largely British casts, Landis is clearly putting the country back on the film-making map as a viable locale for future projects.

Mind you, after *An American Werewolf In London*, Picadilly Circus will never seem quite the same again.

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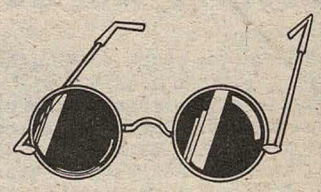

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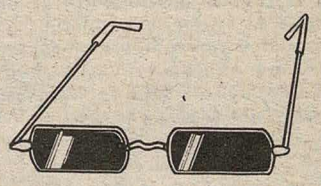

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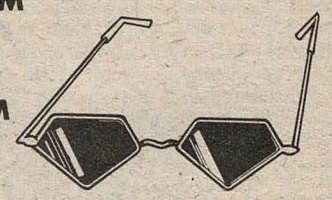

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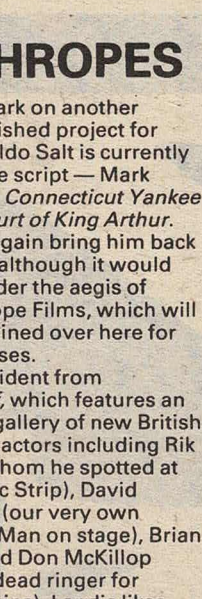

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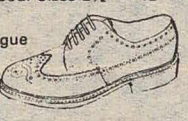

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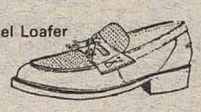

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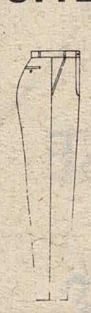

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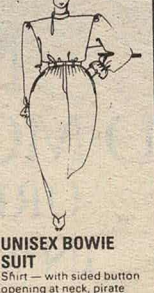

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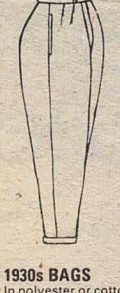

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Reggae Runnings

LONG anticipated **Willie Williams** album for Studio One finally issued this week on a US pressing and is presently doing the local rounds in unsleeved quantities. Entitled 'Armagideon Time' (SOLP 0132) after the singer's recording debut single — later versioned by the Clash city rockers — the LP is a seven track set composed jointly with C S Dodd, featuring new songs 'Master Plan', 'See You When I Get There', 'People', 'All The Way', 'Turn On The Power' and 'Easy'. Also new from Williams via Studio One is a 10" single entitled 'Jah Righteous Plan' issued on the Music Lab label and coupled with 'Africa Here I Come' from **Freddie McGregor** (MLD 001.)

Another Stateside pressing currently circulating local specialist outlets is the latest **Johnny Clarke** LP entitled 'Originally Mr Clarke' (LPCT 0108). Released on Clocktower, the set is a 10-track waxing featuring Clarkey's recent 'Bad Days Are Going' title.

New discomixes include: **Carrol Thompson,** 'A Happy Song' c/w 'Just A Little Bit' (S&G SG11) — arranged by Alan Weeks; **Sammy Dread,** 'Gone Away' c/w **Don McCarlos & Captain Sinbad,** 'I'm Not Crazy' (Greensleeves GRED 69) — produced by Henry "Junjo" Lawes; **Cleve Watkiss,** 'Gimme What You Got' c/w **S&G Outfit,** 'I've Got You' (S&G SG12); **Yard,** 'Just The Two Of Us' (Super Sonic); and **Triston Palmer,** 'I'm Ready' c/w **Baddoo,** 'War In The Area' (Black Solidarity); and on 10" discomix; **Eek A Mouse,** 'Georgie Porgie' (Jah Life).

Latest 7" pre-release titles include: **Peter Roots,** 'You'll Realise' c/w **Roots Radix,** 'Realisation Dub' (Jah P); **Jackie Kingstonian,** 'I Need You Tomorrow' (Oneness); **Jimmy Riley,** 'Everybody Needs Somebody' (Taxi); and **Sammy Dread,** 'Righteous Dread' (Black Solidarity).

Inviting all rockers to A Ranking Session at the Sols Arms Pub, Hampstead Road, London, NW1 on Wednesday, November 18 — from 8pm until 11pm — with sounds by **7 Warriors.** Nearest tube: Warren Street. Admission: £1.00; and a Rockers Session at the Conservative Hall, 157 Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N8 on Fridays November 20 and 27, featuring 7 Warriors and **Sir Marfious.** Admission: £1.50. 8pm until late.

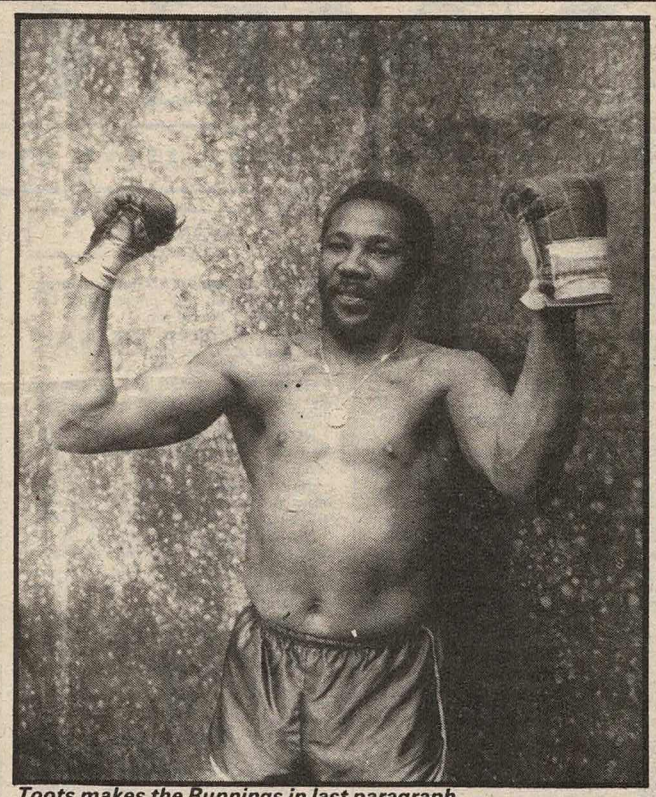
Onstage at the Rainbow in Finsbury Park on Saturday, November 21: **Lone Ranger, Tony Tuff, Triston Palma** and **Lui Lepke,** plus guest appearances by **Trevor Walters** and **Sugar Minott.**

Up in Scotland, Edinburgh's pacesetting Ital Club is hosting a weekly reggae round-up on the city's local radio station: Radio Forth (194 medium wave/96.8 VHF). The show goes out every Wednesday night at around 9pm as part of the station's *What's On* programme. Meanwhile, UK visitor **John Holt** is booked to play the Ital Club on Sunday, December 6 as part of his eleven-date itinerary.

Staying north of the border, it is this week confirmed that JA vocal trio **The Gladiators'** only Scottish date on the group's current UK tour will be at the Olympia Ballroom, East Kilbride on Monday, November 30. The show starts at 8pm with late bar and support from **Dreadbeat** sound system. Tickets are priced £3.00 and available from Impulse Records, East Kilbride.

Current top 10 chart in Jamaica: 1. **Champaigne,** 'How About Us?' (Columbia); 2. **Gregory Isaacs,** 'Front Door' (African Museum); 3. **Eek-A-Mouse,** 'A Wha' Do Dem' (Volcano); 4. **Edi Fitzroy,** 'Check For You Once Girl' (Musical Ambassador); 5. **Lionel Ritchie & Diana Ross,** 'Endless Love' (Motown); 6. **Smokey Robinson,** 'Being With You' (Motown); 7. **Billy Preston,** 'Make It With You' (Motown); 8. **Lone Ranger,** 'Love Bump' (Studio One); 9. **Toots And The Maytals,** 'Papa D' (Louv); and 10. **Chalice,** 'Good To Be There' (Melrose). Compiled from a consensus of leading JA record retailers: Tuff Gong, Record Plaza, Joe Gibbs and GG Records.

Penny Reel



Toots makes the Runnings in last paragraph.
Pic: Claude Gassian

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DRUMMER WANTED A. C. R. Defunkt type Mark — 01 898 3953.

DRUMMER WANTED to join band currently working on own material. Midlands based. — Paul, Tel: Waterhouses 269.

FEMALE STUDENT Leeds, writing songs, wants to sing. Needs nusic. Bowie inspired — originality required. Box No. 4375

FEMALE MUSICIANS wanted to form new band. Own gear and ideas helpful. — 01-733 8211.

GUITAR/BASS/Drums require lead singer and other instruments. Bunnymen/Pop influenced — Ring Wickford 3254 S.E. Essex area.

GUITARIST WANTED for Bowie influenced band. Ring Lee Upminster 29602 anytime.

LEICESTER AREA: Synths and percussion, imagination over technical ability. Leicester 58260.

MALE DRUMMER and vocalist to complete band. Runcorn/Warrington area. Phone Kingsley 88794.

PERCUSSIONIST WANTED for poet phone Bertie 01-460 4390

PUNCHY BASS wanted (Magazine, Gang of 4). Equipment and commitment essential as gigs and recording are happening now. This is good. Phone: James 01-938 1609.

SAX PLAYER urgently needed. Gigs from December. Bunnymen, Funk Mark 654 5375 Croydon.

SYNTHIST requires dedicated musicians. — Dell, 5 Hembrigg Terrace, Morley, W. Yorks.

SYNTH PLAYER urgently needed. Gigs from December. Record Company interested. League, Minds, Bunnymen Mark 654 5375 Croydon.

TAKE IT — need saxophonists, trumpeters, clarinetists — the lot. Swing ideas. Ring 01-340 1871

TWENTY YEAR old country singer wishes to join band in Croydon area. Phone Alan, 01-820 2331.

UNTRAINED VOICEand electric bass enquire: Have you drum/guitar-/keyboard. Ideas before technique. Competency after vision. 01 - 935 2925.

VOCALIST WANTED Bunnies, Velvets etc. John Leeds 624016

VOCALIST WANTED for Guildford Group 0483 233561.

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THINKING MEN

• from page 17

audience at Bond's and everyone's just foldin' 'em up into paper airplanes and throwin' 'em back at the stage — they went on Tom Snyder and they didn't have no answer for anything. They just said 'Everything's a bore' . . . 'We read about these things in the newspapers' ").

"We enjoy what we're doing and we have really great fans and I'm pleased that we feel we're the best at what we do," he says simply. "To me that's enough satisfaction."

JOEY ASKS ME about *URGH!* ("It wasn't the TAMI Show, huh?" he grins); he recommends "a girl called Jo Marshall and a group named the Swingin' Madisons, they're great"; he talks about the "healthy awareness" of a real rock resurgence in America, "like of all the great things from the '60s, all the diverse and extreme things which went down whether it was the Stooges or the Beach Boys or the Beatles or the Four Tops." And he talks a lot about fans — the crazy fans in Bloomington, Indiana; the great fans in Champagne, Illinois; in Oslo; in the UK. He mentions a letter from an eleven year-old and her thirteen-year-old friend who saw The Ramones as their first rock show ("I felt kinda like they were gettin' the right education or somethin'," he offers).

I'm thinking about our recent matter-of-fact reports on Chrissie Hynde making fun of a fan's handmade candle-holder gift and Sting being allowed to wank on about his status as a national sex symbol.

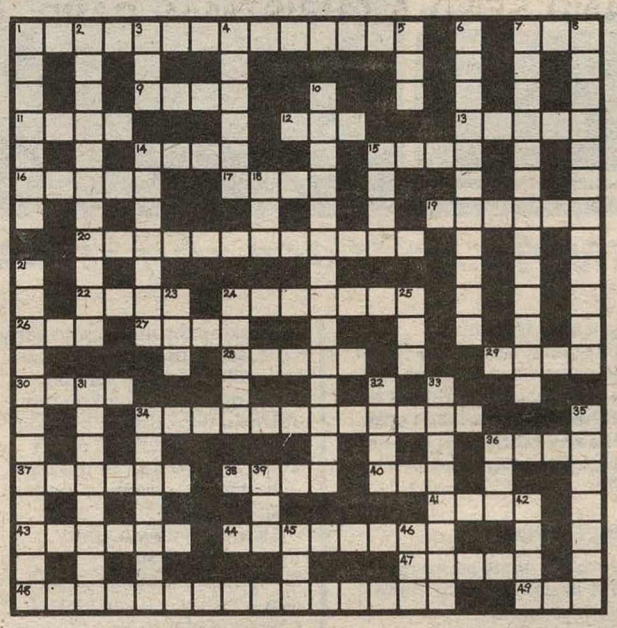
"I feel good," asserts Joey unassumingly. "I feel real good, cause I have my self-respect, I have my pride and I haven't done anything I didn't want to do. We have integrity and we've maintained it and I think we're consistent.

"It's just . . . real," he adds much later. "It's not a trendy thing and it's *here* — it's cemented. I think we could go on indefinitely really and not get stagnant. I doubt we will still —it's a really good chemistry, four individual personalities.

"I feel like no matter what — no matter whether we're friends or not, whatever — we work *together*, we're working for the same goal and we believe in the same cause. And that's the way it should be."

CYNTHIA ROSE

X-Press Word



ACROSS

1 Alex Harvey's answer to Watergate (9, 5)
7 See 31 Down
9 The Stones have just done a huge American one (4)
11 The feeling, maaan, or a singular percussion piece (4)
12 They looked all around the world and only found Carnaby Street (3)
13 Goes with music, or a Hammersmith theatre (5)
14 Screaming bush (4)
15 First name of the chef of the Pistols (4)
16 Rory Gallagher's state (5)
17 Dr Love's Ms. Charles (4)
19 The hairless women associated with Crass (6)
20 See 36 Across
22 The type of drop that explodes (4)
24 Take them, they're yours (7)
26 AH — but something's missing in them there thunderous mountains (3)
27 Late '70s film about not being conscious (4)
28 Rainbow's fish? (5)
29 What did this fanzine sniff? (4)
30 Boys/Machine (4)
34 Interesting claim to the fact that punk's not dead (3, 9)
36 and 20 Dylan lookalike who gave us gimmix which we all played loud (4, 6, 6)
37 Relative position of Zappa's inventions (6)
38 BIG label (4)
40 Queen's label (1, 1, 1)
41 The length of the winding road (4)
43 Lydon's discarded nom de plume (6)
44 Bowie remembered a free one (8)
47 Sam wrote 'Only Sixteen' for Dr. Hook (5)
48 Band sounding extraordinarily like a track from 'Fear Of Music' (8, 7)
49 As the saying goes, the only man to enter Parliament with honest intentions (3)

DOWN

1 Chrissie's type of life, shared by a saving grace (7)
2 Ike and Tina's limits (7, 4)
3 It went on all around Steeleye Span's particular piece of clothing (3)
4 Where the ferry spends his life cruising (6)
5 Label that first picked up Presley (3)
6 The coins of Tom Waits (5, 6)
7 Venus of vinyl? (5, 7)
8 Harley playing at being Redford (3, 9)
10 The Rat's fruity state (6, 8)
14 An author on the road with subterraneans (7)
15 The Psychedelic Furs think she's pretty in it (4)
18 They publish in Fleet Street and Carnaby Street! (1, 1, 1)
21 X-Ray Spex B-side possibly applicable to Russian submarine captains (4, 8)
23 Big O Orbison (3)
24 French musician messed up in a tie situation (5)
25 Adam's lady Libertine (3)
31 and 7 Across. Feline cartoon featuring tracks from Billie Holiday, B.B. King and Bo Diddley (5, 3, 3)
32 Biscuit Band (4)
33 They sung 'Top Of The Pops' on it (8)
34 Hip term for police or a mispelt band (3, 4)
35 Annie with the barbed wire halo (7)
36 Anderson of Yes (3)
39 Brotherhood of Man's vaguely edible label (3)
42 Lake of ELP (4)
45 The unfortunate Sutcliffe who never lived to make it with the rest of them (3)
46 Abbreviated name of shack up band (1, 1, 1)

Crossword this week by Michele Noach.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across:— 1 Laurie Anderson, 9 'Rat Race', 10 'Imagine', 11 'Up Around The Bend', 13 Moon, 14 Tesco, 15 + 31 'Please Please Me', 16 Darts, 17 Shangri-Las, 20 + 32 'Are You Ready', 23 Meatloaf, 24 Ray, 25 Adicts, 26 Hain, 27 'Red River'.

Down:— 1 'Lord Upminster', 2 Ultravox, 3 'I'm A Boy', 4 'A Teenager In Love', 5 Drifters, 6 Rea, 7 'Oliver's Army', 8 Headboys, 12 'Eat', 15 Pigbag, 18 'Army Life', 19 Safari, 21 Exile, 22 UK Subs, 26 'Hop', 27 Roe, 28 Dee, 29 Vee, 30 Rod.

THE FACE

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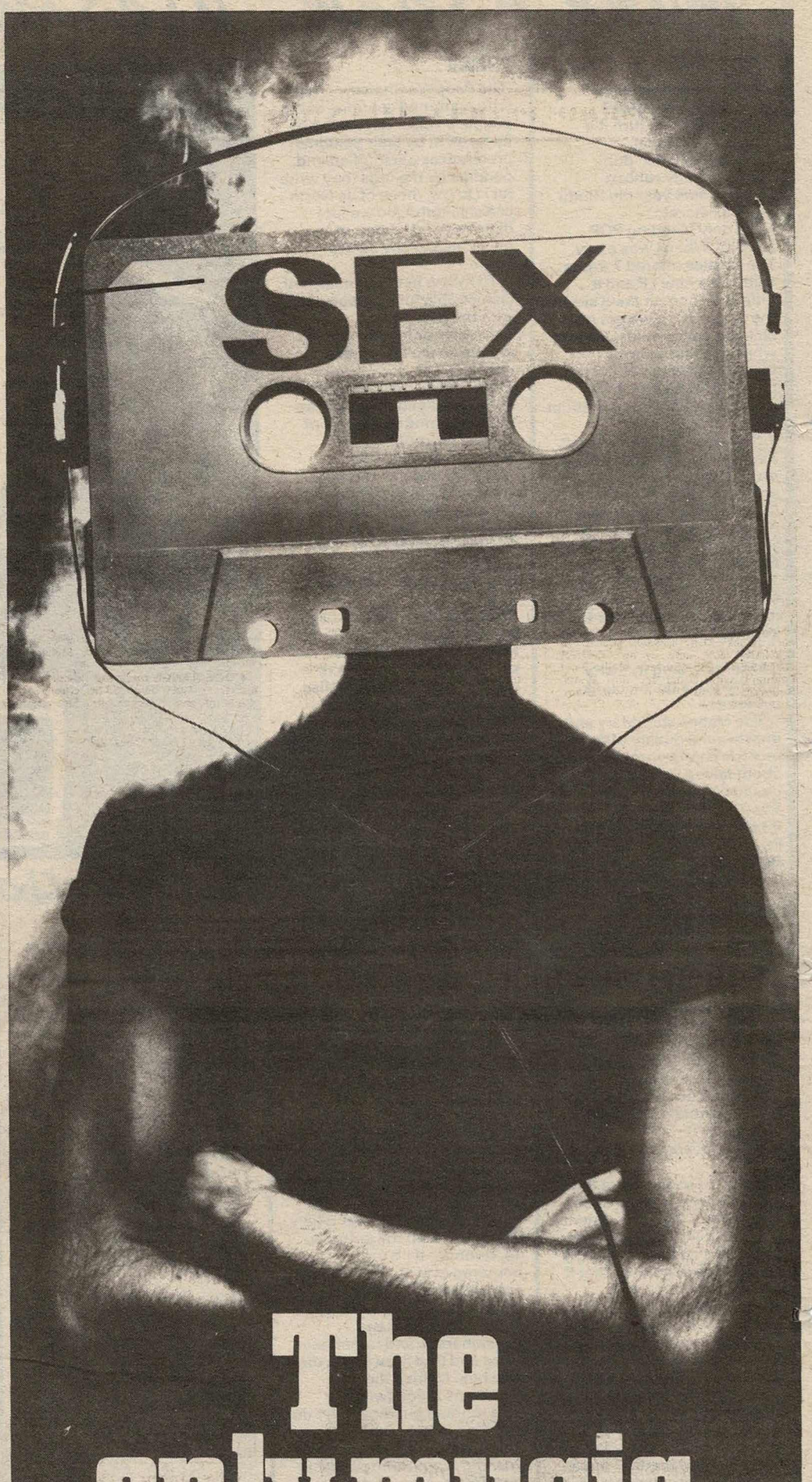

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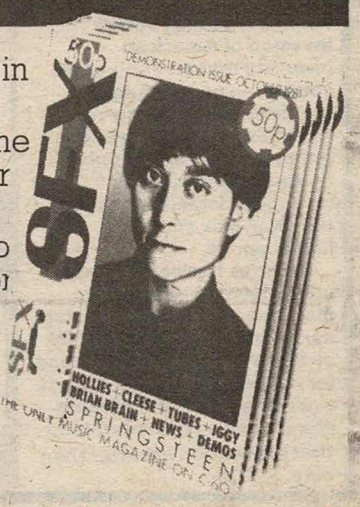


Make A Stink! Use Some Ink! Who Needs A Shrink

Illustration: Jill Mumford

Howl to Gasbag: N.M.E. 5-7, Carnaby St. London W1V 1PG

SWIZZ

What's the matter with musicians nowadays? Everywhere you turn it's ready-mix version, instrumental mix, dub version, ready rubbed version, nine year old Hindu boy mix etc. etc.

It's only bleeding POP MUSIC! When I was a boy, The Beatles offered 7 tracks aside on a new LP and a different song on the B side of the single. Now we get some childish instrumental version which just has a drum blamming away like a steam hammer, and some berk grunting in echo . . . talk about swizz!

T.P. Tucker, Ramsgate, Kent.

Yeah, and if you get 14 songs on a LP these days it's probably something like 'Greasy Chips And Broken Noses After Too Much To Drink On A Saturday Night (In My Town)' on Grimsby's Terminal Insanity label by The Deep Frozen Maggots, and it's the same song with 13 xeroxes. — GM.

So the recording industry want to put a tax on blank cassettes?

The cretins should try and improve the quality of their records before complaining about falling sales (allegedly due to blank cassettes).

The Tottenham Rebel.

PS Keith Burkinshaw for Prime Minister.

Better than Greenwood but not as good as Clough. — GM.

GENERALS

In the article about the CND rally you quote Tony Benn as having said, "We will not accept the political domination of our country by Russian generals. I heard him say; "We will not accept the political domination of our country by American generals, Russian generals or British generals." Makes a difference!!!

Martin, Coventry.

Two recent events have have prompted me to write about the growing CND movement. Firstly the display in London two weeks ago and secondly the Russian statement that if any Western European country disarms unilaterally it will not have nuclear arms used against it in a war. This statement suggests that Russia is unlikely to follow any western act of nuclear disarmament.

The primary danger of having military inferiority may not be a nuclear attack but a Soviet invasion and the psychological and political effort of living with the constant threat of that invasion.

Until all these weapons disappear totally the best way of reducing the risk of nuclear war is to make sure that those who are thinking of using nuclear weapons against you are prevented by the knowledge that you can strike back in a similar fashion. For Western Europe that means maintaining the nuclear balance.

Nick, your friendly neighbourhood Trident missile dealer.

I'm really sick and tired of the 'slag the reds' idealism when it's a thinly veiled invasion of American interests that is running this country — unscrupulous multinationals, taking your North Sea oil for a mess of potage and diverting public funds towards nuclear weapons instead of helping the poor, sick and handicapped.

As far as nuclear weapons are concerned — if the madmen are prepared to start using those things when I for one don't hold out much hope for my sweet Irish ass. It's not a game worth even thinking about unless you understand that prevention is better than cure. — GM

CHOICE

'The People's Choice' cry the crud crammed columns of the people's voice. But are we to be taken in by their personal preferences personified and peddled by the rags they write for? Do we, those of us North of Kensington, do we feel deprived and left out of the oh-so insular city centre scene?

To follow in the footsteps of fashionable funk, to pop pills with the psychedelic revivalists or to limp lamely alongside the lamentable latinists . . .?

But, again, do the rest of us respect, indeed do we fall for the wandering warblings of the self promoting, self congratulatory mafia modelled clans of the arty auteurs of musique critique? Is ours a feeling of sorrow for the insecurity of these Godforsaken clowns?

Like hell it is!

Chris Coleman, Leamington Spa.

Aha! impeccable alliteration, perfect parody and still retaining a crisp caustic critical edge. Chris, you're closer to us than you realise. Why not keep the quill in action and give us all the suburban shakedown? — GM.

HALO

I was busking in the streets of London playing heavy metal years before the heavy metal revival. For years I persisted with my efforts, occasionally playing to small crowds on Portobello Road, sometimes playing to nothing but the reverberations in the tunnel at South Kensington tube station. I played for whatever little money people would throw at me, though none of my audience ever came to throw me my bail when I was arrested for entertaining them.

Lately I've tried forming a band and I ask myself, is it worth it? If I'd known that I'd be deemed redundant as soon as I'd got my material together by ignorant pop/mor/disco fanatics when I first picked up my guitar at 14, I wonder if I'd have bothered at all. I also have to pay (out of my dole money) to make a demo in order to get a gig playing to old age pensioners who'd rather hear Abba and Rod Stewart on the juke box. I joined the musicians union (with my dole money) but they don't do anything either.

Rory (Jack Boot) Cargill, a 26 year old hippie who plays his own Heavy Metal music, Putney.

So what do you want, an arts council grant? Are you 'the guy' the kids have been asking me to give them a penny for at the tube station every night? — GM.

Don't be uncharitable, give this man the Gasbag Halo Of The Week — NS

RIGHT BARNEY

Yes, yes, yes, well done Barney Hoskyns. Did you copy your Clash write up from the one that appeared during the '16 Tons' tour? I bet you're feeling proud of your scabby knackered self!

I suppose you posed at the nice little tables on the balcony with your *NME* badge on one lapel and your 'I Love Me' badge on the other, occasionally flicking over priced drinks to the crowds down below.

I'm not saying that I disagree with you slightly, or that I do not belong (unlike yourself) to the 'Let's slag the Clash cos it's the thing to do at the moment' club. I merely think that you ought to be run through with a frosty fir tree.

Slightly vexed, Bass.

Barney Hoskyns? Who is he? — The review of the Clash gig was one of the most biased pieces of writing I have ever come across. But then it's hip to kick The Clash at this time of year, isn't it? And Barney Hoskyns is the type of person to jump on these 'hip' bandwagons. (I mean isn't it hip to like Echo And The Bunnymen and The Birthday Party and doesn't Barney — the inane fool — like this crowd?).

In the last three weeks he's praised Dollar, Michael Jackson, Disco, The Drifters and The Stylistics — he shouldn't be allowed to write about spunky bands like The Clash.

OK, maybe The Clash have lost some of the aggression of their debut but they've made up for it in subtlety, experience and maturity. The Clash are still the best around.

Elvis Costello's greatest fan, Belfast.

This letter is directed at the Clash. I was pissed off when I saw that Northern Ireland was not included in the list of dates that they are playing in the UK this year. So how about it Joe, you've got a lot of fans over here in Ireland who want to see you live.

An angry Clash fan, Belfast.

And that's just some of the many criticisms of Hoskyn's Clash review. Although the group were a first love for me I can't seem to get worked up either way about them these days. I think it's fair to say that a certain combination of political T-shirts and karma have stopped The Clash from playing Belfast during their last tour. Obviously there's going to be a good few fans angry over their non appearance. Especially those who remember the time that the group came to Belfast and got their pictures taken with tanks and barricades and left without playing a note. — GM.

HOLLYWOOD

Proposed movie script (the scene is a small town in the American west)

Ronald Reagan plays Ronald MacDonald, a retired circus clown who is now town sheriff. Vincent Price plays Malcolm Razor the town drunk. He sits in the saloon all day and all night stirring only to greet each new customer with his standard plea 'Look buy me a drink will ya mate, any 8 year old scotch will do and maybe someday I'll do ya a favour, ya with me."

Barry Manilow plays Margret Hatchet the saloon harlot. Her father was a uranium miner who suffered radiation poisoning and due to a genetic disorder Margret was born deaf and blind. Most townspeople believe her disabilities to be psychological but the local doctor (perhaps Marlon Brando) knows better.

In the end Mal, Ron and Marg become really good friends they see a lot of each other and decide to spend their weekends together. They meet in a secret place where no-one will ever be able to reach them. (Perhaps a lost goldmine).

Cecil B De Coppola, Australia.

And you thought we were loonies? — Ken Russell and Mel Brooks.

Has Midge Ure beaten up Ian Penman yet? If so will it soon be available on video?

Willoughby Fairfax, Liverpool.

Willoughby!! Fairfax!? I'll tell Ian you called — GM.

Buying a copy of the *NME* is like banging my head against a brick wall. The 'M' for musical is now redundant. It couldn't even be called the New Political Express despite its political coverage because this has only existed since it has been fashionable for the young to be seemingly politically aware. *(Since the early '70s then — Ed) NME* is a *FASHION* paper for *YOUNG* people.

Looking through some early '70s issues of the *NME* I saw you still had a folk section, nowadays from reading the *NME* I'd think that folk music no longer existed, if I didn't know otherwise. But the truth is that folk music is no longer fashionable.

I suppose now country music is becoming fashionable via Elvis Costello and Squeeze we can expect coverage of that area of music in the *NME*.

What's it to be fashion or music? You knock the Stones because it's not fashionable to be 40 and Dylan because it's not fashionable to practise Christianity.

One achievement of The Beatles not often mentioned is that the generations were united in appreciation of their music. Which is the greater achievement to breed good feelings? or bad feelings? (which is what punk seems to do).

Lastly, your letters page. Why have you this device of adding wisecracks to the end of readers letters. Are you so insecure that you must have this comeback? Why not scrap the letters altogether so you can fill it with more of your CYNICISM, SARCASM AND NEGATIVITY.

Richard Clark, Cambridge.

Well there's no reason why a young person's fashions mag shouldn't hold interest and significance for people outside the confines of 'youth' (an arbitary term) or 'fashion' (an even more arbitary term). I'm neither a politician nor an actor but I'm certainly interested to read about both of them.

Certainly there have been some ridiculous fads and revivals this year but, hopefully what's left is a new awareness and openness towards music. This could never have happened in the mid or early '70s when the *NME* clearly patted categories like 'folk' and 'soul' on the head and left them to rot outside the 'fashionable' mainstream.

I don't think there's anything unfashionable or unworthy in being 40 or practising Christianity. But there is something sad and pointless in making records that are dull parodies of former achievements.

I'm sorry you didn't take an open heart and an open mind to see at least one of the recent three nights Dexys Midnight Runners performed at London's Old Victoria Theatre. You may not have found a welter of optimism (there's over a decade between us and cosy '60s idealism remember) but there was enough strength, honesty and positivity to combat all the cynicism, sarcasm and negativity you could think of. — GM

I've just viewed TOTP which I always do on Thursday evenings. Well, we all want decadence but who'll light the fires? Token foreigner, a French person with a coco powder tan and an empty backing. It's your party, it's not worth crying. Rock n roll may have died but *TOTP* was always dead. But zombies can't be buried. *Pip Drogheda, Calendonia.*

KNICKERS

So Hazel O'Connor's knickers fell down in primary school? Well, isn't it about time she pulled them up?

NME Reader and Will'O The Wisp fan.

There's no answer to that. — GM.

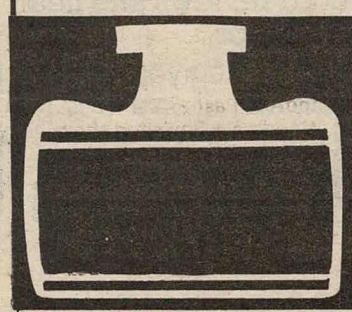
OINK

Surely the point about Oi music and a point only half grasped by Lynn Hanna in her investigation of Oi Against Racism is that for better or worse, it really is the authentic voice of a very large proportion of inarticulate, unemployed and angry youth. The point about the kids who follow Oi is that they are really out of orbit with the very intellectualisation and condescension that the *NME* propagates, thereby causing the incontrovertible gap between them and you to increase still further.

But the point is that this is honest music, coming from the streets, involving a lot of working class kids who can be inarticulate and manipulated. So what's the point in telling a passive non-fascist readership (although the middle classes have always been the first to turn to fascism in times of deep depression) that there is an ugly side to Oi which shuld not be touched?

At this time fascism is

Readers t's crossed and i's dotted by Gavin Martin



particularly dangerous and must be totally crushed but isn't it time that you drew the distinction between opposing a crude and disgusting ideology, fascism, and suffocating a music that speaks for many from the roots?

One thing that is certain — had Oi music *not* had its dangerous fascist elements the *NME* would have been foaming at the mouth with verbosity and paroxysms of delight.

Mr G. Matthews.

Aww c'mon Mr Matthews, some of use round here were criticising Oi and New Punk (a large section of its anyway) long before Southall. Although not necessarily fascist in itself it is bigoted, dogmatic and a new form of dumb patriotism; it wasn't hard to see where it was leading.

Attitudes like your that insist the 'authentic' voice of the working class has to involve dressing down, negatively and flaunting their squalor is clearly the enemy of the working class. And a far more condescending attitude than I've ever read in NME — GM

Enough of this smug nonsense from the *NME!* For the last three years you've hardly covered any punk bands at all, certainly not favourably until they were way past their best.

Who cares what Morley and co think about Punk and Oi — when was the last time they were at one of our gigs? Is Morley talking from experience — or sheer elitist prejudice.

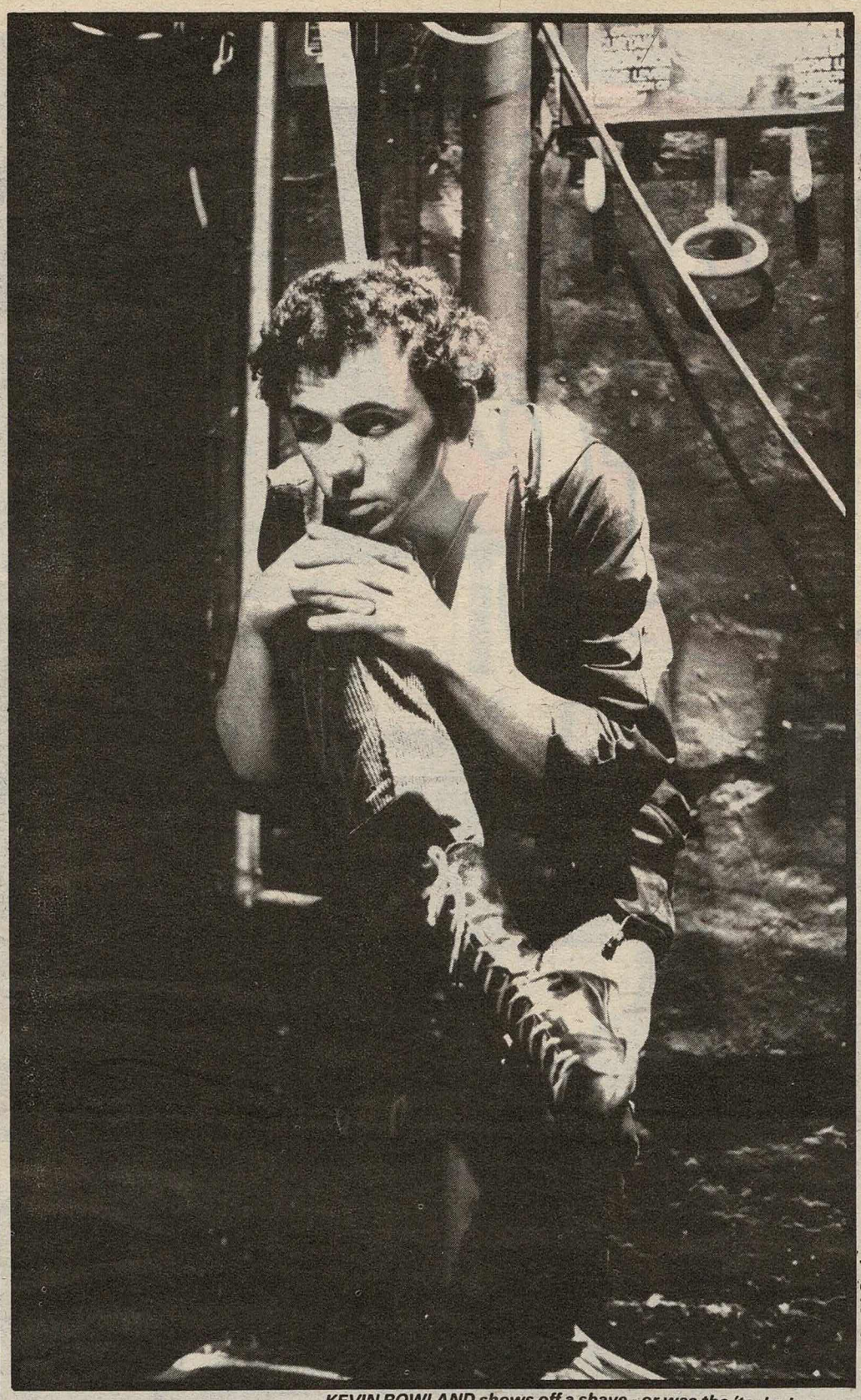
As for Oi being moronic Neil, since when have anti-racist gigs been moronic? Oi is proving itself with our benefit gigs. And let's face it the only way a band can effect change in the real world is by aligning itself with real causes like the trade unions and CND.

Paul 'Errol' Morley's great revolutionary alternative of ligging at all the hippest clubs is to say the least insulting!

Long live Ray Lowry! Smash the Tories!

Ronnie Rouman, TGWU, and Oi! Organising Committee

Merely putting on a badge with a slogan and saying 'Yeah we played an anti-racist gig' doesn't automatically make anyone a politically sound person. Some Oi bands give the impression they're more interested in gig money than who or what they're playing for — cue reference to the Southall gig. 'Politics' includes personal politics — for example the late John Lennon was fond of pointing out the contradictions between the personal and frequently chauvinist behaviour of 'revolutionaries' and their declared public ideals (come to think of it, there don't exactly seem to be squads of female Oi fans, are we twigging something here?). Personal politics doesn't deny concerted public action, and *NME* has, notably, been covering that for many years more than Oi has existed. Now piss off. — NS



KEVIN ROWLAND shows off a shave - or was the 'tache just a stick-on job?

Pic: David Corio

T-ZERS

ALL'S THE NAME — **Al Cat,** the paw-man's **Errol,** keepin' tabbies on all that's goin' down and having the time of my ninth life . . .

Lick this: a buzz on the alley telephone brings me **Ian Dury,** long-distance from Sydney Australia. I refuse the charges, times are hard all over. Twixt the pips, he tells me of shabby treatment at Oz Immigration that morning — seems because he was a polio victim, they wouldn't let him through without a lengthy interrogation, him and a queue of other disabled visitors (you know, the bods supposed to be having their 'Year' this year). Sounds like it's all part of some plan to preserve a land fit for bronzed Bondi Beach Bruces, straight of limb and vacant of brain . . .

He rings back later, though, in happier frame of mind — having found himself sharing Sydney's one-and-only hotel with fellow-Londoner **Alf Garnett** (over there as a Cultural Exchange for **Barry Humphries,** presumably), with **Clive James** to provide a little local colour, and **Johnny Mathis** to provide whatever it is Johnny Mathis provides . . .

Lo! What scrap or tidbit of intelligence is this that blows in fitful gusts through my alley domain? 'Tis a message from **Stella Belle Star Barker,** on the subject of her being with child, as claimed by **Fun Boy Neville.** It reads: "With regards to her alleged 'happy event' as quoted in last week's *T-Zers* Stella would like to say: 'Can we talk about this, Neville?'" A-ha! As suspected, the so-called proud father's bulletin was prompted by an excess of patriotic fervour occasioned by that day's news from the Palace. Or an excess of *something,* anyway . . .

A timid little kitten approaches me with this: snoozing by the Old Vic stage door on the last night of **Dexy's** three-night run, he was trodden on by none other than **Prince Charming** himself, **Adam Ant,** rushing back to congratulate the pony-tailed soulsters. Remember this, adds my tiny informant, somewhat emboldened: a cat may look at a King, so he reserves the right to do what the hell he likes down the trouser leg of a mere Prince . . .

Here's one: **Shirley Williams,** of the MOR group **SDP,** sends herself to sleep with protest-era **Dylan** played on the old portable cassette player. What we don't know is what she wakes herself up to, or even if it's been written yet. . .

Gosh, there's a thought: we hope this doesn't mean that Shirl indulges in the loathsome, villainous, detestable crime of *home taping.* Especially not after that most moving petition in the papers, with all those distinguished signatories. Is it playing on your conscience as much as mine? I for one have taken to prowling round to

RICHARD STRANGE gets a nose job. *Pic: David Corio*

CBS and WEA at the dead of night and stuffing fivers through their letterboxes. Other ideas you might like to try include: asking the DHSS if you could get your giro transferred direct to **Paul McCartney's** bank account. Or, next signing-on day, why not suggest a whip-round for **Elton John?** You're sure to get quite a response! As for the state of signatory **Debbie Harry's** finances, well they should be okay — after all, she does all those glossy ads for blank tape, doesn't she?. . .

HEAVEN 17, fresh from their dismal showing with **Hot Gossip** (see LP reviews) are now making an album with a former heart-throb of mine, **Sandie Shaw.** Ah, Sandie, how well do I remeber those old rendezvoozes of ours — it took real class to walk down this alley with no shoes on . . .

Shut that bloody office window up there! I'll be putting in for an insulated bin-lid if they don't stop playing that *NME* **'Dancin' Master'.** Sales, any road, are nearing the 20,000 mark, with radio play from all the most discerning jocks. Yes, they do exist . . .

A twitch of the whiskers for my old collaborator **Al Clark,** who's resigned from co-editing *Event* magazine, and left the Virgin empire. But for why, oh namesake Al? "Too many cooks, too much power-jockeying, too much arm wrestling over pits of scorpions." Must send the lad an invite to my next bring-a-saucer party. . .

Congratulations, though, to **Queen** on a piece of neat manoeuvring. They stopped publication of **John Muir's** *Queen: The First Ten Years,* claiming that *NME* photographer **Kevin Cummins,** whose pics adorn the book, *doesn't exist,* that his name was a pseudonym for another photographer flogging some unauthorised snaps. Queen's legal action had to be withdrawn, of course — but it held up Muir's book until after they'd managed to get their *own* Xmas-market offering into the shops, so pre-empting the competition . . .

Did you know (part one): **Dexy's** string-laden masterpiece 'Liars A To E' — performed live with the three horn players on cello and violin at the band's Old Vic shows — was originally titled 'Your Own' and came with horns rather than strings . . .

Did you know (part two): **Hank Williams Jnr** has seven LPs in the US C&W Top 50 — apparently an unprededented feat . . .

And a Would You Believe: **Billy Idol** has a US Top 10 disco hit with his utterly grotesque version of 'Mony, Mony'. British audiences may be puzzled by Idol's repeated assertions that he *"feels like a pony"*. . .

Next Tuesday, the 24th, the Club Left revue with **'Old Vic' Godard** moves to the Soul Kitchen, at Newcastle's Casablanca Club. . .

And if you can't stand the Kitchen, get into the heat at Club Zoo, starting its third three-day week at Liverpool's Pyramid club. Last week's opening, starring **The Teardrop Explodes,** boded well, and look out for it in your town one day. Who knows who could show — even the **Bunnies,** or **The Fun Boy Three,** even?. . .

Speaking of whoms, in a bid to re-enact the **Isleys'** '3+3' era, those three ex(tra)-**Specials** have hitched themselves — on a *purely* professional level, we understand — to the tempestuous female trio **Bananarama.** The Bananarama bunch will be contributing backing vocals to forthcoming Fun Boy product and the **FunBoyGirlSix** might be appearing on tonight's (Thursday) *Top Of The Pops*. . .

"They didn't seem to appreciate the *anarchistic* gesture" — sez **John Doolan,** manager of **Case,** the band who dived onstage for a two-song second set between dual headliners **Vice Squad** andAnti Pasti at the Woodstock Revisited show. Plugs were pulled pronto. . .

Ten dates in Poland for **The Angelic Upstarts** — their gesture of support for the **Solidaritymovement. In a mystery move, several Polish translators have thrown themselves out of Warsaw windows . . .**

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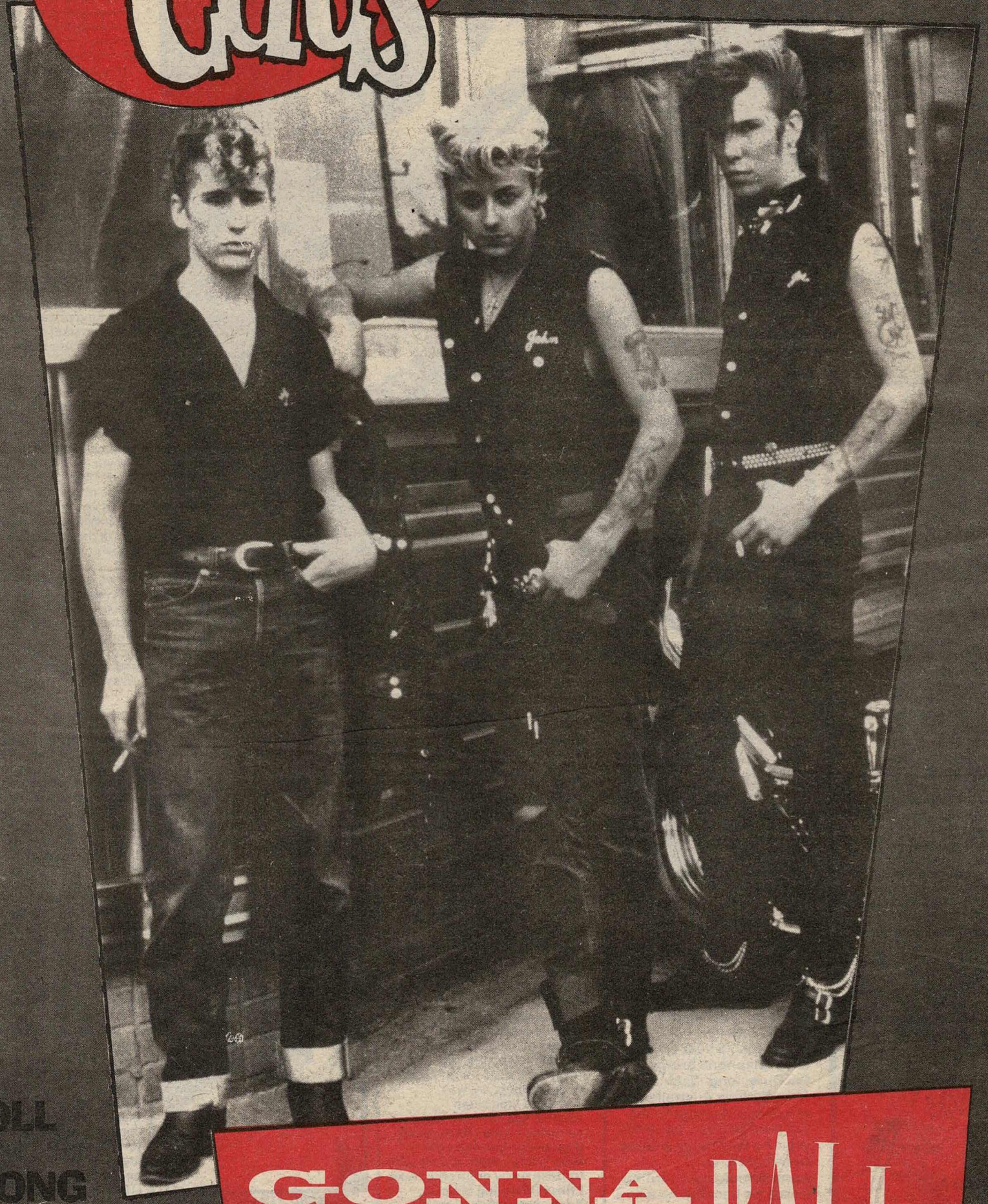

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